

SONGS
OF
GRACE AND GLORY

MUSICAL EDITION



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✓
SONGS
OF
GRACE AND GLORY.

MUSICAL EDITION.

Hymnal and Musical Treasures
of
The Church of Christ

FROM MANY CENTURIES.

EDITED BY ✓
CHARLES B. SNEPP, LL.M.,
VICAR OF PERRY BARR,

AND ✓
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FULL EDITION OF 1094 HYMNS AND 300 TUNES.

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Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, W.*

PREFACE

TO

"SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY."

A BRIEF statement of a few facts connected with this Hymnal may be desirable.

It is designed for Private, Family, and Public Worship. It was undertaken by request, and is the result of thirty years' collection.

The discovery of authors and dates to more than 1,000 hymns; the careful comparison with the originals, and the restoration (as far as practical) to those originals; the selection of suitable texts of Holy Scripture for each hymn; the appropriation of suitable tunes; the arrangement of 1,094 hymns under classified subjects; the drawing up of many carefully prepared indices; and the large correspondence involved throughout the whole;—all these several items have fully occupied the spare time at command of the Editor for several years.

The great object of this Hymnal is to spread the glorious gospel of the grace of God, by representing, in sacred verse, all the doctrines of Holy Scripture, including the deeper mysteries of the everlasting Covenant, and the glorious Second Advent of the Messiah. By thus aiding the memory, it may become, through God's blessing, a channel of holy influences on the heart and life.

The Editor acknowledges, with grateful appreciation, the kindness and courtesy of so many authors, including the highest dignitaries of our Church, whose labours have enriched this volume, and who have most generously given permission to reprint.

No labour or expense has been spared to render this Hymnal useful and comprehensive, both as a work of reference, instruction, and refreshment for individuals and families, and as a practical and complete supply of all the requirements for Divine worship.

Every doctrine of Holy Scripture, all the seasons of our ecclesiastical year, and all the hopes and conflicts of the individual believer, have been carefully represented.

May it be found at the Great Day that we have not laboured in vain, nor spent our strength for nought; and to the "God of all Grace," our Triune Covenant, and Faithful God, shall be all the "Glory."

CHARLES B. SNEPP.

ABRIDGED EDITIONS
OF
"SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY."

The PUBLIC WORSHIP EDITION is an abridged form, containing 520 hymns, drawn up by special request, to meet the requirements of those churches where a smaller and cheaper edition is desired. In that edition many choice hymns are necessarily omitted, and those only which appear most suited for Public Worship retained. Price 7d. to 3s. 6d.

The "SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY FOR THE YOUNG," new and enlarged edition, contains 178 hymns. Price 2d.

"SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY FOR MISSION SERVICES," Prayer Meetings, &c., contains 135 hymns. Price 2d.

"THE APPENDIX," for Mission Services, &c., &c., contains 69 hymns. Price 1½d.

The "HALFPENNY SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY" contains 29 Gospel hymns for Special Missions.

For convenience of reference, and simultaneous use of all or any of these books, the number to each hymn remains the same in all the editions.

PREFACE TO THE MUSICAL EDITION.

MANY will be surprised at the large number of well-known and favourite tunes in *Havergal's Psalmody*. The fact is that *Havergal's Old Church Psalmody* has been the fountain from which editors of subsequent collections have drawn—either at first or second-hand—and the original guide to many valuable tune-sources, both English and foreign. It was the Columbus of tune-books; the pioneer, not to a New, but to an Old World of musical treasure. Now, the route is open and easy.

The retiring and unselfish spirit of its editor, as well as his devotion to yet higher work, prevented that assertion of its true position before the multitude which has always been accorded to it by the highest musical authorities.

The selections from *A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes, by the Rev. W. H. Havergal*, will be found, as experience has proved them to be, easily learnt, greatly liked, and practically adapted for congregational singing. Of one of these, Dr. Lowell Mason, the great American promoter of choral singing, wrote as follows:—"I have lately introduced into my choir, and sung with admirable effect, your tune, 'Eden' [No. 38]. The effect of it was truly magnificent. My choir consists of about sixty singers; the different parts are well sustained, and about equally balanced. I have never heard anything come nearer to my *beau idéal* of Church Music than did the singing of this tune, on a fine Sabbath morning, in a church filled with people. It made a deep impression; and the next day one and another was asking, 'What tune did you sing yesterday morning?' 'Where did you get that tune?' &c. The performance of 'Eden' makes one feel as did Jacob at Luz, and involuntarily exclaim, 'This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Wonderful would be the effect of Psalmody were all the people to unite in such lofty and majestic strains."—April 30, 1847.

In order to meet the increasing proportion of "peculiar measures," a number of tunes have been adapted from the Rev. W. H. Havergal's own melodies (chiefly from unpublished MSS.), while, for extra measures which could not be thus supplied, tunes have been added by another hand.

The arrangement of the tunes is strictly metrical. After the regular L.M.'s, C.M.'s, and S.M.'s, the P.M.'s follow *in order of length of measure*, beginning with 5 5 5 5, and ending with 12 10. (N.B.—15 15, 15 15, will be found under 8 7, 8 7. D.) When several tunes belong to one measure, they are carefully arranged *in order of character*, beginning with the jubilant, and shading gradually to the plaintive; so that, if an alternative tune for any hymn be desired, it will never be far to seek.

The nomenclature of *Havergal's Psalmody* is systematic. The name of each tune at once supplies information as to its origin. Old English, Scotch, or German tunes bear respectively English, Scotch, or German

names ; those by the Rev. W. H. Havergal are named, with a few exceptions, from the natural geography of the Bible ; the added tunes are named from "the friends of St Paul." No departure from these rules has been made without some necessitating reason.

The Large Type or Organ Editions of *Havergal's Psalmody* contain Kyries, Glorias, and other additions not included in the present hymnal edition ; while editions A and B contain Prefaces and Historical Notes, which are quoted as "a treasury of information and an armoury of defence of the principles of Church Music." A and D include "A Century of Chants." The Abridged Edition (*Havergal's Psalmody Abridged*) contains 100 Tunes, as Companion Volume to the Abridged Editions of "Songs of Grace and Glory," for the Young, and for Mission Services.

Havergal's Psalmody, a memorial to one whose works do follow him, was originally given to the Church by his devoted widow, and "dedicated to his beloved, honoured, and cherished memory ;" and she has approved its use in the present form. This contains an appendix of additional tunes, Nos. 254 to 334, with Prefatory Note.

The Plan adopted in the present volume has the advantage of allowing *any tune to be opened with any hymn*, without disturbing the careful arrangement of both tunes and hymns, and without necessitating, as in other hymnals, the use of a certain tune when another of the same metre may be preferred. Crotchets are used throughout instead of minims, not as indicating any difference in speed, but in order to secure greater clearness and legibility with the smaller type.

As the tunes have *not* been affixed to the hymns without much thought and prayer, and very careful consideration as to which tune will best develop the spirit of each hymn, and emphasize its most important points, it is strongly advised that, generally speaking, the tunes indicated should be adhered to.

On the other hand, as the great aim of making our singing congregational is not attained if too many new tunes are attempted at once, it is well to introduce them gradually, repeating each newly-learnt tune at short intervals, until quite familiar. It is advisable to begin with a few tunes in such metres as occur abundantly. The following selection of peculiar metres may be found useful at first, as giving a wide range of hymns. *Hermas*, for 6 5, 6 5. D ; *Zoan I.*, for spirited and joyous hymns in 7 6, 7 6. D ; and *Mahanaim* (or *Goldbach*), for quieter hymns in the same metre ; *Lubeck* and *Patmos*, respectively, for the two classes of hymns in 7 7, 7 7 ; *Nassau* and *Sihor*, for 7 7, 7 7, 7 7 ; *Culbach* and *Frankfort* (or *Godesberg*), for 8 7, 8 7 ; *Zaanaim* and *Idumea*, for 8 7, 8 7, 4 7 (or 8 7, 8 7, 8 7) ; *Magdalene College* and *Kedron*, for 8 8 6. D ; and *Paran*, for 11 11, 11 11.

The Tuneal Appendix to the present edition, containing 81 tunes, is also published separately, for use with the large editions of *Havergal's Psalmody*.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

INDEX OF TUNES.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
138	Abilene	77, 77.....	W. H. Havergal.....	249, 853.
208	Altorf; or, <i>Luther's</i> <i>Hymn</i> ..	87, 87, 887; or, 88, 888	Old Church Psalmody	453, 988, 1021.
298	All Saints..	87, 87, 77..	German	288, 694.
84	Amana	S.M.	W. H. Havergal	139, 358, 799.
103	Amplias ..	64, 66.....	F. R. H.	898.
227	Angels' Song	88, 88, 88..	Old Church Psalmody	31, 343, 690, 759, 775.
332	Apphia	98, 98	F. R. H.	87 "S. G. G." for the Young.
232	Aquila	9998, 8888	F. R. H.	642, 724, 1094.
34a	Archippus ..	C.M.	F. R. H.	172, 324, 413.
224	Aristarchus	8888	F. R. H.	724, 906, 1017.
90	Armageddon	S.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	263, 372, 763, 782, 802, 1008, 1012.
118	Arnon	66, 84.....	W. H. Havergal..... (Adapted, F. R. H.)	70, 166.
59	Arran.....	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	382, 631, 667, 940.
206	Augsburg ..	87, 87. D ..	Old Church Psalmody	232, 236, 481, 861, 981.
79	Aven	S.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	24, 139, 242, 260, 435, 627, 665, 799, 952.
116	Baca	66, 66, 66 ..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	633.
188	Baden I.; or, <i>Nuremberg</i>	87, 87, 44, 87	Old Church Psalmody	557.
225	Baden II.; or, <i>Nuremberg</i>	88, 88, 47..	Old Church Psalmody	599.
112	Bashan	66, 66.....	W. H. Havergal.....	108, 386, 691, 787.
66	Bedford....	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	112, 390, 393, 576, 582, 584, 687 776, 950.
51	Besor.....	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	137, 298, 300, 391, 426, 571, 590, 637, 669, 678, 761, 825, 985, 1004.
222	Bethabara; or, <i>Hatherton</i>	888, 6.....	W. H. Havergal.....	110, 279, 465, 466.
174	Bethany ..	86, 84.....	W. H. Havergal.....	367.
76	Bethaven ..	C.M.D.	W. H. Havergal.....	903, 920.
36	Bether	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	161, 174, 461.
102	Beulah	64, 64, 6664	W. H. Havergal.....	504, 710.
273	Bevan	66, 66, 88..	Sir John Goss.....	275, 692.
268	Bohemia ..	65, 65. D ..	German	569, 964.
278	Boston	76, 76. D ..	Dr. Lowell Mason....	1038.
186	Bremen....	87, 87.....	Old Church Psalmody	98, 639, 861, 963.
310	Bridehead..	886.....	A. H. D. Troyte.....	183.
334	"Bright Jewels" ..	11 11, 11 11..	William F. Sherwin..	97 "S. G. G." for the Young.
43	Bristol	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	65, 161, 204, 738, 985.
56	Caithness..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	464.
164	Calvary	10 lines 7s; or, 7777.D.	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	231.
247	Candia	11 11 11, 5..	W. H. Havergal.....	847.
294	Canterbury	87, 87	Rev. C. J. Latrobe ..	1040.
231	Capernaum	98, 98.....	W. H. Havergal.....	789.
69	Carmel	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	53, 214, 220, 243, 245, 500, 527, 528, 530, 548, 979.
219	Carpus	888, 4.....	F. R. H.	572.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
190	Cassel	87, 87, 77 ..	Old Church Psalmody	303, 444, 519, 693, 694, 745, 771, 870, 895.
216	Chaldea....	888	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	251, 261. 183, 316, 485.
214	Chapel Royl.	886, D.	Old Church Psalmody	65, 129, 204, 337, 601, 667.
35	Chesilon ..	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	179, 200, 388, 566, 887, 1016.
145	Chios	77, 77.....	W. H. Havergal.....	152, 412, 1023.
253	Church Tri- umphant	L.M.	J. W. Elliott	405, 671.
301	Civitas Regis	87, 87, 87..	Dr. Gauntlett	547, 569, 934.
104	Claudia	65, 65.....	F. R. H.....	85, 295, 301, 304, 342.
196	Coburg	87, 87, 87; or, 87, 87; 4 4 7	Old Church Psalmody Old Church Psalmody	64, 345.
234	Conway	10 10, 10 10..	Rev. T. R. Matthews..	135, 612.
297	Corfe Mullen	87, 87, 47..		
3	Crassellus; or <i>Winchester</i> <i>New</i>	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	9, 13, 25, 87, 152, 194, 225, 332, 340, 412, 437, 523, 615, 718, 844, 875, 886, 888, 1007, 1023.
244	Crescens ..	11 8, 11 8 ..	F. R. H.	79, 81, 458.
22	Crete	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	756.
276	Crüger	7 6, 7 6, D...	German	330.
181	Culbach ..	87, 87	Old Church Psalmody	1, 63, 315, 351, 422, 433, 613, 681, 739, 863.
26	Cyprus	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	43, 138, 154, 216, 546, 699, 743, 951, 973, 1097.
92	Cyrene	S.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	106, 676.
20	Dalmatia ..	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	154, 370, 376, 821.
111	Damaris ..	6 6, 6 6	F. R. H.....	396.
274	Darwell....	6 6, 6 6, 8 8..	Rev. J. Darwell	827.
315	Deptford ..	10 10, 10 10..	Orlando Gibbons	673.
218	Dies Iræ ..	8 8 8	F. R. H.....	994.
64	Dimon	C.M.	W. H. Havergal Composed in a dream	190, 360, 714, 961. 817.
305	Dismissal ..	87, 87, 87..	German	207.
287	Dix	77, 77, 77..		
72	Dundee; or, <i>Windsor</i>	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	449, 451, 584, 862.
68	Dunfermline	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	54, 75, 140, 219, 517.
330	Durham ..	77, 77.....		138 "S. G. G." for the Young.
313	Eaton.....	88, 88, 88..	S. Wyvill	181.
236	Ebrona ..	10 10, 10 10	W. H. Havergal.....	446, 697.
38	Eden	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	66, 68, 97, 99, 123, 126, 156, 169, 236, 331, 337, 379, 382, 426, 441, 464, 487, 601, 652, 794.
270	Edgbaston	65, 65, D. ..	Rev. T. R. Matthews	955.
246	Eirene	11 10, 11 10; or, 11 10, 11 10, 10 10 ..	F. R. H.....	29, 292, 614, 648, 649, 708, 971.
252	"Ein' feste Burg" ..	87, 87, 6 6 6 6, 7	Martin Luther	623.
34	Elah	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	172, 324, 413.
318	Epaphroditus	13 11, 13 12	F. R. H.....	982.
254	Epenetus ..	13 6 3/4, 13 13 13 15	F. R. H.....	165.
11.	Ephesus ..	Hymn Chant	W. H. Havergal.....	797.
57	Ephron	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	52, 107, 207, 364, 419, 634.
202	Esdraclon..	87, 87, D...	W. H. Havergal (Arranged, F. R. H.)	130, 140, 282, 349, 395, 416, 438, 506, 533, 608, 636, 734, 784, 867, 970.
221	Esheol	8 8 8, 6	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	110, 279.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
333	Eunice	10 10, 10 10..	F. R. H.	54 "S. G. G." for the Young.
255	Euodias	8 4, 8 4, 8 8 8 4	F. R. H.	101, 428.
2	Euphrates ..	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	158, 226, 333.
54	Evan I.	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	137, 162, 169, 543, 568, 574, 582, 647, 658, 672, 707, 737, 791, 924, 926.
77	Evan II. ..	C.M.D.	W. H. Havergal.....	483, 488, 507, 868.
308	Everton	8 7, 8 7. D. ..	Henry Smart	7.
230	Exeter	8 8 8. D.	Old Church Psalmody	432.
67	Farrant ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	55, 185, 360, 448, 515, 517, 541, 559, 560, 588, 598, 814, 977.
233	Filitz	7 7 7, 5	German	132, 900.
331	Fortunatus ..	8 8, 8 8, 6 8, 8 8, 6 8 ..	F. R. H.	116 "S. G. G." for the Young.
87	Franconia..	S.M.	Old Church Psalmody	497, 539, 562, 643, 751, 764, 869, 912.
183	Frankfort..	8 7, 8 7.....	Old Church Psalmody	62, 150, 281, 303, 369, 646, 674, 679, 689, 709, 753, 785, 790, 838, 893.
65	French; or, <i>Dundee</i> ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	72, 109, 162, 171, 223, 241, 505, 543, 688, 780, 791.
306	Freyling- hausen ..	8 7, 8 7. D. ..	German	403, 406.
319	Gaius	11 10, 11 10..	F. R. H.	614.
25	Galilee	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	57, 466.
233	Gedor	10 10, 7	W. H. Havergal.....	1022.
17	Gennesaret ..	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	700.
10	Gerar	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	13, 143, 148, 459, 615.
28	Gethsemane ..	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	37, 170, 212, 221, 235, 475, 476, 514, 546, 685, 779.
148	Gibbons ..	7 7, 7 7	Old Church Psalmody	22, 310, 587, 656.
11	Gilboa	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	28, 34, 39, 83, 117, 119, 144, 158, 159, 186, 305, 341, 459, 509, 757, 766, 770, 773, 879, 951.
40	Gloucester ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	56, 307, 347, 421, 630, 723, 794, 859, 961.
185	Godesberg ..	8 7, 8 7.....	Old Church Psalmody	586, 662, 679, 831, 902, 949, 968.
130	Goldbach ..	7 6, 7 6; or, 7 6, 7 6. D. ..	Old Church Psalmody	111, 189, 193, 317, 366, 704, 747, 772, 795, 806, 920, 941, 972, 974, 1013.
	Do. Part I, only			701, 719, 723, 781, 933, 953, 963, 1001. (Part i.)
7	Gödel	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	9, 131.
280	Goldstern..	7 6, 7 6. D. ..	German	1001. (Part i.)
115	Gopsal	6 6 6 6, 4 4 4 4	Old Church Psalmody	115, 918.
125	Goshen	7 6, 7 6.....	W. H. Havergal.....	524, 632, 854, 1011, 1015.
296	Gotha	8 7, 8 7	H. R. H. the late Prince Consort	784.
165	Gozan	7 7, 8 7.....	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	11, 12.
324	"Great Phy- sician" ..	8 7, 8 7, 7 7 7 6		1059.
269	Grosvenor..	6 5, 6 5. D. ..	Dr. C. Steggall	934.
314	Halle	8 8, 8 8, 8 8..	German	577.
205	Hamburg ..	8 7, 8 7. D. ..	Old Church Psalmody	130, 236, 282, 361, 506, 981.
239	Hanover; or, <i>Croft's 104th</i>	10 10, 11 11	Old Church Psalmody	73, 510, 581, 583.
284	Harts	7 7, 7 7	Milgrove	629.
163	Havergal ..	7 7 7, 7 7 7 7	W. H. Havergal.....	4, 352, 786.
192	Havilah....	8 7, 8 7, 8 7..	W. H. Havergal.....	38, 85, 176, 203, 211, 202, 227, 400, 405, 407, 414, 447, 463, 470, 809, 810, 837, 984.
286	Heathlands ..	7 7, 7 7, 7 7..	Henry Smart	410, 1028.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
12	Hebron	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	178, 271, 272, 277, 383, 680.
105	Hermas....	65, 65. D. ..	F. R. H.	163, 258, 265, 549, 851, 911, 932, 934, 947, 955, 956, 969.
27	Hermon ..	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	216, 227, 235, 341, 445, 476, 524, 542, 544, 585, 657, 736, 746, 874, 973.
160	Heshbon; or, <i>Parracombe</i>	77, 77. D. ..	W. H. Havergal.....	850, 1019.
248	Hobah	1111, 1111..	W. H. Havergal.....	653, 846.
323	"Hold the Fort"....	85, 85. D. ..	P. P. Bliss	1062.
309	Holy Voices	87, 87. D. ..	James E. Langran ..	438.
291	Honidon ..	77, 77. D. ..	Rev. T. R. Matthews	577, 702.
260	Hursley ..	L.M.	German	901.
193	Idumea....	87, 87, 87..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	177, 203, 293, 304, 322, 336, 405, 463, 469, 470, 472, 605, 650, 654, 805, 837, 871, 884, 948.
37	Iona	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	266, 323, 413, 489, 730, 797, 848.
317	Irish	118, 118....	Isaac Smith.....	458, 531.
322	"Jesus of Nazareth"	88, 88, 88..	T. E. Perkins	1039.
220	Jezreel	88 8. 4	W. H. Havergal.....	102, 262, 540, 558, 823, 962.
211	Jordan	88 6. D	W. H. Havergal.....	128, 147, 408, 418, 426, 683, 811, 922.
266	Julius	447, 887 ..	F. R. H.	89.
323	Junia	56, 56.....	F. R. H.	131 "S. G. G." for the Young.
159	Kadesh....	7777. D; or, 10 lines 7s	W. H. Havergal.....	92, 440, 702, 824, 850, 946, 1003.
42	Kedar	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	40, 80, 155, 307, 467, 859.
213	Kedron	88 6. D.	W. H. Havergal.....	36, 74, 121, 201, 289, 374, 492, 591, 715, 758, 905, 923, 959.
63	Kent	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	80, 185, 222, 247, 404, 529, 647, 651, 774, 780, 961, 977, 1006.
132	Kiriathaim	76, 86, 86, 86	W. H. Havergal.....	397, 772, 933.
329	Koeker	76, 76.....	German	55 "S. G. G." for the Young.
321	"Knocking"	77, 87, 87..	G. F. Root	1053.
VIII	Laodicea ..	Hymn Chant	F. R. H.	141, 365, 649, 659, 692, 894, 897.
177	Lebanon ..	86, 86, 88 ..	W. H. Havergal.....	442, 563, 740, 833.
19	Leipsic	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	41, 57, 71, 118, 554.
55	London New; or, <i>Newton</i>	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	103, 109, 160, 241, 283, 297, 391, 419, 495, 578, 603, 670, 800, 950.
139	Lubeck	77, 77	Old Church Psalmody	49, 60, 96, 184, 199, 200, 213, 248, 267, 311, 610, 629, 887, 1016.
293	Lucius	86, 889....	F. R. H.	1041.
199	Lusatia	87, 87, 447	Old Church Psalmody	27, 233, 480, 711, 733, 817.
152	Luxemburg	77, 77.....	Old Church Psalmody	353, 479, 484, 593, 916, 917, 965.
210	Magdalene College ..	88 6. D.	Old Church Psalmody	84, 113, 133, 136, 201, 259, 535, 604, 959.
300	Magdeburg	87, 87, 87..	German	304, 463, 1086.
129	Mahanaim	76, 76. D. ..	W. H. Havergal.....	5, 8, 116, 189, 253, 274, 399, 454, 490, 682, 703, 712, 806, 913, 957, 1001. (Part iii.) 1013.
226	Mamre	88, 88, 88; or 98, 98, 88	W. H. Havergal.....	104, 377, 404, 792, 864, 960, 987.
303	Mannheim	87, 87, 87..	German	407.
229	Maon	88, 88, 88..	W. H. Havergal.....	58, 104, 181, 273, 280, 291, 377, 385, 394, 684, 718, 720, 729, 864.
96	Massah	S.M.D.	W. H. Havergal.....	270.
295	Media	87, 87, 87..	W. H. Havergal.....	302, 468, 711, 805, 871.
24	Melcombe..	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	221, 240, 370, 373, 376, 443, 686, 699, 769, 779, 783, 796, 798, 801, 834, 841, 885, 954, 973.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
228	Meribah ..	88, 88, 88 ..	W. H. Havergal.....	181, 718, 729.
215	Merom	887, 887 ..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	252, 742.
175	Midian	86, 86, 4 ..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	478.
261	Miles Lane	C.M.	W. Shrubsole	324.
126	Minden	76, 76, 77 ..	Old Church Psalmody	142.
120	Mizpeh	6666, 88 ..	W. H. Havergal.....	69, 224, 257, 275, 338, 401, 611, 727.
83	Moravia....	S.M.	Old Church Psalmody	312, 550, 952.
326	"More to follow" ..	76, 76, D. ..	P. P. Bliss	1061.
119	Moriah	6666, 88 ..	W. H. Havergal.....	127, 209, 276, 287, 645, 827.
107	Moscow....	664, 6664	Old Church Psalmody	30, 134, 192, 430, 852, 877, 880, 990.
279	Munich....	76, 76, D. ..	German	5, 8.
80	Narenza ..	S.M.	Old Church Psalmody	77, 294, 522, 638, 760, 808, 840.
155	Nassau	77, 77, 77..	Old Church Psalmody	2, 32, 195, 268, 410, 420, 474, 526.
271	National An- them	664, 6664	Dr. John Bull.....	845.
47	Nayland; or, <i>St. Stephen</i>	C.M.		140, 145, 379, 460, 596, 661, 1002.
121	Nebo	6666, 88 ..	W. H. Havergal.....	188, 275.
100	Nimrim	64, 64, 664	W. H. Havergal.....	706.
33	Nottingham; or, <i>St. Magnus</i>	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	15, 107, 123, 155, 162, 283, 319, 427, 434, 620, 652, 730, 849, 873.
251	"Nun danket alle Gott"	67, 67, 6666	Johann Crüger	606.
97	Old 25th ..	S.M.D.	Old Church Psalmody	306, 1012.
75	Old 81st....	C.M.D.	Old Church Psalmody	483, 752, 868.
1	Old 100th* Another of the same	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	18, 45, 61, 91, 93, 114, 131, 272, 332, 402, 602, 624, 625, 826.
237	Old 124th ..	10 10 10, 10 10	Old Church Psalmody	914.
78	Old Nunc Di- mittis	C.M.D.	Old Church Psalmody	215, 228, 561.
15	Old Ten Com- mandments; or, <i>Command- ments</i>	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	10, 46, 48, 124, 380, 532, 580, 903.
146	Oldenburg	77, 77.....	Old Church Psalmody	88, 290, 356, 556.
101	Olivet.....	64, 64, 664	Old Church Psalmody	706.
281	Olympas ..	76, 76, 7776	F. R. H.	635.
325	"One more day's" ..	76, 556, 46	R. Lowry	1069.
257	Onesimus..	74, 74, D ..	F. R. H.	695.
302	Oriel	87, 87, 87..	German	605.
241	Paran.....	10, 10, 11 11; or, 11 11, 11 11	W. H. Havergal.....	50, 59, 173, 299, 303, 411, 423, 581, 698, 976, 992, 993.
147	Patmos	77, 77.....	W. H. Havergal.....	22, 151, 278, 356, 384, 491, 592, 618, 640, 656, 717, 815, 819, 843, 925, 935, 953.
23	Peniel.....	L.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	71, 466, 700, 901.
242	Peor	11 11, 10 10; or, 11 11, 11 11	W. H. Havergal.....	308, 318, 992, 993.
IV.	Pergamos ..	Hymn Chant	F. R. H.	90, 635.
187	Persis.....	87, 87, 3 ..	F. R. H.	120, 150, 167, 689, 721, 839.
156	Pharpar ..	77, 77, 77..	W. H. Havergal.....	268, 410.
282	Phebe	77, 66	F. R. H.	1068.
VII.	Philadelphia	Hymn Chant	F. R. H.	33, 246, 477, 716, 735, 765.

* See "A History of the Old Hundredth," by the Rev. W. H. Havergal.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
223	Philemon ..	888, 7.....	F. R. H.	197, 892, 907, 1005.
137	Pisgah	77, 77	W. H. Havergal.....	184, 199, 248, 267, 326, 610, 623,
285	Pleyel	77, 77.....	German	829. [1019.
171	Prague	85, 85; or, 85, 83....	Old Church Psalmody	595.
114	Psalm 148th O.V.	6666, 4444	Old Church Psalmody	804, 827
316	Pymont ..	10 10, 10 10..	German	696, 666.
267	Rabenlei ..	65, 65	German	1115, 1120.
157	Ratisbon ..	77, 77, 77..	Old Church Psalmody	19, 206, 229, 244, 363, 381, 609, 675, 768, 836, 904.
288	Redhead ..	77, 77, 77..	R. Redhead.....	462.
299	Regent Square	87, 87, 87..	Henry Smart	327.
141	Rephaim ..	77, 77	W. H. Havergal.....	88, 255, 269.
240	Ripon	10 10, 11 11..	Old Church Psalmody	423, 623.
320	"Safe in the arms" ..	76, 76, D. ..	W. H. Doane	1070.
62	Salisbury ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	68, 393, 425, 486, 513, 754.
167	Salmon	78, 78.....	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	250.
203	Salzburg ..	87, 87, D..	Old Church Psalmody	7, 17, 20, 21, 237, 361, 375, 403, 415, 520, 660, 734, 753, 784, 790, 813, 818, 866, 921, 970.
162	Samaria ..	77, 77, D..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	440, 503, 577, 750.
135	Samos	777, 3.....	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	549.
VI.	Sardis	Hymn Chant	F. R. H.	35, 175, 378, 446, 518, 545, 552, 558, 579, 641, 705, 708, 749, 891.
32	Saxony	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	296, 452, 502, 762, 978, 997.
161	Seir.....	77, 77, D..	W. H. Havergal.....	6, 49, 357, 577, 702, 812, 824, 975.
295	Sharon	87, 87	Dr. Boyce.....	721.
117	Sheba.....	6666, D. ..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	1018.
201	Shen	87, 87, D..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	16, 20, 47, 254, 264, 328, 398, 406.
136	Shenir I. ..	777, 5	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	132, 589, 900.
151	Shenir II. ..	77, 77.....	W. H. Havergal.....	350, 556, 593, 722, 777, 829, 830, 835, 896, 936.
204	Shinar	87, 87, D. ..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	146, 284, 348.
158	Sihor	77, 77, 77..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	206, 207, 230, 244, 462, 474, 570, 609, 675, 768, 788, 836, 856, 904, 991.
153	Siloam	77, 77.....	W. H. Havergal.....	482, 916, 998.
176	Silvanus ..	86, 86, 86..	F. R. H.	567.
178	Sirah	87, 87	W. H. Havergal.....	882.
180	Sirion	87, 87	W. H. Havergal.....	182, 205, 285, 803, 816.
179	Sitnah	87, 87	W. H. Havergal.....	205, 613.
111.	Smyrna	Hymn Chant	W. H. Havergal.....	279, 553, 578, 787, 880.
184	Sorek	87, 87.....	W. H. Havergal.....	98, 167, 309, 422, 721, 784, 785.
243	Sosthenes..	10 11, 11 11, 12, 11	F. R. H.	424, 498, 621.
275	St. Alphego	76, 76	Dr. Gannett (From Church Hymn and Tune Book)	958.
52	St. Ann	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	94, 190, 389, 534, 655, 741, 807, 849, 889.
207	St. Asaph ..	87, 87, D..	W. S. Bambridge	264.
106	St. Barnabas	65, 65, D. ..	F. R. H.	964, 980.
95	St. Bride ..	S.M.	Old Church Psalmody	456, 501, 503, 512, 983, 999, 1000.
53	St. Chrysos- tom.....	C.M.	W. H. Havergal.....	329, 529, 564, 661, 687, 728, 754, 774.

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
60	St. David ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	103.
264	St. Flavian ..	C.M.	Ravenscroft.....	145.
289	St. George (Elvey) ..	77, 77. D. . .	Sir George Elvey	850.
265	St. George (Gauntlett)	S.M.	Dr. Gauntlett (From Church Hymn and Tune Book)	456.
259	St. Gregory ..	L.M.	German	178.
290	St. Hilda ..	77, 77. D. . .	Rev. T. R. Matthews ..	440.
272	St. John ..	66, 66, 88. .	W. H. Havergal	276, 1030.
49	St. James ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	187, 417.
73	St. Mary; or <i>Hackney</i> ..	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	238, 450, 455, 499, 551, 830.
85	St. Michael ..	S.M.	Old Church Psalmody	67, 180, 872.
263	St. Peter ..	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle	162.
253	St. Paul....	87, 88 7, 7 7 7 7	F. R. H.	44, 89, 600, 1025, 1000.
98	St. Silas....	55 5 5, 6 5 6 5	F. R. H.	644.
277	St. Theodulph ..	76, 76. D. . .	German	929.
304	St. Werbergh ..	87, 87, 87 ..	German	301.
168	Stephanas ..	83, 83, 88 8, 33	F. R. H.	239, 493.
245	Sternberg ..	11 10, 11 10	Old Church Psalmody	42, 208, 666, 696, 731, 938, 939, 967.
110	Stobel	66 4, 66 6 4	Old Church Psalmody	496.
182	Stuttgart ..	87, 87	Old Church Psalmody	281, 681, 803, 838, 927.
189	Succoth....	87, 87, 77..	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	23, 153, 313, 339, 387, 444, 519, 694, 865, 870, 881, 895, 1010, 26, 77, 78, 294, 354, 359, 409, 431, 565, 575, 767, 793, 1008, 1009.
82	Swabia	S. M.	Old Church Psalmody	82, 820, 886, 899.
13	Tallis's Canon	L. M.	Old Church Psalmody	54, 346, 362, 364, 371, 460, 744, 778.
44	Tallis; or, <i>Tallis's Or- dinal</i>	C. M.	Old Church Psalmody	857, 989, 996.
200	Tekoa.....	87, 87, 87; or 87, 87, 44 7	W. H. Havergal.....	164, 336, 1014.
194	Teman	87, 87, 87..	W. H. Havergal.....	525.
256	Tertius	11 11, 11 11 5	F. R. H.	345, 531, 540, 573, 597, 673, 637, 822, 823, 908, 962.
V.	Thyatira ..	Hymn Chant	F. R. H.	101, 890.
169	Tiberias ..	84, 84, 88 8 4	W. H. Havergal.....	1056.
327	"'Tis better farther on"	97, 87, 87, 87	W. H. Havergal.....	3.
249	Trisagion ..	11 12, 12 10	F. R. H.	726.
123	Trophimus ..	669	A. H. D. Troyte	891.
311	Troyte's Hymn Chant	888	F. R. H.	725.
217	Tryphena ..	886	F. R. H.	286, 368.
209	Tryphosa ..	886	F. R. H.	966.
171a	Urbane	85, 83	F. R. H.	1048, 1057.
292	Urbane II..	85, 83. D. . .	F. R. H.	202, 473.
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149	Vienna	77, 77	Old Church Psalmody	82, 86, 114, 125, 271, 383, 467, 619, 757, 832.
4	Waldeck ..	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	332, 333, 340.
5	Wells	L.M.	Old Church Psalmody	99, 467, 574, 655, 1004.
46	Winchester ..	C.M.	H. E. Havergal	730.
262	Winton....	C.M.		

NO.	NAME.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	SUITABLE HYMNS.
I.	Worcester..	Hymn Chant	W. H. Havergal.....	66, 99, 667.
45	York	C.M.	Old Church Psalmody	97, 122, 334, 390, 417, 630, 825,
191	Zaanaim ..	87, 87, 87; or, 447 ..	W. H. Havergal.....	873. 14, 135, 164, 173, 210, 230, 256, 288, 314, 321, 322, 471, 607, 612, 650, 671, 713, 810, 78, 919, 1024.
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128	Zeboim	76, 76. D. .	W. H. Havergal.....	95, 111, 663.
238	Zemaraïm..	10 10, 10 10, 10 10	W. H. Havergal.....	196.
312	Zion	88, 88, 88..	W. H. Havergal.....	429, 616, 617, 792.
127	Zoan I.	76, 76. D. .	W. H. Havergal.....	149, 191, 330, 732, 855, 876, 883, 913, 929, 937, 941, 942, 1001. (Part iv.) 1011.
166	Zoan II. ..	77, 87. D. .	W. H. Havergal (Adapted, F. R. H.)	11, 157, 325, 335, 397, 772, 931 986.
207	Zohemoth ..	87, 87, 887	W. H. Havergal.....	622, 995.
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Come, shepherds, come . . .	945	Carol iii.	Father of eternal grace . . .	217	149
Come, sinner, to the gospel . . .	467	42	Father of heaven! whose . . .	28	11
Come, Thou all-inspiring . . .	375	203	Father of mercies, in Thy . . .	389	52
Come, Thou almighty King . . .	30	107	Father, Son, and Holy . . .	32	155
Come, Thou Fount of every . . .	608	202	Father! we glory in Thy . . .	25	3
Come, Thou long-expected . . .	150	187	Father, we humbly pray . . .	263	90
Come, Thou soul-transforming . . .	809	192	Father, whate'er of earthly . . .	564	53
Come to the royal feast . . .	1027	102	Father! whose hand hath . . .	21	246
Come to Thy temple, Lord . . .	799	84	Fear not, O little flock, the . . .	426	211
"Come unto Me, ye weary" . . .	193	130	Fierce raged the tempest o'er . . .	579	H.C. vi.
Come, ye saints, and raise . . .	1086	191	Five pebbles from the brook . . .	386	112
Come, ye saints, look here . . .	256	191	Fly, ye seasons, fly still . . .	304	300
Come, ye sinners, poor and . . .	470	192	For all Thy saints, who . . .	749	H.C. vi.
Come, ye souls by sin . . .	468	193	For all Thy saints in heaven . . .	748	3

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
For ever and for ever, Lord	331	38	Guide me, O Thou great	711	195
For ever! oh, delightful word	426	35			
"For ever with the Lord"	1008	90	HAIL, Holy Spirit, bright	345	315
For mercies countless as the	603	55	Hail! sovereign love, that	159	11
For Thee, O dear, <i>Part iii.</i>	1001	129	Hail the day that sees Him	237	137
For Thy mercy and Thy	915	149	Hail, Thou eternal Logos	123	211
Forth, in Thy name, O Lord	888	3	Hail! Thou once despised	284	309
"Forward let the people go"	523	155	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	330	127
Fountain of good! to own	598	67	Hallelujah! Hallelujah!	254	201
Free grace! melodious	78	82	Hallelujah! Lord, our	803	182
Friend of sinners! Lord of	182	180	Hallelujah! who shall part.	420	155
From all that dwell below	602	1	Happy Christian! God's	656	148
From all Thy saints in	747	150	Happy the heart where	594	52
From Egypt lately come	1009	82	Happy the souls to Jesus	652	39
From every stormy wind	834	24	Happy they who trust in	654	193
From glory unto glory.	1093	127	Hark! how the blood.	84	210
From Greenland's icy	876	127	Hark! how the choir	413	34
From pole to pole let others	40	42	Hark! how the glorious	429	312
From Salem's gate advancing	238	73	Hark! my soul, how	88	146
From the cross uplifted	474	155	Hark, my soul! it is the	722	151
From whence this fear and.	183	213	Hark! ten thousand harps.	288	191
			Hark! ten thousand voices	315	180
GIVE me the wings of faith	1004	46	Hark, the glad sound, the	204	35
Give peace in these our	853	27	Hark, the herald angels	199	137
Give thanks to God, He.	61	1	Hark! the notes of angels	285	180
Give to the Lord thy heart.	597	H.C. v.	Hark! the song of jubilee	1019	137
Give to the winds thy fears	522	80	Hark! the sound of holy	438	202
Glorious, high, and lofty	49	139	Hark! the voice of Jesus	471	191
Glorious things of thee are.	403	506	Hark! the voice of love and	233	199
Glory be to God the Father	1024	191	Hark to the trumpet!	985	51
Glory, glory everlasting	607	191	Hark, 'tis a martial sound!	645	272
Glory, glory, to our King!	268	155	Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's	435	79
Glory to God on high!	134	107	Hark! 'tis the trumpet of	990	107
Glory to the eternal King	60	139	Hark! what mean those	205	180
Glory to Thee, my God	see 899	13	Haste, traveller, haste	477	H.C. vii.
Glory to Thee, O Lord!	751	87	Hasten, sinner, to be wise	479	152
Go labour on! spend and	766	11	Have mercy, Lord! O Lord	502	32
Go to dark Gethsemane	223	157	Have mercy, Lord, on me	501	95
Go up, go up, my heart	691	112	Have you not a word for	970	202
God Almighty! King of	47	201	Have you on the Lord	1061	323
God be gracious	1029	203	He came, whose embassy	215	78
God doth not bid thee wait	565	82	He cometh as the	1088	26
God in Three appears all	16	201	He dies! the Friend of	234	17
God is in heaven. Can He.	926	54	He hath spoken in the	709	183
God is love, His mercy	62	183	He lives, the great	277	12
God is the refuge of His	580	15	He saves because He will	1030	119
God knows our secret	53	69	Head of the church	157	166
God moves in a mysterious.	103	55	Heal us, Emmanuel! here	500	69
God of heaven, hear our	927	182	Hear the Father's ancient	120	187
God of mercy, God of grace.	603	158	Hear what God the Lord	433	181
God of mercy, hear our	843	147	Hear what the voice from	979	69
God of my life, to Thee I	516	17	Heavenly Father! may Thy	777	151
God save our gracious.	845	271	Heavenly Father, send Thy	866	203
God, who madest earth and	890	169	Heir of glory, art thou	679	185
God's reiterated "ALL!"	1079	H.C.vii.	Help us, O Lord! with	859	42
Golden harps are sounding	265	105	Heralds of the Lord of	881	298
Grace is Jehovah's sovereign	71	23	Here we suffer grief and	928	—
Grace! 'tis a charming	77	82	Ho! my comrades	1062	323
Gracious God of our	7	203	Ho, ye thirsty! parched	472	193
Gracious Lord, my heart is.	38	192	Holy and Infinite!	42	245
Gracious Saviour, thus	893	183	Holy and reverend is the	55	67
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	589	136	Holy Bible, Book Divine	384	147
Gracious Spirit, power	355	149	Holy brethren, called and	415	202
Great God of Abraham!	874	27	Holy Father! let Thy love	22	147
Great God of wonders, all	58	229	Holy Father! we address	23	189
Great God, what do I see	988	208	Holy Ghost, dispel our	348	204
Great High Priest, we view	236	206	Holy Ghost, inspire our	349	202
Great Jehovah's love	63	181	Holy Ghost! my Comforter	352	163
Great Shepherd of Thy	800	55	Holy Ghost, whose fire	351	181
Guard well thy lips; none	736	27	Holy Ghost, with light	350	151

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord . . .	2	155	If 'tis sweet to mingle . . .	836	157
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! . .	6	161	In Christ, I've all my soul's	144	11
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God	3	249	In doubt and dread dismay	299	119
Holy Jesus, mighty Lord . .	759	162	In form I long had bowed . .	175	H.C. vi.
Holy Spirit, from on high . .	353	152	In some way or other . . .	1050	241
Holy Spirit, gently come . .	357	161	In songs of sublime . . .	79	244
Holy Spirit, in my breast . .	356	146	In sorrow and distress . . .	503	95
Hope, Christian soul; in . . .	572	219	In the beginning, God said.	93	1
Hosanna! loud hosanna ! . .	929	127	In the evening there is . .	586	185
Hosanna! raise the pealing	129	35	In the hour of trial . . .	964	106
Hosanna to the living Lord	599	225	In the sun, and moon, and .	998	153
How beauteous are their . .	700	80	In Thy glorious . . .	252	215
How blest are hearts . . .	959	210	In Thy name, O Lord . . .	805	195
How can a mortal tongue . .	18	1	In token that thou shalt . .	778	44
How condescending, and . .	219	68	In types and shadows . . .	680	11
How firm a foundation . . .	423	241	In yonder realms, where . .	427	39
How grand and how bright	944	Carol ii.	Incarnate God, the soul . .	754	62
How helpless guilty nature . .	449	72	Inspirer and Hearer of . .	903	224
How long, O Lord our . . .	317	130	Is God for me? I fear not .	732	127
How lost was our condition	454	129	Is it for me, dear Saviour . .	704	130
How precious is the Book . .	392	38	Isles of the deep, rejoice! . .	923	37
How safe are all the chosen	421	40	Israel of God, awaken! . .	416	202
How shall the young secure	390	45	Israel's Shepherd! guide me	785	183
How sweet, how heavenly . .	741	52	It is the Lord—enthroned in	100	55
How sweet the name of . . .	162	65	It is a practice greatly . . .	743	26
How sweet the notes of . . .	201	213	It passeth knowledge, that.	716	H.C. vii.
How sweet to think that all	442	177			
How truly glorious is the . .	126	38			
How vain are all things . . .	551	73	"JEHOVAH Elohim!" . . .	64	236
How vast the field of souls .	767	82	Jehovah reigns! His throne	114	1
			Jehovah's covenant shall . .	83	11
I AM coming to the cross . .	1047	147	Jehovah's love first chose . .	124	15
I am Thine own, O Christ . .	1063	H. C. v.	Jerusalem, Jerusalem! . .	483	75
I am trusting Thee, Lord . .	1048	222	Jerusalem! my happy home	1002	47
I asked the Lord that I . . .	534	27	Jerusalem the, Part iv. . .	1001	127
I bring my sins to Thee . . .	692	H.C.viii.	Jesu, Lover of my soul . . .	702	161
I could not do without . . .	1049	130	Jesu, meek and gentle . . .	547	104
I gave My life for thee . . .	633	116	Jesu, the very thought of . .	707	54
I go from grief and sighing .	1011	125	Jesu, to Thy table led . . .	786	166
I have a home above . . .	1012	90	Jesus! and shall it ever be .	523	3
I have entered the valley . .	1034	317	Jesus, blessed Saviour . . .	932	105
I heard the voice of Jesus . .	488	77	Jesus calls us o'er the . . .	949	185
I hunger and I thirst . . .	787	112	Jesus came (the heavens) . .	948	193
I journey through a desert .	697	236	Jesus, east a look on me . .	556	151
I know that my Redeemer .	271	4	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	248	137
I lay my sins on Jesus . . .	490	129	Jesus! exalted far on high .	588	67
I looked, and to my . . .	437	3	Jesus, from the skies . . .	198	172
I love the sacred book of . .	383	12	Jesus, I my cross have . . .	506	205
I love to hear the story . . .	930	130	Jesus, I sing Thy . . .	156	38
I'm but a stranger here . . .	504	102	Jesus, I will trust Thee . . .	509	104
I'm glad I ever saw the . .	951	166	Jesus, immutably the same	185	63
I'm kneeling at the . . .	972	130	Jesus, in Thee our eyes . . .	171	65
I need no other plea . . .	141	H.C.viii.	Jesus, in Thy transporting .	161	36
I need Thee, precious Jesus	703	129	Jesus is our God and . . .	146	202
I once was a stranger to . .	173	241	Jesus is our great salvation	176	191
I saw, and lo! a countless .	439	—	Jesus is our Shepherd . . .	924	104
I sing the almighty power . .	94	52	Jesus lived—He lived for . .	1032	183
I sing the gracious fixed . .	82	4	Jesus lives! no longer now .	250	167
I think of Thee, O Saviour .	963	130	Jesus, Lord, I come . . .	1051	186
I thought upon my sins . . .	518	H.C. vi.	Jesus loves me, this I . . .	935	149
I've found the Pearl of . . .	489	37	Jesus, my all, to heaven is .	186	11
I want a principle within . .	530	69	"Jesus only!" In the . . .	694	189
I want a Sabbath talk with	824	220	Jesus saves me every day . .	1052	147
I want that adorning . . .	531	317	Jesus saw His church . . .	490	192
I want to be like Jesus . . .	963	132	Jesus shall reign where'er . .	332	1
I was a wandering sheep . .	511	90	Jesus, Sun and Shield art . .	142	126
I will go in the strength of .	642	232	Jesus, the Shepherd of the .	178	12
I will never, never leave . .	1080	191	Jesus, Thou joy of loving . .	699	26
If ever it could come to . .	729	228	Jesus, Thou wast once a . .	842	149
If Jesus came to seek . . .	1031	46	Jesus, Thy blood and . . .	685	28
			Jesus, we Thy promise . . .	830	149

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
Jesus, where'er Thy people	801	24	Lord, Thou hast won, at	36	213
Jesus, while He dwelt.	230	158	Lord, Thy Word abideth	396	111
Join all the glorious names.	188	273	Lord, we come before Thee.	829	151
Joined to Christ in mystic	444	189	Lord, we see the day	309	184
Joy is a fruit that will not	655	46	Lord, what blessed	422	181
Joy to the ransomed earth!	338	120	Lord, when we bend before	548	69
Joyfully, joyfully, onward	666	245	Lord, when before Thy	833	177
Just as I am—without one.	466	H.C. v.	Lord, while for all mankind	849	39
Just as thou art, without	465	222	Love caused Thine	189	129
			Love Divine, all love	533	202
KING, Eternal and	44	253	Love was the great	72	65
King of Salem, bless my	168	149	Love will I ever sing	127	119
Knocking, knocking, who is	1053	321	Love us, <i>freely</i> , blessed Jesus	1032	193
			Loved with love from	407	172
LAMB of God! our souls	130	202	Loving Shepherd of Thy	179	145
Lamb of God! Thou now	282	202			
Lamp of our feet	382	59	MAKE haste, O man, to	735	H.C. vii.
Lay the precious body	980	106	Man fell from grace	552	H.C. vi.
Lead us, heavenly Father	27	199	Mark that long dark line	481	206
Let me be with Thee, where	700	11	Master, speak! Thy	693	190
Let party names no more be	744	46	May the grace of Christ	818	203
Let saints on earth their	172	34	May the Lord of glory bless	674	183
Let us pray! the Lord is	831	185	May we Thy precepts	591	213
Let us sing the King	327	192	Methinks I hear hope	1056	527
Let us, with a glad some	629	139	'Mid the splendours of the	984	152
Let worldly minds the	505	65	Mighty Father! Blessed	4	163
Let Zion in her songs	683	211	Mighty God! while angels	135	191
Let Zion's watchmen all	761	51	Millions within Thy courts	820	13
Lift up your heads, eternal	266	37	More holiness give me	1066	241
Light of the lonely pilgrim's	319	39	My body, soul, and	1065	130
Light of those, whose dreary	167	187	My dear Redeemer and my	216	27
"Little children, dwell in"	592	147	My faith looks up to Thee	496	110
Lo! He comes with clouds.	301	192	My God, and is Thy table	779	24
Lo! He cometh! countless.	314	191	My God! is any hour so	540	220
Lo! round the throne, at	443	24	My God, my everlasting	571	51
Lo! 'tis the heavenly army	325	166	My God, my Father, while	558	220
Long as I live I'll sing the	136	210	My God, my God, I know	908	H.C. v.
Long did I toil, and knew	659	H.C. viii.	My God, the covenant of	80	42
Long have we heard the	528	69	My heart is fixed, eternal	493	168
Look down, O Lord! and	951	11	My heart is resting	1055	77
Look up, my soul, with	138	26	My hope is built on nothing	494	226
Look, ye saints, the sight	321	191	My Saviour, I love Thee	698	241
Lord! a happy child of Thine	566	147	My soul, with joy attend	180	85
Lord, as to Thy dear cross	214	69	"My times are in Thy hand"	562	87
Lord, dismiss us with Thy	817	193	My times are in Thy hand	912	87
Lord God of gods, before	31	227	My times of sorrow and of	560	51
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	359	82			
Lord, I am vile, conceived	452	32	NEARER, my God, to Thee	706	100
Lord, I believe a rest	1054	54	New every morning is the	885	24
Lord, I have made Thy	393	62	New mercies, new blessings	1067	218
Lord, I hear of showers of	839	187	No dawn of holy light	802	90
Lord, if Thou Thy grace	587	148	No gospel like this feast	1089	82
Lord! in love and mercy	892	223	No more, my God, I boast	686	24
Lord! in the day Thou art	97	45	Not all the blood of beasts	242	79
Lord, it belongs not to my	568	54	Not bound by chains, nor	362	44
Lord Jesus, are we one	670	55	Not gifts of prophecy can	553	H.C. iii.
Lord Jesus, come quickly	299	241	Not now, my child	1084	246
Lord Jesus, I long to be	1045	248	Nothing know we of the	303	190
Lord Jesus! we believing	723	130	Nought but the voice	1034	55
Lord! may the inward grace	775	227	Now begin the heavenly	618	147
Lord of heaven, and earth	863	181	Now, gracious Lord, Thine	807	52
Lord! of life the Guard and	907	223	Now I know the great	281	183
Lord of mercy and of might	132	136	Now let Jehovah's	404	63
Lord of our life and God	847	217	Now let our cheerful eyes	160	55
Lord of the church, we	758	213	Now let our heavenly	821	20
Lord of the worlds above	804	114	Now, O joy! my sins are	681	182
Lord, show Thy glory, as of	377	314	Now thank we all our God	606	251
Lord, speak to me, that I	773	11	Now the daylight goes	936	151
Lord, teach us how to pray	541	67	Now the sowing and the	646	183
Lord! Thou hast been Thy,	45	1	Now, Thou faithful, gentle	369	183

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
Now to the power of God . . .	402	1	Oh praise the Lord in that . . .	615	3
O BLESSED day when first . . .	212	23	Oh ! render thanks and . . .	620	29
O blessed Jesus ! Lamb of . . .	289	213	Oh ! render thanks to God . . .	619	4
O blessed Saviour ! is Thy . . .	190	64	Oh 'tis not what we . . .	597	77
O come, all ye faithful . . .	202	250	Oh to be nothing . . .	1068	282
O day of rest and gladness . . .	795	129	Oh, what a happy lot is . . .	672	54
O faint and feeble hearted ! . . .	524	125	Oh ! what a lonely path . . .	714	64
O glorious God and King . . .	115	115	Oh what everlasting . . .	734	202
O God, mine inmost, <i>ver.</i> 3 . . .	485	214	Oh, where shall rest be . . .	1000	45
O God, our help in ages . . .	578	55	Oh every new-born babe of . . .	361	61
O God, Thy mercy, vast and . . .	34	11	On the mountain's top . . .	871	193
O happy day, that fixed my . . .	954	24	Once all the nations were . . .	364	57
O happy day ! when first we . . .	39	11	Once did the ointment's . . .	227	27
O happy, happy Sunday ! . . .	957	127	One fervent wish, my God ! . . .	705	H.C. vi.
O holy Comforter, I hear . . .	365	H.C. viii.	One more day's work . . .	1039	325
O Holy, Holy Father . . .	5	129	One prayer I have—all . . .	551	78
O holy Saviour, Friend . . .	110	222	One sweetly solemn . . .	573	H.C. v.
O Holy Spirit, come . . .	354	82	One there is above all . . .	153	189
O Holy Spirit ! now . . .	378	H.C. vi.	One with Christ ! O blissful . . .	668	149
O Jesus Christ, grow Thon . . .	425	62	Onward, holy champion ! . . .	955	105
O Jesus, I have promised . . .	957	129	“Onward, upward” . . .	956	105
O Jesus, make Thyself to . . .	537	229	Our blest Redeemer, ere He . . .	367	174
O King of kings, Thy . . .	844	3	Our children, Lord, in . . .	776	66
O Lord ! I would delight in . . .	99	46	Our faithful God hath sent . . .	854	125
O Lord, my best desire . . .	559	67	Our Father, our Father ! . . .	525	236
O Lord, Thy heavenly . . .	33	H.C. vii.	Our God is love ; and all . . .	596	47
O Lord, who now art . . .	274	129	Our Saviour and our King . . .	431	82
O Lord, with thankful . . .	769	24	Our year of grace . . .	914	257
O Love Divine, how sweet . . .	715	213	Ours is a rich and royal . . .	753	24
O my distrustful heart . . .	727	120	PALMS of glory, raiment . . .	1016	145
O my Lord, how great the . . .	14	191	Parent of all, whose love . . .	13	10
O nation, Christian nation . . .	855	127	Part sunbeams from their . . .	1081	125
O people, selected by . . .	411	241	Pass away, earthly joy . . .	710	102
O Saviour, precious . . .	191	127	Peace be to this habitation . . .	662	185
O sons and daughters, let . . .	251	216	Peace to this house ! . . .	962	220
O Spirit of the living God . . .	875	3	Peace in Jesus ! blessed . . .	630	203
O the happiness arising . . .	463	192	Peace to the world ! the . . .	340	3
O Thou, before whose . . .	762	32	Peace with God ! how great . . .	1036	187
O thou chosen church of . . .	398	201	People of the living God . . .	508	162
O Thou, from whom all . . .	517	68	Pilgrim of earth, who art . . .	731	245
O Thou, the contrite . . .	279	221	Pleasant are Thy courts . . .	824	159
O Thou, who didst at . . .	759	227	Plunged in a gulf of dark . . .	218	73, 35
O Thou whose bounty fills . . .	658	54	Poor, weak, and worthless . . .	154	20
O Trine God ! O King of . . .	10	15	Pour out Thy Spirit from . . .	757	4
O what a bright and . . .	341	27	Praise God, ye seraphs . . .	192	107
O Word of God Incarnate . . .	712	129	Praise, my soul, the King of . . .	612	191
O worship the King . . .	50	241	Praise the High, the Holy . . .	93	148
O Zion, when Thy Saviour . . .	873	45	Praise the Lord, His glories . . .	610	137
O'er the gloomy hills of . . .	878	191	Praise the Lord ! ye heavens . . .	613	181
Of Israel's covenant God I . . .	68	39	Praise to God, immortal . . .	853	139
Of Thy love some gracious . . .	816	180	Praise ye Jehovah ! . . .	614	319
Of the bell with . . .	978	32	Praise ye the Lord, the . . .	616	312
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe . . .	640	147	Praise your Redeemer . . .	617	312
Oh, art thou an heir . . .	1035	183	Prayer is the soul's sincere . . .	543	65
Oh, bliss of the purified ! . . .	1058	248	Prayer was appointed to . . .	542	27
Oh ! call it not death—it is . . .	976	241	Praying soul, dismiss thy . . .	278	147
Oh come, ye that labour . . .	473	250	Precious Bible, what a store . . .	888	145
Oh draw me, Saviour, after . . .	690	227	Precious Bible, what a . . .	887	189
Oh, fear not, though before . . .	791	54	Precious, precious blood . . .	1057	292
Oh for a thousand tongues . . .	667	35	Precious Saviour, may I . . .	695	257
Oh ! for a burst of praise to . . .	432	230	Precious volume ! what thou . . .	395	202
Oh for a closer walk with . . .	529	63	Press forward, and fear not ! . . .	581	241
Oh for a heart to praise . . .	687	66	QUICKEN, Lord, Thy . . .	563	157
Oh for that flame of living . . .	841	24	Quiet, Lord, my froward . . .	570	158
Oh ! for the peace which . . .	292	246	RAISE high the note of . . .	960	226
Oh, for the robes of . . .	1015	125	Rejoice, believer, in the . . .	730	262
Oh help us, Lord ! each . . .	584	72	Rejoice in the Lord ! there . . .	653	243
Oh ! how I love Thy holy . . .	391	51			
Oh how kindly hast Thou . . .	98	184			

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
Rejoice, my fellow-pilgrim!	920	76	Sound, sound the truth	880	107
Rejoice, the Lord is King!	287	119	Sound the loud timbrel	424	243
Rejoice to-day with one	623	252	So happy all the day	943	Carol I.
Rest from thy labour, rest	763	90	So let our lips and lives	532	15
Resting from His work	244	288	So rest—my Rest!	246	H.C. vii.
Return, O wanderer! return	476	27	Source of light and power	812	161
Return, O wanderer, to	478	175	Sovereign grace o'er sin	671	301
Revive Thy work, O Lord	840	80	Sovereign Lord and gracious	1025	253
Ride on! ride on in	225	3	Sovereign Ruler of the skies	100	149
Rise, my soul, and stretch	635	281	Spared a little longer	726	123
Rise, my soul, thy God	636	202	Speak gently, it is better far	737	54
Rising on the one	447	192	Speed Thy servants, Saviour	884	193
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	402	158	Spirit Divine! attend our	346	44
			Spirit Jehovah! glorious	811	211
SAFE in the arms of Jesus	1070	320	Spirit of wisdom from above	770	11
Safely through another	904	153	Stand up, and bless the Lord	808	80
Saints, exalted high	1014	194	Stand up! stand up for Jesus	149	127
Salvation by grace, how	73	239	Standing at the portal	911	105
Salvation is of God alone	459	11	Still nigh me, O my Saviour	720	229
Salvation! O the joyful	461	36	"Stricken, smitten, and"	232	206
Salvation! what a glorious	460	47	Sun of my soul	901	23
Saviour, blessed Saviour	969	105	Supremely sweet is sovereign	121	213
Saviour, breathe an evening	902	185	Sweet feast of love Divine!	782	90
Saviour, come, Thy friends	320	191	Sweet Hallelujahs!	939	245
Saviour Divine, we know	417	45	Sweet hour of prayer!	1071	20
Saviour, hasten Thine	302	192	Sweet the moments, rich in	784	203
Saviour, I read with	143	20	Sweet the time, exceeding	835	151
Saviour! through the desert	733	192	Sweet the theme of Jesu's	717	147
Scripture says, "Where sin"	1037	193	Sweeter sounds than music	151	147
See from Zion's fountain	414	192			
See Israel's gentle Shepherd	774	53	TAKE my life, and let	1072	147
See! oh see! what love the	17	203	Take my poor heart	1073	23
See the blessed Saviour	237	206	Take up thy cross, the	554	27
See the Conqueror mounts	264	201	Teach me to live! 'tis easier	641	H.C. vi.
See the destined day arise	965	152	Tell it out among the	165	254
See the ransomed millions	311	139	Ten thousand times ten	986	166
See what unbounded zeal	223	78	That cherished sin—"twill	453	208
Servant of God, well done!	764	87	That day of wrath, that	997	32
Shall I fear, O earth, thy	968	186	The atoning work is done	275	129
Shall this life of mine be	639	186	The chariot! the chariot!	992	241
Shepherd of the chosen	177	193	The Church has waited long	303	97
Shine, mighty God, on	848	35	"The Church of God"	446	H.C. vi.
Shout the glad tidings	621	243	The Church of our Fathers!	846	248
Shout, O earth! from	919	191	The Church's one	399	129
"Showers of blessing!"	837	192	The countless multitude on	1023	258
Since my Redeemer's name	574	54	The covenant of free grace	67	85
Sing Alleluia forth in	1022	233	The day is gently sinking	894	H.C. viii.
Sing, O heavens! O earth	269	141	The day of rest once more	792	312
Sing, oh sing, this blessed	195	155	The gloomy night will soon	307	40
Sing praise to God who	622	207	The glorious universe	738	43
Sing the dear Saviour's	148	1	The God of Abraham praise	70	118
Sing them, my children	631	59	The God of harvest praise	852	107
Sing to the little children	632	125	The goodness of our glorious	54	68
Sing to the Lord, whose	122	45	The Great Physician now	1059	324
Sing we the song of those	441	38	The happy morn is come	257	119
Singing for Jesus	938	245	The Head that once was	283	55
Sinner, is thy heart at rest?	482	153	The holiest we enter	803	129
Sinners, will you scorn the	480	199	"The Lord is risen indeed"	260	79
Sinner, what hast thou to	484	152	The Lord my pasture shall	181	229
Sit down beneath His	781	130	The Lord our God is full of	52	57
Softly now the light of day	896	155	The Lord of might, from	995	207
Soldiers of Christ, arise	638	80	The Lord will come! the	296	32
Sometimes a light surprises	663	129	The morning bright with	940	59
Songs of praise the angels	626	137	The night is far spent, the	308	241
Son of God, Eternal Word	887	139	The people of the Lord	401	120
Sons of God by blest	981	206	The roseate hues of early	903	76
Sons of Zion, lift your eyes	410	156	The Sabbath day has	822	H.C. v.
Sons we are through God's	677	191	The saints on earth, <i>verse</i> 2	448	67
Soon may the last glad song	333	5	The sands of time are	1013	130
Soon the trumpet of	832	178	The Saviour! Oh what	174	36

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
The silver trumpet's . . .	1038	127	To the Name of our . . .	164	194
The solemn season calls us .	862	72	To Thee, O Comforter . . .	368	209
The Son of God goes forth .	752	75	To Thee, O dear, dear . . .	701	130
The spacious firmament . . .	86	4	To Thee, O gracious Father	913	127
The Spirit breathes upon . .	379	47	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine	456	95
The strain upraise of joy . .	90	H.C. iv.	Tossed with rough winds .	1082	H.C. vi.
The strife is o'er, the battle .	261	216	'Twas God that made the . .	95	276
The sun is sinking fast . . .	898	103	'Twas with an everlasting .	117	11
The throne of His glory! . .	993	241			
The voice that breathed o'er	958	130	UNFOLD, O Lord, to us . . .	394	229
The world is very evil . . .	1001	130	Upon the sixth day of the .	247	63
Then it burst, the glorious . .	1003	159	Upward and onward . . .	536	98
There is a blessed home . . .	1018	117			
There is a fountain filled . .	241	65	WAIT, O my soul, thy . . .	51	26
There's a friend for little . .	941	127	Waiting for Jesus . . .	1091	245
"There is a God"—all . . .	41	19	Wake, harp of Zion, wake .	329	53
There is a Name I love to . .	137	51	Waken, Christian children .	947	105
There is a safe and secret . .	723	53	Walk in the light . . .	1074	65
There is a spot of . . .	545	H.C. vi.	Walk with thy God—a . . .	688	65
There is a word I fain would	239	168	Watchman! tell us of the .	310	148
There is life for a look at . .	458	214	We bless Thee, O Thou . .	147	211
There is no condemnation . .	682	129	We cannot always trace the	102	220
There was joy in heaven! . .	755	99	We give immortal praise . .	611	120
They are evermore around . .	753	203	We hear the tolling bell . .	983	95
Thine for ever:—God of love	953	147	We sing His love, who once	987	226
This is the day the Lord . . .	707	35	We sing the Father's love . .	24	79
This is the day to tune with	889	52	We sing the praise of Him .	210	24
This stone to Thee in faith .	823	1	We speak of the realms of .	1017	224
Thou art coming, O my . . .	1030	253	"We've no abiding city" . .	1097	3
Thou art gone to the grave . .	982	242	We were lost, but we are . .	491	147
Thou art gone up on high . .	270	96	We won't give up the Bible	367	152
Thou art the Way: to Thee	187	49	We would see Jesus . . .	971	246
Thou bidd'st us visit in . . .	242	220	Weep, pilgrim, weep! yet . .	498	243
Thou dear and great . . .	15	39	Welcome, Christmas! . . .	946	159
Thou dear Redeemer . . .	169	38	"Welcome, happy morning"	258	105
Thou God of glorious . . .	485	214	Welcome sight! the Lord . .	313	189
Thou God of grace, our . . .	12	165	Welcome, sweet day of rest	793	82
Thou glorious Sun of . . .	798	24	Welcome, welcome . . .	1075	191
Thou hidden love of God . . .	718	229	What a friend we have . . .	1030	203
Thou to whom the sick and	870	190	What are those soul . . .	226	2
Thou vain, deceitful world .	509	11	What boundless and . . .	123	88
Thou who on that wondrous	595	171	What care the saints . . .	1083	213
Thou, whose almighty word	877	107	What cheering words are . .	106	92
Though troubles assail . . .	583	239	What is life? 'tis but a . . .	1010	189
Three in One, and One in . .	900	136	What is that grand, that . .	131	1
Through all the changing . . .	112	66	What know we, Holy God . .	43	26
Through the day Thy love . .	895	189	What means this eager . . .	1039	322
Through the love of God . . .	101	255	What our Father does is . .	856	158
Thus far my God hath led . .	585	27	What shall I render to my .	825	45
Thus far on life's perplexing	104	229	What various hindrances . .	546	26
Thy mercy, my God, is the . .	59	241	Whate'er my God ordains .	557	188
Thy way, not mine, O Lord . .	108	112	When all Thy mercies, O . .	107	39
Till He come! Oh, let the . .	788	158	When first o'erwhelmed . . .	684	229
Time by moments steals . . .	917	152	When gathering clouds . . .	280	229
Time's sun is fast setting . .	318	242	When His salvation . . .	942	127
'Tis a point I long to know .	593	152	When I can read my title . .	1005	63
'Tis He—the mighty Saviour .	337	35	When I survey the . . .	235	28
'Tis mine, the covenant of . .	75	68	When languor and disease .	582	54
'Tis my happiness below . . .	577	161	When quiet in my house . .	385	229
'Tis night—but oh, the joyful	305	11	When the Lord of Hosts . .	361	205
'Tis not by works of . . .	495	55	When this passing world . .	991	158
'Tis not that I did chose . . .	719	130	When Thou, my righteous .	316	214
'Tis sweet to think of those . .	977	63	When waves of trouble . . .	576	66
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus .	772	166	Where high the heavenly . .	221	28
'Tis the church triumphant . .	428	255	While in sweet communion	790	203
To bless Thy chosen race . . .	872	85	While with ceaseless course	916	152
To celebrate Thy praise . . .	630	45	Who are these arrayed in . .	440	159
To God the Holy Ghost . . .	344	83	Who can e'er fathom God's	125	4
To God the only wise . . .	575	82	Who can tell the worth of .	1040	181
To Him who for our sins . . .	286	209			

	HYMN	TUNE		HYMN	TUNE
Who can the distant period	118	19	Ye servants of God	628	240
Who is this that comes	339	189	Ye servants of the Lord	550	83
Who shall the Lord's elect	272	12	Ye sons of earth, prepare	814	67
Why restless, why so weary	111	279	Ye who hear the blessèd	768	157
Why should the children of	360	64	Yes, for me, for me He	721	184
Why those fears? behold	713	191	Yes, God is good; in earth	87	3
Widely, 'midst the	210	191	Yes! He knows the way is	519	189
Will ye not come to Him	1041	203	Yes, we part, but not	1032	194
With David's Lord and ours	69	120	Yet there is room!	1042	234
With hearts in love	883	127	Yon shining shore <i>is</i> nearer	8	129
With joy we meditate the	222	63	"You have not chosen Me"	76	87
With my substance I will	739	181	Your harps, ye trembling	643	87
With one consent let all the	625	1			
With quivering heart and	563	177	ZION, beloved of God	409	82
"Worthy of all adoration"	600	253	Zion is Jehovah's dwelling	406	201
			Zion stands by hills	405	192
			Zion's King shall reign	323	201
YE bright, immortal throng	224	120			

EXPLANATIONS.

Numerals in Brackets indicate the subdivisions of each subject.

Numerals to the Tunes indicate the number of the Tune in the Companion Volume, *Havergal's Psalmody*.

Numerals to the right of the Tune indicate the Metre.

(a.) Signifies some necessary alteration, either by Usage, Euphony, or Grammar.

(tr.) Signifies Translator.



See Hymn 624. Also 45, 61, 91, 93, 402, 602.

PART I.—The Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity in Unity.

THEME I.—Worship.

(1.) ADORATION.

- 1 Isa. vi. 1. "*I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne.*"

Tune 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

- 1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted

Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

- 2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim

Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

- 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

- 4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,

"Holy, Holy, Holy,"—singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

- 5 With His seraph train before Him,
With His Holy Church below,

Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

- 6 Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,

"Holy, Holy, Holy,"—blessing
Thee, "the Lord of hosts most high!"
Bishop Mant, 1837.

- 2 Isa. vi. 3. "*Holy, Holy, Holy.*"
Tune 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,

God of hosts, Eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;

Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly

To the Blessed Trinity.

- 2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,

Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,

Singing everlastingly

To the Blessed Trinity.

- 3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,

Spirits blest, before Thy throne,

Speeding thence at Thy command;

And, when Thy behests are done,

Singing everlastingly

To the Blessed Trinity.

- 4 Cherubim and seraphim

Veil their faces with their wings;

Eyes of angels are too dim

To behold the King of kings,

While they sing eternally

To the Blessed Trinity.

Part ii.

- 5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,

Thee, the noble martyr band

Praise with solemn jubilee;

Thee, the church in every land,

Singing everlastingly

To the Blessed Trinity.

- 6 In Thy name baptized are we,

With Thy blessing are dismissed;

And Thrice-holy echant to Thee

In the holy eucharist;

Life is one Doxology

To the Blessed Trinity.

- 7 To the Father, and the Son,

Who for us did deign to die;

And to God the Holy One,

Who the church doth sanctify;

Sing we with glad jubilee,

Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.

- 8 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee—

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Godhead One, and Persons Three,

Join us with the heavenly host,

Singing everlastingly

To the Blessed Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

1 THE OLD 100th.—ANOTHER VERSION. (L.M.)



See Hymn 18. Also 114, 131, 272, 332, 625, 826.

3 Rev. iv. 8. *'They rest not, saying Holy, Holy, Holy.'*

Tune 249. TRISAGION. 11 12, 12 10.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down
before Thee,
Which wert and art, and evermore shalt
be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness
hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!
Bishop Heber, 1827.

4 Col. ii. 2. *"The mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ."*

Tune 163. HAVERGAL. 777.

1 MIGHTY Father! Blessèd Son!
Holy Spirit! Three in One!
Evermore Thy will be done!

2 Threefold is Thy glorious might,
Threefold is Thy name of light,
Holy! Awful! Infinite!

3 Threefold let our praises be,
Great mysterious One, to Thee!
Undivided Trinity!

4 Mystery of mysteries!
Before whom with veiled eyes
Songs of saints and angels rise.

5 Rainbow-like the emerald zone
That encompasseth Thy throne,
O Thou most mysterious One!

6 Thunderings and lightnings, rolled
From beneath, Thy saints enfold,
Clothed in white, and crowned with gold.

7 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
God Almighty! Father! Word!
Spirit! Three in One adored!

8 Threefold is Thy love to me,
Threefold let my graces be,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

9 Mighty Father! Blessèd Son!
Holy Spirit! Three in One!
Evermore Thy will be done.

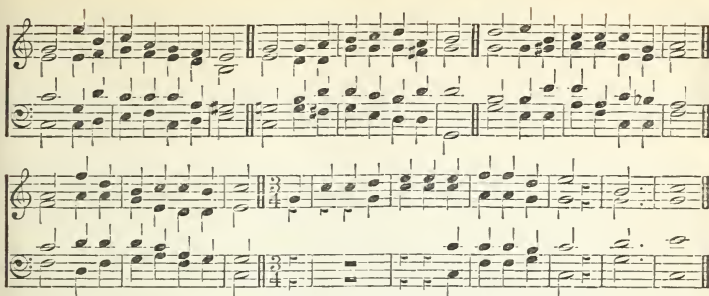
J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1863.

Note the symbolic form—Three lines harmonizing in
each verse; three verses in each division; three divi-
sions making one hymn.

5 Eph. iv. 5. *"One Lord, one faith."* Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

1 O HOLY! Holy Father,
O Christ ascended high,
O pure celestial Spirit,
Eternal Trinity!
We, with Thy countless seraphs,
We, with Thy saints in light,
Bow down in adoration,
And praise Thee day and night.

2 One life pervades Thy ransomed
Within the golden gate,
And those who still are pilgrims,
And for their glory wait.
The shouts of triumph yonder,
The plaintive songs of earth,
Flow from the Spirit's presence,
Both own a heavenly birth.



Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! A-men, A - men.

See Hymn 226. Also 153, 333.

3 O wondrous, living union!
The saints are one with Thee,
Thou Fountain of their being,
Mysterious Trinity!
No power on earth,—or Satan,
Can separate Christ's sheep,
For which He gave the ransom,
And which He's pledged to keep!

4 Then teach us, Lord, to worship
With loving hearts to-day,
And whilst we sing Thy praises,
And learn in faith to pray,
Help us to feel our union
With *all* who know Thy name,
And glory in Jehovah,
Unchangeably the same!

William Pennefather, 1871.

6 Ps. lxxv. 1. "Praise waiteth for Thee,
O God."

Tune 161. SEIR. 77, 77. D.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord!
Self-existent Deity!
By the hosts of heaven adored,
Teach us how to worship Thee.
Only uncreated Mind,
Wonders in Thy nature meet,
Perfect unity combined
With society complete.

2 All perfection dwells in Thee,
Now to us obscurely known;
Three in One, and One in Three,
Great Jehovah, God alone.
Be our all, O Lord Divine!
Father, Saviour, vital Breath!
Body, spirit, soul, be Thine,
Now, and at, and after death.

3 Glorious Thou in holiness,
When Thou didst Thy right maintain;
Truth and grace at once express
When Thine only Son was slain.
Here was deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;
Mildest love, and vengeance keen;
Oh how bright their mingled rays!

4 Fearful Thou in praises, too,
Loving Saviour, slaughtered Lamb!
We with joy and reverence view
All Thy glory, all Thy shame.
Be Thy death the death of sin;
Be Thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within—
Prophet, Priest, and King to me!

5 Wonder-working Spirit! Thine
Is the mighty grace we sing;
Set on us Thy seal Divine,
Safely to Thy kingdom bring:
Mortify each sinful deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Lead us, urge us on with speed,
And let GLORY crown the race!

John Ryland, D.D., 1796.

7 Eph. ii. 18. "We.....have access."
Tune 203. SALZBURG. Or 308. EVER-
TON. 87, 87. D.

1 GRACIOUS God of our salvation,
Thee, in Christ, we would adore;
Standing in the high relation
Of Thy sons for evermore:
We, by sin, were separated
From our Father's face awhile;
But we now are new-created,
By His sweet, returning smile.

2 Now the Spirit keeps us moving
To our Father's holy throne;
Through the Saviour sweetly proving
How for sin He did atone!
Now, instead of threatening thunder,
And of life an endless loss,
We enjoy the peaceful wonder
Of our dear Redeemer's cross.

3 To the Father, by the Spirit,
Now a sweet access we find,
Through the Saviour's matchless merit,
He is most divinely kind:
Now in praises to the Saviour
Let our sacred songs ascend;
And, the best of all behaviour,
Honour our Almighty Friend.



See Hymn 194. Also 9, 13, 25, 87, 152, 225, 332, 340, 412, 437, 523, 748, 844, 875, 886, 888, 1007, 1023.

- 4 Now to Him who has redeemed us
With His precious sacrifice,
And the Holy Ghost who seals us,
For the Father in the skies,
Let us join in endless praises,
To the eternal THREE in ONE,
For the grace and blood that raises
Us to God, through Christ His Son.
Thomas Row, 1817.

- 8 Rom. xiii. 11. "Now is our salvation
nearer than when we believed."
Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 279.
MUNICH. 76, 76. D.

- 1 YON shining shore is nearer!
The saints in robes of light,
With harps and golden vials,
Are almost within sight!
Hark! at the mighty anthem,
That rolls across the sea,
"We give Thee praise and glory,
Eternal Trinity!"
- 2 "A little while" they've left us,
To tread the desert sand;
But Jesus is beside us,
We march at His command;
And soon our dusty raiment
We'll lay, for aye, aside,
And, with our Saviour's likeness,
We shall be glorified!
- 3 Amidst our tears and conflicts,
We almost can discern
The radiant Throne before us,—
"The lamps" that ever burn,—
The Father's dazzling glory,—
The Lamb whose blood was shed,—
The living, kingly Jesus,
Who once for us was dead!
- 4 We come to-day to worship,
We bring our gifts to Thee,
Our hearts, our gold, our praises,
Thou blessed Trinity!
Alas! too long, our idols
Have hid Thee from our sight;
Help us to cast them from us,
And henceforth "walk in light!"
William Pennefather, 1871.

- 9 1 John v. 7. "There are Three that
bear record."
Tune 7. GÖLDEL. L.M.

- 1 ALL hail, Adored Trinity!
All hail, Eternal Unity!
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One.
- 2 Behold, to Thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
Oh let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.
- 3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In Thy sure mercy, ever kind,
Oh may we our protection find.
- 4 O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
With songs that angels sing to Thee,
Unite our hymns of jubilee.

J. D. Chambers (tr.), 1857.

- 10 2 Cor. xiii. 14. "Grace . . . Love . . .
Communion."

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

- 1 O TRIUNE GOD! O King of kings!
All glorious ONE, mysterious
THREE!
Archangels bow with veiling wings,
Adoring where they cannot see.
- 2 Yet we the Trinity can praise
In Unity, through Christ our King;
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
In faith and love, while thus we sing:—
- 3 Glory to God the Father be,
Because He sent His Son to die;
Glory to God the Son, that He
Did with such willingness comply;
- 4 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who to our hearts this love reveals:
Thou God, Triune, to sinners lost,
Salvation sends, procures, and seals.
Joseph Hart, 1759—v. 1, P. R. II.



See Hymn 271. Also 82, 86, 114, 123, 383, 437, 619, 757, 832.

- 11 Rev. i. 5. "Unto Him that loved us."
Tune 166. ZOAN II. Or 165. GOZAN.
77, 87.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Hallelujahs,
Be to the FATHER given,
Who loved His own—ere time began,
And marked them out for heaven.
- 2 Anthems of equal glory
Ascribe we to the SAVIOUR;
Who lived and died—that we, His Bride,
Might live with Him for ever.
- 3 Hail! co-eternal SPIRIT,
Thy church's new Creator!
The saints He seals—their fear dispels,
And sanctifies their nature.
- 4 We laud the glorious TRIAD,
The mystic One in essence;
Till called to join—the hosts that shine
In His immediate Presence.
- 5 Faithful is He that promised,
And stands engaged to save us;
The Triune Lord—has passed His word
That He will never leave us.
- 6 A kingdom He assigned us,
Before the world's foundation:
Thou God of Grace—be Thine the praise,
And ours the consolation!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774.

- 12 Eph. i. 4. "He hath chosen us in
Him."

Tune 165. GOZAN. 77, 87. D.

- 1 **T**HOU God of grace, our Father,
We now rejoice before Thee,
Thy children we—and loved by Thee;
'Tis meet we should adore Thee!
As Thine Thou didst foreknow us,
For such was Thine election,
And Thou hast shown—to us Thine own—
Thy fulness of affection.
- 2 In Jesus Thou didst choose us
Before the world's foundation,
Ere Adam's fall—involved us all
In guilt and condemnation.

Thy purpose and election,
In spite of all our failing,
Have firmly stood—and by the blood
Of Christ are made availing.

- 3 The grace of this salvation
The Holy Ghost hath taught us;
By Him we're healed—for He revealed
How Jesu's blood hath bought us.
Soon all the church in glory,
In its predestined station,
Shall bless Thy name—with Christ the
Lamb,
Thou God of all salvation!

S. P. Tregelles, LL.D., 1837.

- 13 Ps. cl. 2. "His excellent greatness."
Tune 10. GERAR. Or. 3. CRASSELLUS.
L.M.

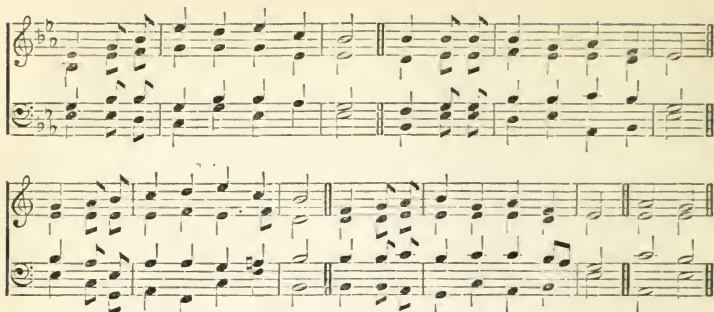
- 1 **P**ARENT of all, whose love displayed
Still rules the world Thy bounty
made,
Fain would we raise the hymn to Thee,
In Substance One, in Person Three.
- 2 Fain would we chant to Thee the song,
Which through the ages all along
Is chanted by Thy heavenly train,
And earth resounds to heaven again.
- 3 Taught by Thy word, this festal day,
Our homage of true faith we pay;
Oh, in that faith preserve us still,
And shield us evermore from ill:
- 4 That still our lips Thy praise may show,
And with Thy Holy Church below,
Above with Thy angelic host,
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Mant (tr.), 1837.

- 14 Eph. i. 3. "All spiritual blessings
..... in Christ."

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 **O** MY Lord, how great the wonders
Thy rich grace has wrought for me!
On Thy love my spirit ponders,
Praising, magnifying Thee;
Hallelujah!
To the great ETERNAL THREE!



See Hymn 333. Also 332, 340.

2 I was once far off—a stranger—
Guilty, helpless, deaf, and blind;
Jesus rescued me from danger,
And renewed my heart and mind:
Precious Saviour!

How compassionate and kind!

3 Quickened by His Holy Spirit,
Covered with His righteousness;
He has said I shall inherit
Everlasting life and bliss:
Blessed Jesus!

How my soul exults in this!

4 He has all my sins forgiven,
Paid my debt and set me free,
Vanquished hell, and opened heaven,
And prepared a place for me;
My Redeemer
Loved me from eternity.

5 Yea, He says He'll never leave me,
But, when all His will is done,
To His kingdom He'll receive me,
As the partner of His throne;

Then I'll praise Him,
While eternity rolls on!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

15 2 Cor. i. 3. "*Blessed be God.*"
Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

1 THOU dear and great mysterious THREE,
For ever be adored,
For all the endless grace we see
In our Redeemer stored.

2 The Father's ancient grace we sing,
That chose us in our Head;
Ordaining Christ, our God and King,
To suffer in our stead.

3 The sacred Son, in equal strains,
With reverence we address,
For all His grace, and dying pains,
And splendid righteousness.

4 With tuneful tongue the Holy Ghost
For His great work we praise,
Whose power inspires the blood-bought
host
Their grateful voice to raise.

5 Thus, the eternal Three in One
We join to praise, for grace
And endless glory through the Son,
As shining from His face.

Thomas Row, 1817.

16 2 Cor. iv. 6. "*The Glory of God in
the face of Jesus Christ.*"
Tune 201. SHEN. Or 306. FREYLING-
HAUSEN. S7, S7. D.

1 GOD in Three appears all glorious,
In the everlasting One;
Shines the fulness of the Godhead,
In the person of the Son;
Reigns in Three the great Jehovah,
Reigns in all-victorious grace,
Shows His all-transporting beauties,
Through the bleeding Prince of Peace.

2 Sing we all the Lord of Glory,
Sing the mercy pure and free,
Mercy flowing from the fountain
Of the everlasting Three;
Equal all, and all united,
In the One eternal God,
Shining all with equal splendour,
Through the rich atoning blood.

3 May we all, with admiration,
Roll the cheering truth along,
Three in One be all the chorus,
Three in One be all the song.
Come, Thou Triune God and Saviour
Now descend in purest love,
Sing we then with holy ardour,
Sing our way to realms above.

Richard Burnham, 1796.

17 1 John iii. 1. "*Behold what manner
of love!*"

Tune 203. SALZBURG. S7, S7. D.

1 SEE, oh see! what love the Father
Hath bestowed upon our race,
How He bends, with sweet compassion,
Over us His beaming face!
See how He His best and dearest
For the very worst hath given,
His own Son for us poor sinners;
See, oh see! the love of Heaven!



See Hymn 9.

- 2 See, oh see! what love the Saviour
Also hath on us bestowed,
How He bled for us and suffered,
How He bare the heavy load!
On the cross, and in the garden,
Oh! how sore was His distress!
Is not this a love that passeth
Aught that tongue can e'er express?

- 3 See, oh see! what love is shown us
Also by the Holy Ghost!
How He strives with us poor sinners,
Even when we sin the most!
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where He sees it needful is!
Oh, what heart would not be thankful
For a three-fold love like this?

- 18 2 Cor. ix. 14. "The exceeding grace
of God."

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

- 1 HOW can a mortal tongue express,
Almighty Lord, Thine endless praise;
Or, how can we Thy throne address,
And be accepted in our lays?

- 19 Mark xiv. 36. "He said, ABBA,
FATHER."

Tune 157. RATIBON. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 "ABBA!" gentle Jesus prayed,
Kneeling in the garden shade;
"Father!" Christ the anointed King
Cried out in His suffering;
"Abba, Father!" sighed the Son,
"Not My will, but Thine be done."

- 2 "Jesus!" Jewish voices cry,
"Save from sin and misery!"
"Christ!" by Gentile hearts adored,
"Save us, our anointed Lord!"
"Abba, Father!" it is done,
All in Jesus Christ are one.

- 3 "Abba!" to Thy bosom take
Sin-cleansed souls, for "Jesus" sake;
"Father!" in our utmost need
We the "Christ" within us plead;
"Abba, Father!" day by day
We through "Jesus Christ" do pray.

- 2 Through Jesus, our Redeemer, we
Our cheerful, humble praises bring,
For all the endless grace we see
In Him, our Saviour and our King.

- 3 For grace that saves our souls from hell,
Accept, dear Lord, our grateful song;
And let us join, Thy grace to tell,
Until we reach the heavenly throng.

- 4 For grace that ends in glory bright,
We bless Thee, Triune God of love,
For now, by faith, we see the light
Of that celestial world above.

- 5 For grace, that formed the wondrous plan
Of our deliverance from the dead,
And chose us in the Glory-Man,
We give Thee praise through Him who
bled.

- 6 For grace, with endless glory joined,
We bless the Father and the Son;
And praise the Spirit, who we find
Reveals our glorious Three in One.
Thomas Row, 1817.

(2.) INVOCATION.

- 4 "Jesus"—for the Jewish tribes,
On the top-stone Love inscribes,
"Christ"—for all the Gentile race,
Graving on its other face:
"Jesus Christ!"—the Corner-stone!
Making all the building one!

J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1866.

- 20 Rom. viii. 15. "We cry, Abba, Father."
Tune 201. SHEN. Or 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87, D.

- 1 ABBA, Father! Lord, we call Thee,
Hallowed name! from day to day;
'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee,
None but children Abba say.
This high privilege we inherit,
First Thy gift, and then Christ's blood;
God the Spirit, to our spirit,
Witnesseth we are sons of God.

- Chorus.—Abba, Father! still we call Thee,
Abba sounds through all our host;
All in heaven and earth adore Thee,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



See Hymn 143. Also 13, 148, 459, 475.

- 2 Abba's love first gave us being,
When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the church in Jesus,
Long before the world began!
Oh! what love the Father bore us!
Oh! how precious in His sight!
When He gave His church to Jesus;
Jesus! His whole soul's delight!

Chorus.—Abba, Father! &c.

- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam
Seemed to shut us out from God,
Thus it was His counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesu's blood:
By the plan Himself had formed,
Ere like sheep we went astray;
They, said God, shall call Me Father,
Nor from Me shall turn away.

Chorus.—Abba, Father! &c.

- 4 And the richest stores of pardon
God sets forth in Christ His Son;
With the Spirit's grace to guide us,
Safe to bring His children home.
Abba, Father! makes all certain,
Both by word, by oath, and blood;
Abba saith, "They are My people,"
And they say, "The Lord's my God."

Chorus.—Abba, Father! &c.

- 5 Hence through all our changing seasons,
Trouble, sorrow, sickness, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection.
Abba's love will bring us through.
Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children
Round Thy throne their anthems raise;
And in songs of rich salvation
Shout to Abba endless praise!

Chorus.—Abba, Father! &c.

Robert Hawker, D.D., 1827.

From our sins His blood has washed us,
'Tis through Him our souls draw nigh;
And Thy Spirit too hath taught us,
Abba, Father! thus to cry.

- 2 Once as prodigals we wandered,
In our folly far from Thee;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery.
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Thy table, in our place,
We rejoice, and Thou rejoiceest
In the riches of Thy grace.
- 3 Abba, Father! all adore Thee,
All rejoice in heaven above;
While in us they learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim
Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb!

James George Deck, 1838.

22 Isa. liv. 13. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."

Tune 147. PATMOS. Or 148. GIBBONS. 77, 77.

- 1 HOLY Father! let Thy love
Rest upon us from above;
All Thy children deign to own,
Teach them to approach Thy throne.
- 2 Precious Saviour! Zion's King,
Of Thy glorious work we sing;
Reign amidst Thy chosen race,
Spread the triumphs of Thy grace.
- 3 Kind Preceptor! we expect
Promised grace for God's elect;
Make the Saviour's fulness known;
Sanctify and teach Thine own.

- 4 Triune God! Thy covenant love
Faithful to the end shall prove;
All things rest on Thy decree,
Glory to the Eternal Three!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

21 Gal. iv. 6. "Because ye are sons."
Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87. D.

- 1 ABBA, Father! we approach Thee
In our Saviour's precious Name;
We, Thy children, here assembling,
Now Thy promised blessings claim:



See Hymn 28. Also 34, 39, 83, 144, 159, 186, 305, 341, 459, 503, 757, 766, 773, 879, 951.

23 John xvii. 23. "*Thou hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me.*"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 HOLY Father! we address Thee—
Loved in Thy beloved Son;
Holy Son of God, we bless Thee,
Boundless grace hath made us one;
Holy Spirit, aid our songs,
This glad work to Thee belongs.
- 2 Wondrous was Thy love, O Father!
Wondrous Thine, O Son of God!
Vast the love that bruised and wounded,
Vast the love that bore the rod;
Holy Spirit, still reveal
How those stripes alone can heal.
- 3 Gracious Father! Thy good pleasure
Is to love us as Thy Son,
Meting out the self-same measure,
Since Thou seest us as one.
Blessèd Jesus, loved are we,
As the Father loveth Thee.
- 4 Hallelujah! we are hasting
To our Father's house above;
By the way our souls are tasting
Rich and everlasting love;
In Jehovah is our boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Mary Bowly, 1847.

24 Psalm xxxiv. 3. "*O magnify the Lord with me.*"

Tune 79. AVEN. S.M.

- 1 WE sing the Father's love—
We trust the Saviour's grace—
The Holy Spirit's power we prove,
Amidst the chosen race.
- 2 We give the Father praise—
We glorify the Son—
We bless the Spirit for His grace,
Which makes salvation known.
- 3 'Twas God the Father chose
Our souls in God the Son;
And God the Holy Ghost bestows
All blessings from the throne.

- 4 A Triune God we own,
In daily songs of praise;
In Persons Three, in Essence One,
The God of sovereign grace!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

25 Ps. cv. 3. "*Glory ye in His holy name.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELIOUS. L.M.

- 1 FATHER! we glory in Thy choice—
Saviour! we in Thy work rejoice—
O Holy Ghost! Thy power we sing,
Thou, Triune God, art Zion's King.
- 2 Father! 'tis in Thy love we rest—
Saviour! in Thee our souls are blest—
O Holy Ghost! Thy power we own,
Which made Jehovah's glory known.
- 3 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adored by all the heavenly host,
Is Zion's Triune God and King;
Let all the church His glory sing!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

26 2 Cor. iii. 18. "*The glory of the Lord.*"

Tune 52. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 FATHER! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, praise, and power receive,
Of Thy creating love.
- 2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.
- 3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee
For Thy redeeming grace.
- 4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim;
And cry "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"



See Hymn 680. Also 178, 271, 272, 277, 383.

5 Spirit of Holiness!

Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel tongues can tell

Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

7 Eternal Triune Lord!

Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon Thy love.

8 When heaven and earth are fled

Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

Charles Wesley, 1747.

27 Ps. lxxiii. 24. "Thou shalt guide me
with Thy counsel."

Tune 199. LUSATIA. 87, 87, 87.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing—every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary—faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love, with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided—pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy!

James Edmeston, 1820.

28 1 John v. 7. "The Father, the
Word, and the Holy Ghost."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

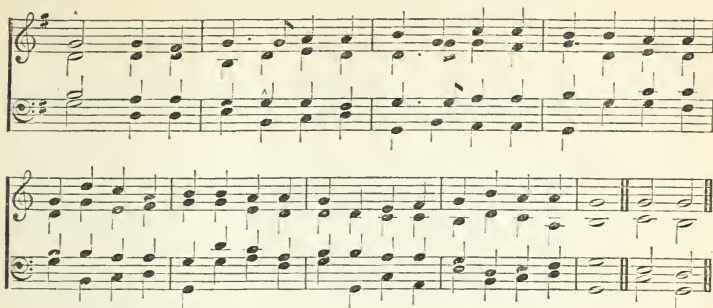
4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend!

J. Cooper, 1812.

29 2 Thess. iii. 5. "The Lord direct
your hearts," etc.

Tune 246. EIRENE. 11 10, 11 10. D.

1 FATHER! whose hand hath led me so
securely,
Father, whose ear hath listened to my
prayer,
Father, whose eye hath watched o'er me
so surely,
Whose heart hath loved me with a love
so rare;
Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct
me
In the straight way wherein I ought to
go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct
me,
Through health and sickness, and through
weal and woe.



See Hymn 899. Also 82, 820, 886.

2 O my Redeemer! who hast my redemption
Purchased and paid for by Thy precious
blood;
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment
of God:
Thou who hast saved my soul from con-
demnation,
Redeem it also from the power of sin,
Be Thou the Captain still of my salvation.
Through whom alone I can the victory
win.

3 O Holy Ghost! who from the Father
flowest—
And from the Son, oh teach me how to
pray!
Thou, who the love and peace of God be-
stowest,
With faith and hope inspire and cheer
my way;
Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devo-
tion,

A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of Thee!
C. J. P. Spitta, 1833; R. Massie (tr.), 1860.

30 Ps. xlv. 1. "*My heart is inditing a
good matter.*"

Tune 107. Moscow. 664, 6664.

1 COME, Thou almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious!
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

C. Wesley's Leaflets, 1757.

31 Ps. xvi. 2. "*Thou art my Lord.*"

Tune 227. ANGELS' SONG. 88, 88, 88.

1 LORD God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, oh what shall we
Return to Heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee!
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

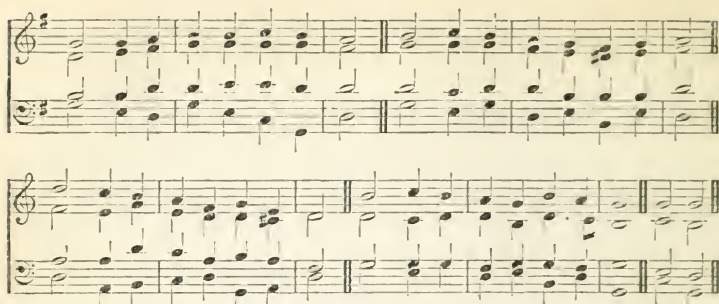
2 O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
Command my soul and cure my sin;
How bitter my afflictions be,
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

3 Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

4 What I possess or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have
Be not possessed and blessed in Thee,
What I enjoy, oh make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine.

John Quarles (restored), 1654.

15 OLD "TEN COMMANDMENTS' TUNE." (L.M.)



See Hymn 909. Also 10, 46, 48, 124, 380, 532, 580.

(3.) DEDICATION.

32 Rom. xiv. 8. "Whether we live . . . or die, we are the Lord's."

Tune 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 77.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!

4 Now, O God, Thine own I am;
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still when Thine I die!

Charles Wesley, 1745.

33 Ps. cxvi. 16. "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant."

Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA. 88, 88 G.

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

2 What'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my heart with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God, on Thee!

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

J. F. Oberlin, 1820;

Caroline Wilson (tr.), 1820.

34 Ps. exix. 94. "I am Thine, save me!"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

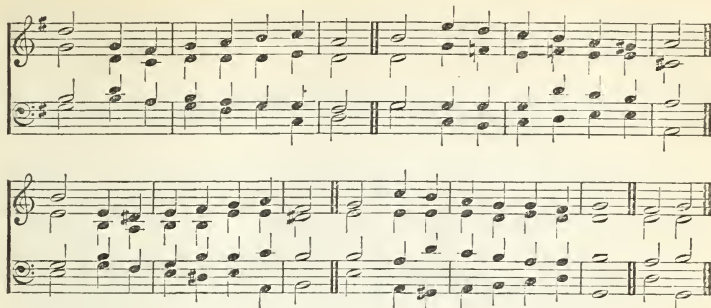
1 O GOD, Thy mercy, vast and free,
Has turned my happy soul to Thee;
Still round me let that mercy shine,
And save me, Lord, for I am Thine!

2 Thy truth display; Thy power reveal;
Oh let me now Thy presence feel;
Give me the joys of love Divine;
Oh save me, Lord, for I am Thine!

3 From self, from Satan, and from sin,
From foes without, and fears within,
Though they against me all combine,
Oh save me, Lord, for I am Thine!

4 And when in glory I appear,
And sing with the redeemed there,
Then shall this work of joy be mine,
To praise that love which made me Thine!

Samuel Medley, 1800. (a.)



See Hymn 700.

35 Heb. xiii. 5. "He hath said, I will never leave thee."

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS.

- 1 BY Thee, Jesu, will I stay,
Evermore Thy sérvant stand;
From Thee my feet shall néver stray,
But I will go where points Thy hand.
- 2 Thou! life of all the life that's mine,
My soul's core-sap and vital power,
As to its branch from óut the vine
Flows sap of life from hóur to hóur.
- 3 Stay near me through this héat and glow,
Stay near, too, when my dáy sinks down,
And long the evening sháadows grow,
And the night comes stéaling on.
- 4 Lay in blessing, thén, Thy hand
On my weary, weakly head;
Saying, "Rest, child! tó the land
Thy faith hath sought thou shált be led."
- 5 Stay near me; in Thine árms enfold,
When most the chill of déath I dread;
Chill, like the sharp and bitter cold,
Ere dawns in heaven the mórning red.
- 6 When darkness shall mine éyes o'ertake,
Light Thou my spirit through the gloom,
That unto me the mórn may break
As breaks to him the éxile's home.

C. J. P. Spitta; John B. Walter (tr.), 1868.

36 Acts ix. 6. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Tune 213. KEDRON. 886, 886.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee;
Against Thy terrors long I strove;
But who can stand against Thy love?
Love conquers even me!

- 2 If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash, to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued;
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

- 3 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone;
Come, take possession of Thine own,
For Thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand
To be employed by Thee.

- 4 My will conformed to Thine would move;
On Thee, my hope, desire, and love,
In fixed attention join;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be Thine!

John Newton, 1779.

37 Luke x. 42. "Mary hath chosen that good part."

Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour Divine, infuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies:
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.



See Hymn 554. Also 57, 71, 118.

38 Ps. cviii. 1. "My heart is fixed; I will sing."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed,
Sing I will, and sing of Thee,
Since the cup that justice mixed
Thou hast drunk, and drink for me:
Great Deliverer!
Thou hast set the prisoner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
But the Lord has loosed them all;
Arms of mercy now surround me,
Favours these, nor few nor small:
Saviour, keep me!
Keep Thy servant lest he fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me,
Life eternal Jesus gives;
While He waves His banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives:
Sure His promise!
I shall live because He lives.

4 When the world would bid me leave Thee,
Telling me of shame and loss,
Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve Thee,
Lest I cease to love Thy cross:
This is treasure!
All the rest I count but dross!

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

39 Acts viii. 39. "He went on his way rejoicing."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

1 O HAPPY day! when first we felt
Our souls with deep contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.

2 O happy day! when first Thy love
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on Thy wondrous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.

3 O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve Thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.

4 O happy day! when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on Thee—
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our all below, our heaven above.

5 O happy day of cloudless light,
Eternal day without a night!
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising Thee?

6 Come, Saviour, come, oh quickly come!
Take us, Thy waiting people, home:
We long to stand around Thy throne,
And know Thee as ourselves are known.

James George Deck, 1857.

40 Ps. cxix. 57. "Thou art my portion, O Lord."

Tune 42. KEDAR. C.M.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.

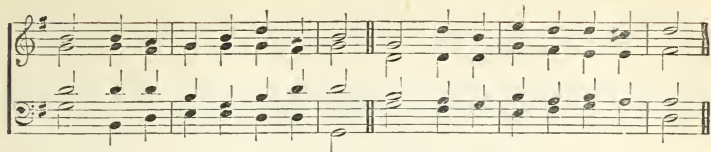
2 Jesus—who on His glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea—
Is pleased to claim me for His own,
And gives Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while He pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide:
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him, renown;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown!

See Hymns 949–957. John Newton, 1779.



See Hymn 821. Also 154, 370, 376, 821.

THEME II.—The Attributes of the Ever-Blessed Trinity.

THE BEING OF GOD.

41 Ps. xiv. 1. "*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.*"

Tune 19. LEIPSIK. L.M.

1 "THERE is a God"—all nature cries,
All knowledge proves "there is a God:"

"There is no God," the fool replies,
Whose heart is duller than the clod.

2 The grateful clod, refreshed with rains,
Pours flowers along its Maker's path;
But the fool's heart a fool's remains,
Untouched by love—unmoved by wrath.

3 And yet the wretch himself deceives;
While fiends believe, and trembling fly,
He trembles though he disbelieves;
And conscience gives his life the lie.

4 Can guilt, can madness further go?
Yes, his—who God in works denies;
Whose creed saith "Yes," whose life says
"No:"

Am I more holy, just, and wise?

5 My soul, sink down in shame and grief;
So fair without, so foul within;

Thy faith is specious unbelief,
Thy righteousness self-righteous sin.

6 O God! Thou art, Thou surely art,
And those who truly seek Thee find;

Put Thou Thy laws into my heart,
In mercy write them on my mind.

7 Light in Thy light I long to see,
Thy glory in Thy goodness trace:

Ah! then reveal Thy Son in me;
Through faith may I be saved by grace!

James Montgomery, 1853.

THE INFINITY OF GOD.

42 Ps. cxxxix. 6. "*Too wonderful for me.*"
Tune 245. STERNBERG. 11 10, 11 10.

1 HOLY and Infinite! Viewless! Eternal!
Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,

None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

2 Holy and Infinite! limitless, boundless,
All Thy perfections, and powers, and praise!

Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

3 King of Eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

4 Therefore archangels and angels adore
Thee,

Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire:
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before
Thee,

Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

5 Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall
not laud?

Anthems of glory Thy universe raises.

Holy and Infinite! Father and God!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

43 John iv. 24. "*God is a Spirit.*"

Tune 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

1 WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,
Thy being and Thine essence pure?

Too bright the very mystery

For mortal vision to endure.

2 We only know Thy word sublime,
Thou art a Spirit! Perfect! One!

Unlimited by space or time,

Unknown but through the eternal Son.

3 By change untouched, by thought un-
And by created eye unseen, [traced,
In Thy great present is embraced

All that shall be, all that hath been.

4 O Father of our spirits, now

We seek Thee in our Saviour's face;

In truth and spirit we would bow,

And worship where we cannot trace.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.



See Hymn 756.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

44 1 Tim. i. 17. "*The King, eternal, immortal, invisible.*"

Tune 253. ST. PAUL. 87, 887, 77, 77.

1 KING, Eternal and Immortal!

We, the children of an hour,

Bend in lowly adoration,

Rise in raptured admiration,

At the whisper of Thy power.

Myriad ages in Thy sight

Are but as the fleeting day;

Like a vision of the night,

Worlds may rise and pass away.

2 All Thy glories are eternal,

None shall ever pass away;

Truth and mercy all victorious,

Righteousness and love all-glorious,

Shine with everlasting ray:

All resplendent, ere the light

Bade primeval darkness flee;

All transcendent, through the flight

Of eternities to be.

3 Thou art God from everlasting,

And to everlasting art!

Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,

Dimly guessed by angel sages,

Ere the beat of seraph-heart;

Thou, Jehovah, art the same,

And Thy years shall have no end;

Changeless nature, changeless name,

Ever Father, God, and Friend.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.*45 Ps. xc. 2. "*From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDDTH. L.M.

1 LORD! Thou hast been Thy children's God.

All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,

In every age their safe abode,

Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before Thy word gave nature birth,

Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

Or formed the varied face of earth,

From everlasting Thou art God.

Anne Steele, 1760.

THE UNITY OF GOD.

46 Deut. vi. 4. "*The Lord our God is one Lord.*"

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;All things are subject to Thy laws,
All things depend on Thee alone.2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess,
Controlled by none in Thy commands,
And in Thyself completely blest.3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.4 Lord! spread Thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to Thy commands;
And reign, as Thou art, God alone!*Simon Browne, 1720. (o.)*

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

47 Ps. xlv. 10. "*Be still, and know that I am God.*"

Tune 201. SHEN. 1515, 1515.

1 GOD Almighty! King of nations! earth
Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne!
Thine the greatness, power, and glory,
Thine the kingdom, Lord, alone!
Life and death are in Thy keeping, and
Thy will ordaineth all:
From the armies of Thy heavens to an
unseen insect's fall.2 Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling
myriad worlds of light;
Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay
Thy hand of might!
Working all things by Thy power, by the
counsel of Thy will,
Thou art God! enough to know it, and to
hear Thy word: "Be still!"



DOXOLOGY, (*ad lib.*)



3 In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy
children bow and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just
and true, are all Thy ways :
While Thy heart of sovereign mercy, and
Thine arm of sovereign might,
For our great and strong salvation in Thy
sovereign grace unite.
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

GREAT FIRST CAUSE AND FINAL END.

48 Rom. xi. 36. "*Of Him, and through
Him, and to Him, are all things.*"

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

- 1 CAUSE of all causes, and the Source
Whence universal being sprang ;
Thou wast ere time began its course,
Or morning stars Thy praises sang.
- 2 Existing through all ages, Thou
The deeds of every age canst tell ;
All things above—all things below,
And in the dreadful gloom of hell.
- 3 Through the vast regions of the air,
The trackless wilderness of space,
The worlds and systems wandering there,
Thine everlasting arms embrace.
- 4 Thou First, Thou Last, Thou Cause and
End
Of all that is, or e'er shall be ;
To Thee, their Source, all beings tend,
All things that are exist for Thee !

Thomas Raffles, D.D., 1812.

THE DOMINION OF GOD.

49 Dan. iv. 35. "*He doeth according to
His will.*"

Tune 139. LUBECK. Or 161. SEIR. 77, 77.

- 1 GLORIOUS, high, and lofty One !
Self-existent, matchless God !
Stands immovable Thy throne,
Empires totter at Thy nod.
- 2 Ranks of angels waiting stand
To obey Thy sovereign will ;
Listening to Thy dread command,
Winged Thy counsels to fulfil.

3 Saints before Thee sweetly sing,
And Thy grand perfections praise ;
Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy glorious acts of grace.

4 Moving in unbounded space,
Worlds of light beneath Thee shine ;
Round the earth perform their race,
And o'er nations stretch their line.

5 Countless oceans float in air,
Guided by Thy skilful hand ;
By Thy order lightnings glare,
Thunders roar at Thy command.

6 Mighty winds, the gentle breeze,
Summer's drought, the vernal shower,
Limpid streams, and raging seas,
All proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Part ii.

7 At Thy pleasure nations rise,
Kings their pompous power display ;
And before Thy flaming eyes
Kings and nations melt away.

8 Thou array'st the broad campaign,
All in bloody horrors, Lord !
Troops contend, are wounded, slain
At Thy all-commanding word.

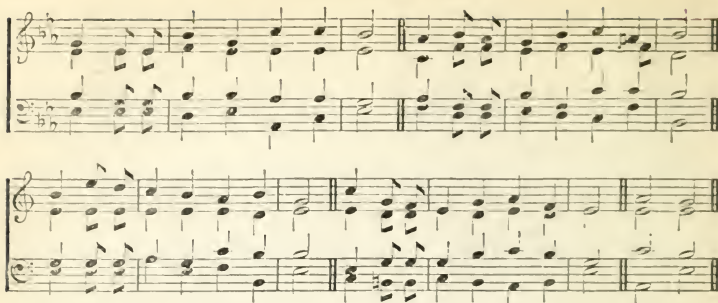
9 Haughty lords and humble swains
From Thy will derive their birth ;
Thy eternal power maintains
All the varied tribes on earth.

10 Fish that shoot along the flood,
Strong and savage beasts that prowl
Round the lonely, trackless wood,
All are under Thy control.

11 All the feathered tribes that sing,
As they hop from spray to spray,
Or ascend on active wing,
Thy amazing skill display.

12 Works of wonder Thou has wrought,
Wondrous counsels to fulfil ;
Every creature, action, thought,
Is subservient to Thy will !

Job Hupton, 1806.



See Hymn 991. Also 466, 700.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

50 Ps. cxlv. 10. "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."

Tune 241. PARAN. 1010, 1111.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King, All glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender—The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.
- 3 This earth, with its store Of wonders untold;
Almighty! Thy power Hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils In the dew and the rain,
And gently doth melt In the dew and the rain,
Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration Shall hush to Thy praise!
Sir Robert Grant, 1839.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

51 Job xxxvi. 5. "Behold, God is mighty in wisdom."

Tune 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise!
His ways are just, His counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But though His methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed
That what He does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God!

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

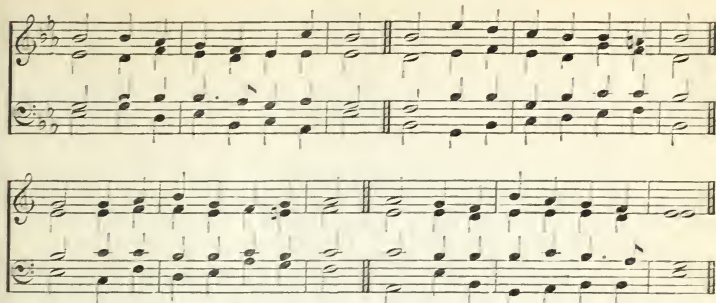
THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

52 Ps. cvii. 29. "He maketh the storm a calm."

Tune 57. EPHRON. C.M.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Arise, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar,
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine!
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His ear,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God!

Henry Kirke White, 1806.



See Hymn 240. Also 221, 370, 373, 376, 443, 686, 690, 779, 783, 796, 798, 801, 834, 841, 885, 954.

THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

53 Jer. xvii. 10. "*I the Lord search the heart.*"

Tune 63. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 GOD knows our secret thoughts and words,
And all our actions too;
Nor can a cloud conceal them from
His penetrating view.
- 2 A boundless and mysterious deep
His own perfections are;
And yet He knows the wondrous depth
That dwells profoundly there.
- 3 He knows the heavenly world on high,
And every angel there;
Nor can a seraph be without
His knowledge and His care.
- 4 The earth, and hell, with all their train,
Are open to His sight;
And all the dark designs of both
He'll shortly bring to light.

5 In knowledge unconfined He fixed
His grand designs of grace;
With all the plans of providence
To save the chosen race.

6 In all His holy, wondrous plan,
No error can arise;
Ten thousand unknown things to us
Are plain before His eyes!

Thomas Row, 1817.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

54 Ps. xxi. 19. "*O how great is Thy goodness!*"

Tune 44. TALLIS. Or 63. DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

- 1 THE goodness of our glorious God
Is wonderfully bright;
His goodness will we sound abroad,
At morning, noon, and night.

2 Good is the Lord to all mankind,
Relieving their complaints;
But the best things He has designed
For His believing saints.

3 Eternal good He'll freely pour
On Israel's chosen race,
And all His goodness they adore
And triumph in His grace.

4 O Lord, Thy goodness now display,
Through the Redeemer's blood;
Constraining all Thy saints to say,
That "God is truly good!"

5 And may Thy goodness, dearest Lord,
Lead us to mourn for sin;
Keep us obedient to Thy word,
And give the heaven within.

6 And when we soar above the skies,
Beyond the glooms of night,
Thy goodness will we ever praise,
Through all the realms of light!

See Hymn 87. Richard Burnham, 1794.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

55 Exod. xv. 11. "*Glorious in holiness.*"

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King!
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach,
A contrite heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see!

John Needham, 1763.



See Hymn 466.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

56 Ps. lxxxix. 1. "*I will make known Thy faithfulness.*"

Tune 40. GLOUCESTER. C.M.

- 1 **BEGIN**, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And our performing God.
- 3 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 4 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 5 Oh! might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost Divine.
- 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
An I think my heaven scene!
I trust the all-creating Voice,
And faith desires no more.

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

57 Ps. cxxxix. 7. "*Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?*"

Tune 20. DALMATIA. Or 19. LEIPSIK. L.M.

- 1 **FATHER** and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4 And through the various maze of time,
And through infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

5 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not!

Sir John Bowring, LL.D., 1824.

THE PARDONING GOD.

58 Neh. ix. 17. "*A God ready to pardon.*"

Tune 229. MAON. S.S.S.S.

1 **GREAT** God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, Godlike, and Divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More Godlike and unrivalled shine:

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 Oh! may this strange, this matchless grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

President Samuel Davies, 1769.

See Hymns 680—684.



See Hymn 699. Also 43, 138, 154, 216, 546, 743, 973.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

59 Ps. lxxxix. 1. *"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."*

Tune 241. PARAN. 1111, 1111.

- 1 **THY** mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
- 2 Without Thy sweet mercy, I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair,
But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness
Dissolved by Thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.
- 4 Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me:
No merit will buy it, nor sin stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,
That opened the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies! Thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper Divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!
John Stocker, 1776. (a.)

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

60 Ps. xciii. 1. *"He is clothed with majesty."*

Tune 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

- 1 **GLORY** to the eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven His praises sing,
Let all worlds His power proclaim.
- 2 Through eternity He reigns
In unbounded realms of light:
He the universe sustains
As an atom in His sight.
- 3 Suns on suns, through boundless space,
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at His command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die—
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of His eye.
- 5 Oh let my transported soul
Ever on His glories gaze!
Ever yield to His control,
Ever sound His lofty praise!

Benjamin Francis, 1787.

THE KINDNESS OF GOD.

61 Ps. lii. 1. *"The goodness of God endureth continually."*

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDETH. L.M.

- 1 **GIVE** thanks to God, He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
How great His works; how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.



See Hymn 235. Also 216, 227, 341, 445, 476, 534, 542, 544, 585, 657, 736, 874, 973.

LOVE AND WISDOM.

62 1 John iv. 8. "*God is love.*"
Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

- 1 GOD is love, His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love!

Sir John Bowring, LL.D., 1825.

See Hymns 121—127, 189—194.

THE UNCHANGEABLE GOD.

63 Jer. xxxi. 3. "*I have loved thee
with an everlasting love.*"

Tune 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

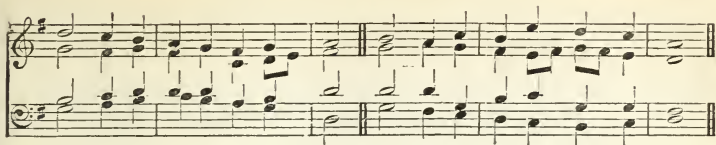
- 1 GREAT Jehovah's love endureth,
Then away with all complaints!
His unchanging love secureth
Crowns of glory for the saints.
- 2 May we all be ever learning
How it shines in Christ the Lamb,
Never knows a shade of turning,
But in Him abides the same.
- 3 This great truth yields heavenly pleasure
To the feeble and the faint,
Ever proves a solid treasure
To the weak and weary saint.
- 4 What a spring of consolation
Is the Lord's abounding grace;
And what blissful contemplation
This affords the chosen race.

- 5 Father! help us now to ponder
On Thy never-ceasing love;
Fill us with transporting wonder
While its boundless joys we prove!
Richard Burnham, 1794.

THE NAMES OF JEHOVAH.

64 Exod. vi. 3. "*My name Jehovah.*"
Tune 236. EBROXAH. Or 234. CONWAY.
1010, 1010.

- 1 "JEHOVAH ELOHIM!" Creator Great,
Who art with glorious attributes
arrayed;
To Thee by heaven and earth and all
therein,
Be everlasting praise and worship paid!
Gen. ii. 4.
- 2 "JEHOVAH JIREH!" who our ruin saw,
And as a ransom did Thyself provide;
As guilty sinners we would fly to Thee,
And in Thy bosom from Thine anger
hide.
Gen. xxii. 14.
- 3 "JEHOVAH ROPHI!"—sick, diseased with
sin,
We come to Thee who eanst our sickness
heal;
Oh touch and cleanse each plague-spot of
our souls,
And grant us life and strength within to
feel.
Erod. xv. 26.
- 4 "JEHOVAH NISSI!"—in the midst of foes,
The glorious banner of Thy love un-
furled
[Banner art,
Waves o'er our heads—yea, Thou our
By faith in whom we overcome the world.
Erod. xvii. 15.
- 5 "JEHOVAH SHALOM!"—Thou who art
"our Peace," [heart:
Oh whisper calm to every troubled
Say to the raging waters, "Peace, be still!"
And make each unbelieving fear depart.
Judg. vi. 24.



See Hymn 685. Also 37, 170, 212, 221, 235, 475, 476, 514, 546, 779.

- 6 "JEHOVAH TZIDKENU!"—we love that name,
Which bids us know, while pardoning,
Thou art just;
"The Lord our Righteousness" shall be
our song,
"The Lord our Righteousness" our only
trust. *Ser. xxiii. 6.*
- 7 "JEHOVAH SHAMMAH!" soon, oh! soon
descend, *[abode,*
And make this earth again Thy blest
Bid sin and sorrow cease, and come and
reign,
Our ever-gracious, ever-present God!
Ezek. xlviii. 35.
Christina Forsyth, 1853.

THEME III.—The Acts of the Triune Jehovah.

(1.) THE EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE.

- 65** Rom. xi. 36. "*Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things.*"
Tune 43. BRISTOL. Or 35. CHESALON. C.M.
- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, in songs to own
Thy faithful covenant God;
Of Him, through Him, to Him alone
Salvation now record.
- 2 Of God the Father's sovereign choice,
Of God the Saviour's grace,
Of God the Spirit's quickening voice,
Live all the chosen race.
- 3 Through God the Father's faithfulness,
Through God the Spirit's might,
Through God the Saviour's righteousness
We gain the realms of light.
- 4 To God the Father praise belongs,
To God the Son we sing,
To God the Holy Ghost the throng
Of saints shall glory bring!
Joseph Irons, 1825.
- 2 This covenant stood, ere time began,
That God with men might dwell;
Eternal wisdom drew the plan,
In all things ordered well.
- 3 This covenant, O believer, stands,
Thy rising fears to quell;
Sealed by thy Surety's bleeding hands,
In all things ordered well.
- 4 Ere Adam stretched his hand to take
That fruit by which he fell,
This covenant stood, for Jesu's sake,
In all things ordered well.
- 5 No sinner, once within its bound,
Shall ever sink to hell;
Here's pardon, love, and grace profound,
In all things ordered well.
- 6 'Twas made with Jesus, for His bride,
Before the sinner fell;
'Twas signed, and sealed, and ratified,
In all things ordered well.
- 7 When rolling worlds depart on fire,
And many sink to hell,
This covenant shall the saints admire,
In all things ordered well.
- 8 In glory, soon, with Christ their King,
His saints shall surely dwell;
And this blest covenant ever sing,
In all things ordered well!
John Kent, 1833.
- 66** Ps. lxxxix. 28. "*My covenant shall stand fast with him.*"
Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.
Or Hymn Chant I. WORCESTER.
- 1 **C**OME, saints, and sing in sweet accord,
(Nor let your sorrows swell,)
The covenant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.



See Hymn 997. Also 296, 452, 502, 762, 978.

67 2 Tim. i. 9. "Grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

Tune 85. ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

- 1 THE covenant of free grace,
As made with Christ our Head,
Is stored with precious promises,
By which our souls are fed.
- 2 The solemn oath of God
Confirms each promise true,
And Jesus, with His precious blood,
Has sealed the covenant too.
- 3 Hence all our comforts flow,
And balm for every fear;
Oh may we by experience know,
How choice, how rich they are!

Gospel Magazine, 1778.

68 Rom. xi. 36. "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things."

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 OF Israel's covenant God I boast,
As part of Israel's stock;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are my eternal rock.
- 2 Of Him beloved before the fall,
Through Him salvation came;
To Him I owe my life—all my;
All glory to His name!
- 3 Of Him I gain a right to heaven,
Through Him I'm justified,
To Him my helpless soul is given,
And with Him glorified.
- 4 Of Him I love to speak and sing,
Through Him I've joy and peace.
To Him my guilt and shame I bring,
And triumph in His grace.
- 5 Of Him I daily grace receive,
Through Him my joys abound,
To Him I bow, in Him believe,
With Him I shall be crowned.
- 6 My Father's everlasting love,
My Saviour's precious name,
My Teacher's munction from above,
Let all the church proclaim!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

69 Ps. lxxxix. 3. "I have made a covenant with My chosen."

Tune 120. MIZPEH. 6666, 88.

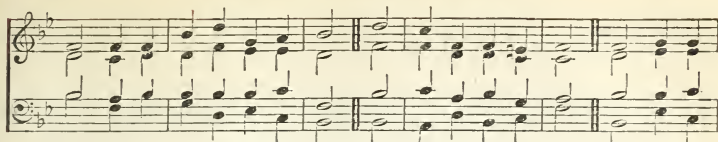
- 1 WITH David's Lord and ours,
A covenant once was made,
Whose bonds are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade;
Signed by the sacred Three in One,
Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son.
- 2 Firm as the lasting hills,
This covenant shall endure,
Whose potent *shalls* and *wills*
Make every blessing sure:
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,
Its every word shall stand the same.
- 3 Here, when thy feet shall fall,
Believer, thou shalt see
Grace to restore thy soul,
And pardon, full and free;
Thce with delight shall God behold.
A sheep restored to Zion's fold.
- 4 And when through Jordan's flood
Thy God shall bid thee go,
His arm shall thee defend,
And vanquish every foe;
And in this covenant thou shalt view
Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

John Kent, 1803. (a.)

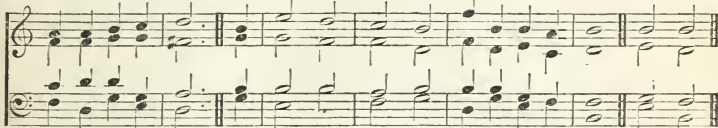
70 Ps. lxxxix. 1. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."

Tune 118. ARSON. 66, 84. D.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest!
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make
My shield and tower.



Hark! how the choir a-round the throne A - dore their glorious King! They drink full



draughts of bliss un-known, And Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah sing. A - men.
See Hymn 413. Also 172, 324.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

Part ii.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness!
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace!
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns!

8 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With stream oof sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

Part iii.

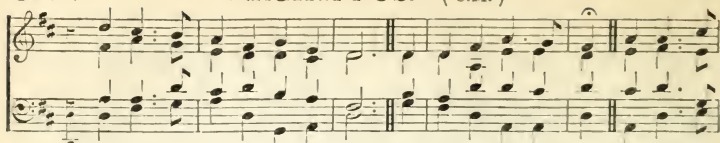
9 Before the Great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

10 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee."

11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace,
For ever new;
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays;)
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

Thomas Olivers, 1772.



All hail the pow'r of Je - su's name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the



roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord, And crown Him Lord, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.
See Hymn 324. Also 172, 413.

71 Rom. iv. 16. "*The promise.....
sure to all the seed.*"

Tune 23. PENIEL. Or 19. LEIPSIC. L.M.

- 1 **G**RACE is Jehovah's sovereign will,
In an eternal covenant sure;
Which for His seed He will fulfil
Longer than sun and moon endure.
- 2 Grace is a firm but friendly hand,
Put forth by God to save His own;
And by that grace, through faith, we stand
Adoring at our Father's throne.
- 3 Lord, help us on Thy grace to stand,
And every trial firm endure;
Preserved by Thy sovereign hand,
And by Thine oath and covenant sure.
- 4 Thy willingness to save Thy seed,
Is as they stand in Christ their Head:
No act Thy grace can supersede,
For Thine must live, though they were dead.
- 5 Thanks, everlasting thanks be given
To God, to Christ, for matchless grace;
And to that Dove, who seals for heaven
All who shall sing Jehovah's praise.
John Stevens, 1808.

72 Rom. iii. 24. "*Justified freely by His
grace.*"

Tune 65. FRENCH. C.M.

- 1 **L**OVE was the great self-moving cause,
From whence salvation came;
Free grace, the channel where it flows,
Eternally the same.
- 2 Free grace, thy peerless glories beamed
Before the Day Star rose!
Angels elect, and men redeemed,
Thy fame can ne'er disclose.
- 3 Free grace the Christian's charter is,
The royal grant of Heaven;
In this he finds his righteousness,
And sees his sins forgiven.

- 4 Free grace hath heights and depths un-
known,
Beyond what seraphs know;
'Tis high as heaven's eternal throne,
And deep as hell below.

- 5 Free grace can cleanse the foulest stains,
That red like crimson prove;
It flowed from our Redeemer's veins,
In drops of endless love.

- 6 Free grace they sing before the throne,
Without one jarring sound;
The Lamb's redeeming blood, they own,
Their mighty ransom found.

- 7 Free grace, we'll count thy wonders o'er,
And lift thy glories high;
We hope, at last, on Jordan's shore,
In thine embrace to die!

John Kent, 1803. (a.)

73 Zeph. iii. 17. "*He will rest in His love.*"

Tune 239. HANOVER. 10 10, 11 11.

- 1 **S**ALVATION by grace, how charming
the song!
With seraphim join, the theme to prolong;
'Twas planned by Jehovah in council
above,
Who to everlasting shall rest in His love.

- 2 This covenant of grace all blessings secures;
Believer, rejoice, for all things are yours:
And God from His purpose shall never re-
move,
But love thee, and bless thee, and rest in
His love.

- 3 But when, like a sheep that strays from
the fold,
To Jesus thy Lord thy love shall grow cold,
Think not He'll reject thee, but rather
reprove,
Yet though He correct thee, He'll rest in
His love!

John Kent, 1803.



See Hymn 129. Also 65, 204, 337, 601, 667.

74 Rom. viii. 30. "*Whom He did pre-destinate . . . them He also glorified.*"

Tune 213. KEDRON. 886. D.

1 BRIGHT from the mysteries of God,
With beams of mercy all abroad
Shines His electing love;
Sweet to the chosen of the Lord,
To those whom His eternal word
Appoints to bliss above.

2 In chains of sin before enthralled,
The chosen by free grace are called,
And from their sin they cease;
And, justified by faith, they find
The only comfort to the mind,
The Spirit's holy peace.

3 When Death, that mighty king of fear,
Proclaims their time is finished here,
(To them a glorious hour!)
With joy the summons they embrace,
To meet Emmanuel face to face,
Partakers of His power.

4 Triumphant they take their flight
To realms of everlasting light,
Washed in a Saviour's blood:
A Saviour, whom they'll ever praise,
When shouting in seraphic lays
Salvation to our God!

Philip Gell's Collection, 1826.

75 Isa. lvi. 4. "*Take hold of My covenant.*"

Tune 63. DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

1 'TIS mine, the covenant of His grace,
And every promise mine;
All sprung from everlasting love,
And sealed by blood Divine.

2 On my unworthy favoured head
Its blessings all unite;
Blessings more numerous than the stars,
More lasting and more bright.

3 That covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue,
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

76 Eph. i. 4. "*He hath chosen us in Christ.*"

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

1 "YOU have not chosen Me,"
The Lord our Saviour said:
But He hath chosen us, we see,
And raised us from the dead.

2 We must not once suppose
That we the difference make
Between ourselves, and such as those
Who do not grace partake.

3 God's sovereign choice alone
Has set His saints apart;
And we by faith rejoice to own
It wrought our change of heart.

4 Has not the Lord of all
A most undoubted right
To choose whom He will love, and call
To live with Him in light?

5 Can mortals e'er arraign
The Ruler of the skies?
Or have a reason to complain
He is not just and wise?

6 We know that Thou art just;
We know that Thou art wise;
And so we humbly wait and trust
Till clearer light arise.

7 O Lord! we would adore
The grace that made us Thine;
And praise Thy name, as sinners poor,
For favour so Divine!

Thomas Row, 1917. (a.)



See Hymn 461. Also 161.

77 Eph. ii. 8. "*By grace are ye saved.*"
Tune 82. SWABIA. OR 80. NARENZA. S.M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
 - 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan:
 - 3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
 - 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And pardoning love to know;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
 - 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise!
- Doddridge, 1755; Toplady, 1776.*

78 1 Cor. xv. 10. "*By the grace of God
I am what I am.*"

- Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.
- 1 FREE grace! melodious sound!
How it delights my ear:
It cheers my soul, revives my hope,
And drowns my every fear!
 - 2 Through grace I conquer hell,
And break infernal chains!
Through grace my soul aspires to heaven,
Where the Redeemer reigns.
 - 3 Grace the good work begins,
And grace completes the same;
Grace shall constrain my soul to raise
Hosannas to the Lamb.
 - 4 From His abounding grace
I daily draw supplies;
Grace is the never-ceasing spring
Of all my sacred joys.

5 And when we meet our Lord
In yon celestial throng,
Grace shall inspire our souls to sing,
And grace be all our song!
Richard Burnham, 1794. (a.)

79 Eph. i. 3. "*Blessed be the God and
Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"
Tune 244. CRESCENS. 118, 118.

- 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims to Zion above,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient
of Days,
His rich and distinguishing love.
- 2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of His kindness
He drew,
And brought you to love His great name.
- 3 Oh, had He not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt;
You all would have lived, would have died
too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit
esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
"Twas even so, Father," Thy love did re-
deem,
"Because it seemed good in Thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to
obey,
While others were suffered to go;
The road which, by nature, we chose as
our way,
Leads only to regions of woe.
- 6 Then give Him the glory all due to His
name,
To Him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth
His fame,
And crown Him with jubilant songs!
George Keith, 1787. (a.)



80 Ps. lxxxix. 34. "*My covenant will I not break.*"

Tune 42. KEDAR. Or 63. KENT. C.M.

- 1 MY God! the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with Thee
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;
- 4 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart!
- Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.*

81 Rom. xi. 7. "*The election hath obtained it.*"

Tune 244. CRESCENS. 118, 118.

- 1 ETERNAL election preserves me secure,
I live by that sovereign decree;
Redeemed by my Saviour, and called by
His power,
I worship the covenant Three!
- 2 'Tis grace unexpected my spirit now sings,
Emerging from regions of night;
My heart, put in tune by celestial things,
Gives praise for the dawning of light.
- 3 From chambers of death and defilement I
rise,
My robes of pollution lay by; [His eyes,
New clothed by my Saviour, approved in
I sing of His friendship with joy.
- 4 I did not suppose it, but now I believe,
He died as a Surety for me;
Through His crucifixion, by faith I receive
Salvation completed and free.

- 5 When Adam our father revolted and fell,
Mankind became guilty and dead; [hell
Free grace still prevented from falling to
The members who stood in their Head.
- 6 Their union, eternal, could not be destroyed,
Though ruin came in by offence;
For love everlasting sent Jesus, who died,
And bore their iniquity hence!

John Stevens, 1808.

82 Rom. viii. 29. "*He also did predestinate.*"

Tune 4. WALDECK. Or 13. TALLIS'S CANON.
L.M.

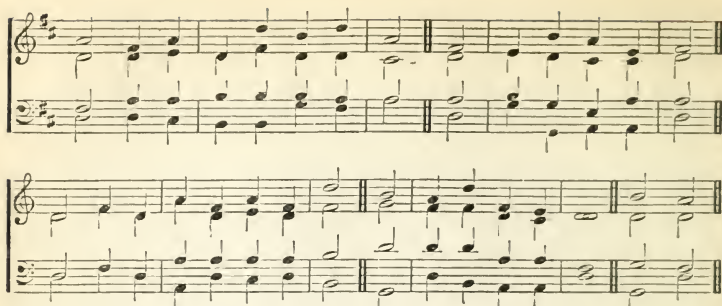
- 1 I SING the gracious fixed decree,
Passed by the great Eternal Three,
In council held in heaven above:
The Lord's predestinating love.
- 2 All that concerns the chosen race,
In nature, providence, and grace,
Where they shall dwell, and when remove,
Fixed by predestinating love.
- 3 Their calling, growth, and robes they wear,
Their conflicts, trials, daily care,
Are, for them, well arranged above,
By God's predestinating love.
- 4 In this let Zion's sons rejoice,
Their God will not revoke His choice;
Nor sin, nor death, nor hell, can move
His firm predestinating love.
- 5 This is our bulwark of defence,
Nor foes, nor friends, shall drive us hence;
In life, and death, and realms above,
We'll sing predestinating love!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

83 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. "*He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 JEHOVAH'S covenant shall endure,
All ordered, everlasting, sure!
O child of God, rejoice to trace
Thy portion in its glorious grace.
- 2 'Tis thine, for Christ is given to be
The covenant of God to thee:
In Him, God's golden scroll of light,
The darkest truths are clear and bright.



See Hymn 489. Also 266, 323, 413, 730, 797, 848.

- 3 O sorrowing sinner, well He knew,
Ere time began, what He would do!
Then rest thy hope within the veil;
His covenant mercies shall not fail.
- 4 O doubting one, the eternal Three
Are pledged in faithfulness for thee;
Claim every promise, sweet and sure,
By covenant oath of God secure.
- 5 O waiting one, each moment's fall
Is marked by Love that planned them all;
Thy times, all ordered by His hand,
In God's eternal covenant stand.
- 6 O feeble one, look up and see
Strong consolation sworn for thee;
Jehovah's glorious arm is shown,
His covenant strength is all thine own.
- 7 O mourning one, each stroke of love
A covenant blessing yet shall prove;
His covenant love shall be thy stay;
His covenant grace be as thy day.
- 8 O Love that chose, O Love that died,
O Love that sealed and sanctified,
All glory, glory, glory be,
O covenant, Triune God, to Thee!

Francis Ridley Havergal, 1872.

84 Zech. iv. 7. "Shoutings, crying, Grace,
grace unto it."

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. 886. D.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the blood-bought host above
Conspire to praise redeeming love
In sweet harmonious strains;
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That grace triumphant reigns.
- 2 Join thou, my soul, for thou canst tell
How grace Divine broke up thy cell,
And loosed thy native chains;
And still, from that auspicious day,
How oft art thou constrained to say,
That grace triumphant reigns.
- 3 When David felt, in days of old,
This brought the wanderer to the fold,
A prisoner in his chains;
Now free from sin, a virgin soul,
To sing, while endless ages roll,
That grace triumphant reigns.

- 4 Grace, till the tribes redeemed by blood
Are brought to know themselves and God,
Her empire shall maintain;
To call, when He appoints the day,
And from the mighty takes the prey,
Shall grace triumphant reign.
- 5 When called to meet the King of Dread,
Should love compose my dying bed,
And grace my soul sustain;
Then, ere I quit this mortal clay,
I'll raise my fainting voice, and say,
Let grace triumphant reign!

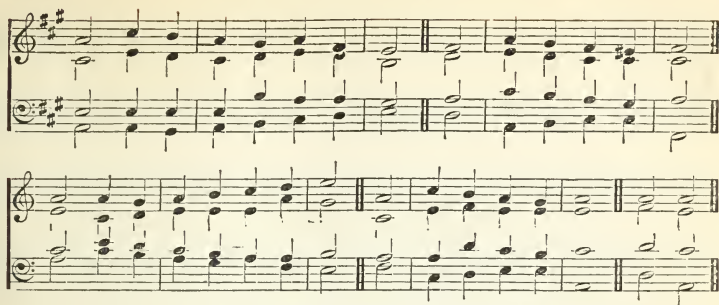
John Kent, 1803.

85 Rom. viii. 29. "He also did predestinate."

Tune 132. HAVILAH. Or 196. COBURG.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 **A**RE the saints predestinated
By the purposes of grace?
They can never be frustrated,
God will have His chosen race;
In His kingdom,
All His saints shall see His face.
- 2 Are the saints predestinated
To a kingdom and a crown?
Then they shall be new-created,
God will send His Spirit down
To transform them
To the image of His Son.
- 3 Are the saints predestinated
To their mansions built above?
This rich blessing emanated
From Jehovah's sovereign love;
His affection
Never, never shall remove.
- 4 Yes, we are predestinated!
'Tis asserted by the King:
With this precious truth clated,
We will of His mercy sing:
Home to glory
Jesus will His subjects bring!

Joseph Irons, 1825.



See Hymn 487. Also 66, 68, 97, 99, 169, 266, 331, 337, 379, 426, 441, 464, 632, 794.

(2.) CREATION.

86 Ps. xix. 1. "*The heavens declare the glory of God.*"

Tune 4. WALDECK.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

Joseph Addison, 1712.

87 Ps. exix. 68. "*Thou art good.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELLIUS. L.M.

1 YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading
Ten thousand voices seem to cry, [wood,
"God made us all, and God is good."

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, "God is good."

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word;
These prompt our song, that "God is good!"

John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

88 Ps. cxlv. 10. "*All Thy works shall praise Thee.*"

Tune 146. OLDENBURG. Or 141. REPITAIM.
77, 77.

1 HARK! my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King,
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

2 Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

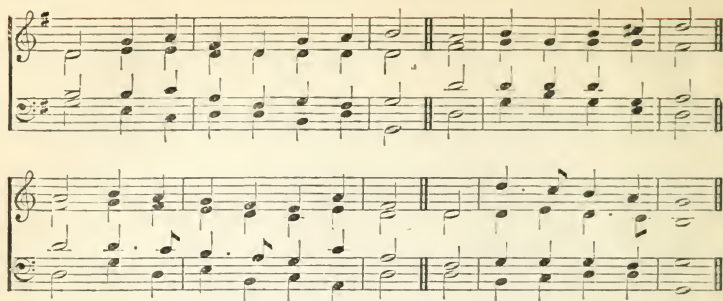
3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

4 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

6 Live for ever, glorious Lord!
Live, by all Thy works adored!
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to Thee alone!

John Austin, 1668.



See Hymn 283. Also 15, 107, 162, 319, 427, 730, 873.

89 Ps. cxlviii. 13. "Let them praise the name of the Lord."

Tune 266. JULIUS.

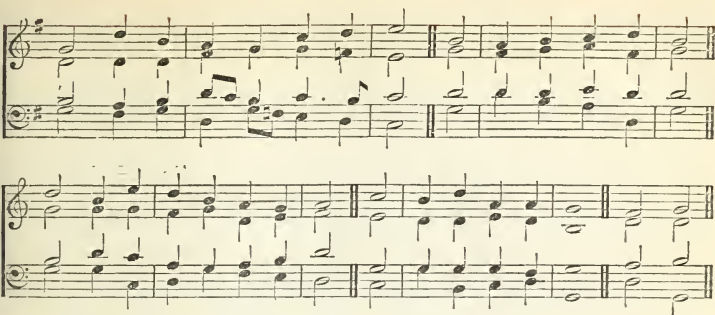
- 1 ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
- 2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
- 3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
- 4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
- 5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
- 6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1857.

90 Ps. cxlviii. 1. "Praise ye the Lord."

Hymn Chant IV. PERGAMOS.

- 1 THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!
To the glory of their King shall the ransomed people sing,
Alleluia!
- 2 And the choirs that dwell on high shall re-echo through the sky. Alleluia!
They through the fields of Paradise who roam, the blessed ones, repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia!
- 3 The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 4 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite Your Alleluia!
- 5 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious forest, sing Alleluia!
- 6 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay, exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain, join in creation's hymn, and cry again. Alleluia!
- 7 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous, Alleluia!
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Alleluia!
- 8 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply, Alleluia!



See Hymn 307. Also 56, 317, 421, 630, 728, 794.

- 9 To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 10 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord Almighty loves; Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ Himself approves; Alleluia!
- 11 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer mak-
ing, Alleluia!
- 12 Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
- 13 Praise be done to the Thrice in One,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
*odeschalcus, circa 940; John Mason Neale,
D.D. (tr.), 1851.*

Note.—Printed thus to facilitate chanting.

- 91 Ps. c. 3. "It is He that hath made
us."

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.
Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!
rac Watts, D.D., 1719 (a. by John Wesley).

- 92 Ps. xevi. 1. "O sing unto the Lord
a new song."

Tune 159. KADESH. 77, 77, 77, 77, 77.

1 COME, oh come! in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument:
Music add of every kind;
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

2 Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep:
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And bright stars, augment the choir.

3 Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid the mortal throng
Be you masters of the song:
Angels and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours:
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is He.

4 From earth's vast and hollow womb,
Music's deepest bass may come;
Seas and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall their counter-tenors roar:
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descants bring;
That our song may over-climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend, from sphere to sphere,
To the great Almighty's ear.



See Hymn 80. Also 40, 155, 307, 467.

5 So from heaven on earth He shall
Let His gracious blessings fall;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
Where in such a praiseful tone
We will sing what He hath done,
That the cursed fiends below
Shall thereat impatient grow:
Then, oh come, in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise!
George Wither, 1641.

93 Gen. i. 1. "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDETH. L.M.

- 1 **I**N the beginning, God said "Be!"
And all things were—heaven, earth,
and sea:
God, in the end, once more will say,
"Perish!" and all shall pass away.
- 2 But Thou, O Lord! for ever art:
The orb of Thine eternity
Is one great whole, without a part;
Past, present, future, meet in Thee.
- 3 Convinced of sin, my soul would bend
Before Thee in the lowest dust;
Yet to Thy throne by prayer ascend,
With trembling awe and childlike trust.
- 4 Oh look in loving-kindness down
On a frail worm with Thee at strife;
Eternal death were in Thy frown,
Thy smile will be eternal life!
James Montgomery, 1853.

94 Ps. civ. 24. "*In wisdom hast Thou made them all.*"

Tune 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

- 1 **I** SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known,
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1715.

95 Gen. i. 10. "*God saw that it was good.*"

Tune 276. CRÜGER. Or 129. MAHANAIM.
76, 76. D.

- 1 'TWAS God that made the ocean,
And laid its sandy bed;
He gave the stars their motion,
And built the mountain's head:
He made the rolling thunder,
The lightning's forked flame;
His works are full of wonder,
All-glorious is His name.
- 2 And must it not surprise us
That One, so high and great,
Should see, and not despise us,
Poor sinners, at His feet?
Yet day by day He gives us
Our raiment and our food;
In sickness He relieves us,
And is in all things good.



See Hymn 204. Also 65, 161, 738, 985.

3 But things that are far greater
His mighty hand hath done;
And sent us blessings sweeter
Through Christ His only Son;
Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrows' night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light.

4 He gives His Word to teach us
Our danger and our wants;
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants.
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly power;
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours!

Church Sunday School Hymn Book, 1868.

96 Gen. i. 31. "*Behold, it was very good.*"
Tune 148. GIBBONS. 77, 77.

1 PRAISE the High, the Holy One!
God o'er all, the First, the Last:
For He spake, and it was done;
He commanded, it stood fast.

2 At His word, from darkness light,
Harmony from discord broke;
Weakness started into might,
Beauty out of dust awoke:

3 Fire and water, air and earth,
Heard His voice and hushed their strife;
Death itself, by wondrous birth,
Grew the parent of all life.

4 Plant, and flower, and herb, and tree,
Sprang spontaneous from the sod;
Sun and moon, and land and sea,
Day and night, beheld their God.

5 Fishes, fowls upon the wing,
Beasts, and all that creep or fly,
Every breathing, moving thing,
Peopled forest, flood, and sky.

6 But while all was fair and good,
All accordant to His will,
None their Maker understood,
Mind and thought were wanting still.

7 God, His glory to display,
With His image crowned the whole,
Breathed His Spirit into clay,
And made man a living soul.

8 Hallelujah! praise the One,
God o'er all, the First, the Last:
For He spake, and it was done;
He commanded, it stood fast!

James Montgomery, 1851.

See Hymns 50, 116, 341—343, 604, 622, 1003.

(3.) PROVIDENCE.

97 Ps. iv. 8. "*Thou, Lord, only makest
me dwell in safety.*"

Tune 45. YORK. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

1 LORD! in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

2 While others in God's prisons lie,
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.

3 'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans
With good success each day:
This crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

4 Oh let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosanna to Thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King!

John Mason, 1683;

John Hamp en Gurney, 1851.



See Hymn 371. Also 54, 343, 362, 364, 460, 744, 778.

98 Ps. cxix. 65. "*Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant.*"

Tune 184. SOREK. 87, 87.

- 1 OH how kindly hast Thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed, and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
- 2 Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God!
- 3 Oh how slowly have I often
Followed where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness failed to soften!
How Thy chastening failed to awe!
- 4 Make me for Thy rest more ready,
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me home, my God!

Thomas Grinfield, 1836.

99 Ps. xxxiv. 1. "*I will bless the Lord at all times.*"

Tune 46. WINCHESTER. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 O LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best—my only Friend!
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With water sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

- 6 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

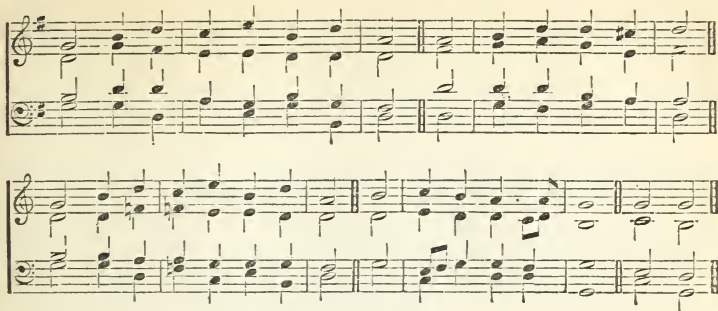
- 7 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more!

John Ryland, D.D., 1777.

100 Ps. xxxi. 15. "*My times are in Thy hand.*"

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.
- 2 His decree who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.
- 3 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief.
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love thinks fit.
- 7 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In Thy hands my life I trust!
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.
- 8 May I always own Thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone;
I and mine are all Thine own.



See Hymn 873. Also 97, 122, 334, 390, 417, 630, 825.

9 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee!
John Ryland, D.D., 1777.

101 2 Kings iv. 26. "It is well."

Tune 255. EUODIAS. 34, 84, 88 84.

1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well!
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well!

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well!

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Both in living and in dying,
All must be well!

Mary Bowly, 1847.

102 John xiii. 7. "What I do thou knowest not now."

Tune 220. JEZREEL. 88, 84.
Or Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS.

1 **W**E cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
move;
But we can always surely say
That Thou art Love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art Love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts re-
prove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.

4 Yes, Thou art Love—a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears or woes to bliss;
Our God is Love!
Sir John Bowring, LL.D., 1824.

103 Ps. lxxvii. 19. "Thy footsteps are not known."

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

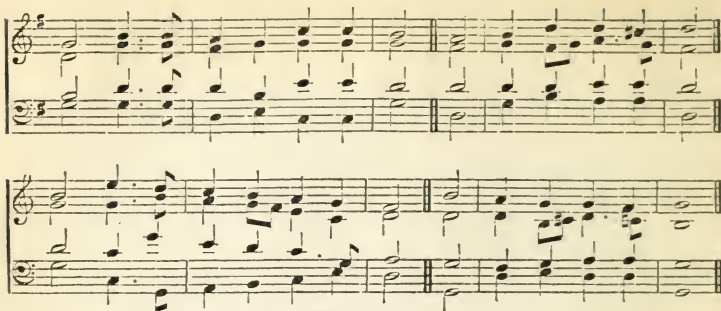
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain!
William Cowper, 1774.



See Hymn 1004. Also 99. 467, 574, 655.

104 Deut. viii. 2. "*Thou shalt remember all the way.*"

Tune 229. MAON. Or. 226. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far Thou, Lord, our steps hast led;
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd, though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by Thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
Oh let not then the spirit sink;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above!
James Montgomery, 1825.

105 John vi. 31. "*He gave them bread from heaven.*"

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

1 DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh! to learn this lesson well;
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads:
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own—my Father's will.

5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares, away!
I'm provided for to-day.

6 Oh! to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

Josiah Conder, 1836.

106 Is. iii. 10. "*Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well.*"

Tune 92. CYRENE. S.M.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
What sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 Well, when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well, in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at His throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

5 'Tis well when they can sing
As sinners bought with blood,
And when they touch the mournful string,
And mourn an absent God.



See Hymn 1002. Also 140, 145, 379, 460, 596, 661.

6 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove!
John Kent, 1803.

9 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!
Joseph Addison, 1712.

107 Ps. ciii. 1. "*Bless the Lord, O my soul.*"

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!
- 2 Oh how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

108 Ps. cvii. 7. "*He led them forth by the right way.*"

Tune 112. BASHAN. 6/6, 6/6.

- 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine—not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1856.



See Hymn 187. Also 417.

109

1 Sam. iii. 18., "*It is the Lord.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

- 1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light—
Whose claims are all Divine;
Who hath an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord. Should I distrust
Or contradict His will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all—
My health, my friends, my ease;
And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From Him assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be His name,
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same!

Thomas Greene, 1780.

110

John xv. 4. "*Abide in Me, and I in you.*"

Tune 222. BETHABARA. Or 221. ESHCOL. 888, 6.

- 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us
lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

- 2 Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
Our souls will cling to Thee.
- 3 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss;
Our joy, our consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!
- 5 They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know Thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.
- 6 Blest be our lot, whate'er befall!
What can disturb, or who appal,
While as our Strength, our Rock, our All,
Saviour, we cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

111

Ps. xlii. 5. "*Why art thou cast down?*"

Tune 279. MUNICH.

76, 76. D.

- 1 WHY restless, why so weary,
My soul, why so cast down?
Is all around Thee dreary?
And hath the cross no crown?
Where is the God that found thee,
Who once could make thee glad?
His arms are still around thee;
Then wherefore art thou sad?
- 2 Oh, trust the Lord, who bought thee,
Oh, trust the sinner's Friend!
The wondrous love that sought thee
Will keep thee to the end;
'Twill give a glorious morrow
To this thy night of pain,
And make thy dews of sorrow
Like sunshine after rain.

John S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1837.



See Hymn 300. Also 137, 298, 391, 426, 571, 590, 637, 669, 678, 985, 1094.

112 Ps. xxxiv. 1. "I will bless the Lord at all times."

Tune 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.

4 Oh make but trial of His love!

Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight—
Your wants shall be His care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in Him,
And see their needs supplied!

Tate and Brady, 1696.

See Hymns 562, 583, 606, 663.

THEME IV.—The Divine Persons of the Ever-Blessed Trinity.

JEHOVAH—THE FATHER.

(1.) HIS OWN ESSENTIAL BLESSEDNESS.

113 Exod. iii. 14. "I am that I am."

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE.
886. D.

- 1 **A**SPIRE, my soul, to yonder throne,
Where sits the Infinite Unknown,
The self-existent One;
Whose being no beginning knows,
The brightness of whose glory flows
Through His beloved Son.
- 2 'Tis His to fill immensity;
No object can escape His eye,
Nor thought His mind elude;
All things were by His wisdom planned;
All are supported by His hand;
And all at once are viewed.
- 3 Justice and mercy, truth and love,
Shine from His glorious throne above,
As Israel's covenant Lord;
In Persons three—in Essence one—
He is the sovereign Lord alone,
And be His name adored.

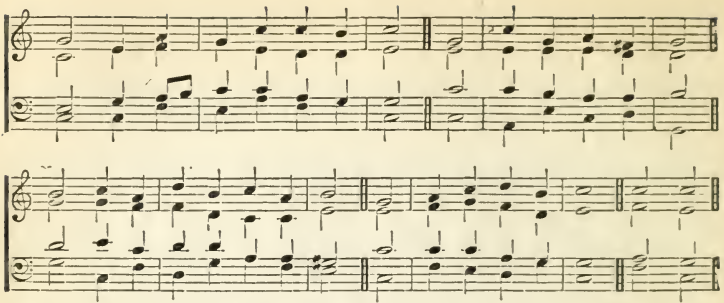
4 With Him is no futurity;
He stands enwrapt in purity;
Unchangeably the same:
God over all, for ever blessed,
The Fount of joy, the Fount of rest;
And holy is His name!

Joseph Irons, 1825. (a.)

114 Ps. xciii. 1. "The Lord reigneth."

Tune 4. WALDECK.
Or 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns! His throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.



See Hymn 190. Also 94, 389, 594, 655, 807, 849.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my song with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

115 1 Tim. vi. 16. "Dwelling in the
light which no man can approach
unto."

Tune 115. GOSPAL. Or 119. MORIAH.
6666, 88.

1 O GLORIOUS God and King,
O gracious Father, hear
The praise our hearts would bring
To Thee, who, ever near,
Yet in eternity dost dwell,
Immortal and invisible.

2 Around Thee all is light,
And rest of perfect love,
And glory full and bright,
All human thought above;
Thyself the Fountain infinite
Of all ineffable delight.

3 O depth of holy bliss,
Essential and Divine,
What thought can measure this—
Thy joy, Thy glory,—Thine!
Yet such our treasure evermore—
Thy fulness is Thy children's store.

4 O Father, Thy great grace
We magnify and praise;
Called to that blessed place,
With Thee through endless days
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,
Thy glory all unveiled to see!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

See Hymn 46.

(2.) HIS ETERNAL LOVE TO HIS BELOVED SON.

116 Prov. viii. 30. "I was daily His
delight."

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 276. CRÜGER.
76, 76. D.

1 "ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before He filled the fountains,
That feed the running rills;
In Me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is My name.

2 "When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with Him then:

Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men."

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above:
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

4 And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted,
And nailed Thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery Divine!
The voice that speaks in thunde,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

William Cowper, 1779.



See Hymn 329. Also 529, 564, 661, 687, 728, 754.

(3.) THE CHOICE AND GIFT OF THE CHURCH, BY THE FATHER,
TO HIS SON.

117 Jer. xxxi. 3. "Yea, I have loved thee,"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 'TWAS with an everlasting love
That God His own elect embraced,
Before He made the worlds above,
Or earth on her huge columns placed.
- 2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on His sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then, in the glass of His decrees,
Christ and His bride appeared as one:
Her sin, by imputation, His,
Whilst she in spotless splendour shone.
- 4 O love, how high thy glories swell,
How great, immutable, and free!
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, in thee!
- 5 Believer, here thy comfort stands,
From first to last salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee!

John Kent, 1803.

118 Eph. i. 4. "Chosen in Him before the foundation of the world."

Tune 19. LEIPSIC. L.M.

- 1 **W**HO can the distant period trace,
When God, to glorify His grace,
And magnify His love to man,
Drew forth redemption's wondrous plan?
- 2 God's own Elect, was Christ proclaimed,
Then all His mystic members named,
One glorious Head, one body there,
Who should at last one glory share.
- 3 In God's decree her form He viewed,
Allauteous in His eyes she stood,
Presented through the eternal name,
Betrothed in love, and free from blame.

- 4 Not as she stood in Adam's fall,
When guilt and ruin covered all,
But as she'll stand another day,
Fair as the sun's meridian ray.
- 5 O glorious grace! mysterious plan,
Too great for angels' mind to scan;
Our thoughts are lost, our numbers fail,
All hail, redeeming love! all hail!

John Kent, 1823.

119 1 Pet. i. 2. "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.D.

- 1 **B**EFORE the Almighty Power began
To form the wondrous frame of man;
Before He hung the lights on high,
And made them sparkle o'er the sky;
Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or shaped the yet unfounded earth,
God all His ransomed people knew,
And in His love He chose them too.
- 2 Chose them in Christ, that they should prove
The trophies of His dying love;
Chose them through faith, that precious grace
Which bears the fruits of righteousness;
Chose them that they on earth should shine,
The image of His face Divine;
Chose them, like jewels, from the world,
When it should be to ruin hurled.
- 3 But, oh, no tongue can ever tell
The grace that is unsearchable!
Angels that fell were passed by
When Christ for mortals came to die.
The poor shall wear the immortal crown
That decks few brows of high renown;
And vilest sinners be forgiven,
To raise the loudest songs in heaven!

Ingram Cobbin, 1823.

See Hymns 398—402.



See Hymn 707. Also 137. 162. 543. 568. 574. 582. 647. 658. 672. 737. 791. 926.

(4.) THE PROMISE BY THE FATHER, OF THE HOLY GHOST,
THROUGH THE SON.

- 120** Ps. lxxxvii. 7. "*All my springs are in Thee.*"
Tune 187. PERSIS. 87, 87.
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 HEAR the Father's ancient promise!
Listen, thirsty, weary one!
"I will pour My Holy Spirit
On Thy chosen seed, O Son.,
Promise to the Lord's Anointed,
Gift of God to Him for thee!
Now, by covenant appointed,
All thy springs in Him shall be.</p> <p>2 Springs of life in desert places
Shall thy God unseal for thee;
Quickening and reviving graces,
Dew-like, healing, sweet and free.
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,
When thy work is hard or long,
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,
Lightening labour with a song.</p> | <p>3 Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and
brightens,
Peace, itself a victory.
Springs of comfort, strangely springing
Through the bitter wells of woe;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.</p> <p>4 Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,
To thy risen Head assured!
Thine in full and gracious measure,
Thine by covenant secured!
Now arise! His word possessing,
Claim the promise of the Lord;
Plead through Christ for showers of bless-
ing.
Till the Spirit be outpoured!
<i>Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.</i></p> |
|--|--|

(5.) GOD IS LOVE.

- 121** Rom. v. 8. "*God commendeth His love towards us.*"
Tune 213. KEDRON. 886. D.
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SUPREME sweet is sovereign love,
That brought the Saviour from above,
To agonize and die;
Its aim in Jesus was to bless
His children with His righteousness;
"Tis finished, hear Him cry!</p> <p>2 The love of God is firm and sure,
In Christ it made us so secure,
That hell may rage in vain:
Love keeps us ever one with Him,
And brought Him fully to redeem,
That we might rise and reign.</p> <p>3 Jehovah's love shall brightly shine
Upon us, richly to refine,
Through Jesu's bleeding cross;
In Christ we ever must remain,
And here possess eternal gain,
By His amazing loss.</p> | <p>4 This love shall make us ever blest,
And guide us to the realms of rest,
Where Jesus reigns on high;
In this great love we place our trust,
And in its praises sing we must
At last above the sky!
<i>Thomas Rowe, 1817.</i></p> |
|--|--|
- 122** Eph. i. 3. "*Blessed with all spiritual blessings... in Christ.*"
Tune 45. YORK. C.M.
- | |
|--|
| <p>1 SING to the Lord, whose matchless love
A sure foundation lays,
To take a people to Himself,
And form them for His praise.</p> <p>2 In grateful strains His counsel sing,
For thus His counsel runs;
To choose, adopt, redeem, and bring
To glory all His sons.</p> |
|--|



See Hymn 670. Also 103, 109, 160, 241, 297, 391, 419, 495, 578, 603, 670, 800, 950.

3 Let sweet adoption lead the song,
Election swell the strain,
While promises the theme prolong,
And joys celestial reign.

4 'Tis yours who know His mighty love,
To sing on themes like these ;
When He the heartfelt joy imparts,
No other subjects please.

5 His ways how wonderful to trace,
By which His love is shown
To sinners, saved by richest grace,
Who worship at His throne !

William Wales Horne, 1823.

123 Hos. xiv. 4. "I will love them
freely."

Tune 38. EDEN. OR 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

1 **W**HAT boundless and unchanging love
God has bestowed on saints ;
'Tis this shall tune their harps above,
And banish their complaints.

2 Love placed their souls in Jesu's hand,
Who rescued them from hell :
By His unchanging love they stand,
And with Him hope to dwell.

3 'Twas love that brought them to His feet,
And melted every heart :
His love shall make their bliss complete,
And ne'er from them depart.

4 The drawings of His love shall bring
Their souls up to His throne :
Of His eternal love to sing,
With rapture here unknown !

Joseph Irons, 1819.

124 1 John iii. 1. "Behold, what man-
ner of love."

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

1 **J**EHOVAH'S love first chose His saints ;
Love listens now to their complaints ;
Love paid their debt incurred by sin ;
Love breaks their hearts, and enters in.

2 Thus Father, Son, and Holy Dove,
The Three in One, a God of Love,
Engaged in covenant for our sake :
This threefold cord can never break.

3 'Tis held in God our Saviour's hand ;
Suspended by His own command,
It reaches to the gates of hell,
And rescues souls, with Him to dwell.

4 Nor sin nor Satan can devour
The soul that feels its vital power ;
It will not, cannot, lose its hold :
Eternal joys it will unfold !

Joseph Irons, 1819.

125 John xvii. 23. "Thou hast loved
them, as Thou hast loved Me."

Tune 4. WALDECK. L.M.

1 **W**HO can e'er fathom God's rich love ?
Not all the heavenly hosts above ;
The brightest angel ne'er can trace
The end of great Jehovah's grace.

2 None can e'er know its vast extent,—
No, not the most exalted saint ;
Its length, its breadth, its depth, its height,
Is far beyond a creature's sight.

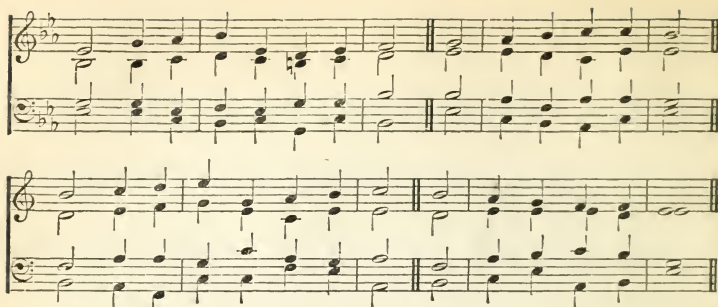
3 How rich, how free, is love Divine !
Oh, how resplendent doth it shine !
Its bursting glory charms the saints,
And banishes their sad complaints.

4 The highest pleasures we can prove,
Flow from this great and glorious love ;
Oh, 'tis a most delightful thing,
Infinite love to chant and sing.

5 Dear Lord ! descend from Thy bright
throne,
And now to us Thy love make known ;
To every soul Thyself proclaim,
And let us feel the heavenly flame.

6 God of all grace, to Thee we pray ;
More of Thy love, and more, display ;
And when we join the heavenly throng,
Infinite love shall be our song !

Richard Burnham, 1803.



See Hymn 464.

126 Rom v. 5. "The love of God."

Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 **H**OW truly glorious is the love
Of all the glorious Three,—
Eternal, boundless, sovereign, pure,
Unchangeable, and free!
- 2 The Father's love sent Jesus down
From His own bright abode;
The Saviour, in His wondrous love,
His life for ours bestowed.
- 3 Drawn by the Spirit's love, we rise,
And breathe for things above,
More swift than eagles' rapid flight,
To see eternal love.
- 4 We pray, repent, believe, obey,
And joy with those above;
Admire, adore, and shout, and sing
Of everlasting love.
- 5 Soon may we soar to worlds of light—
On hills of glory shine;
And sing of pure eternal love,
In raptures all Divine!

Richard Burnham, 1803. (a.) v. 2. F.R.H.

127 1 John iv. 16. "God is love."

Tune 119. MORIAH. Or 273. BEVAN.
6666, 8.8.

- 1 **L**OVE will I ever sing—
Sing of its ancient date;
Love is the flowing spring
Of blessings truly great;
Love is the pure immortal food;
Love is the height and depth of God.
- 2 Love is my comely dress,
My glory and my crown,
My life, my joy, my peace,
My heaven, and my throne:
Love is the pure immortal food;
Love is the height and depth of God.
- 3 Lord, may I soon be caught
Up to the realms above,
And there be better taught
The glories of Thy love,
And feast on this immortal food,
And triumph in the love of God!

Richard Burnham, 1796.

See Hymns, 17, 62, 63, 102, 715—722.

JEHOVAH—THE SON.

(1.) HIS DEITY.

128 John i. 1. "In the beginning was the Word."

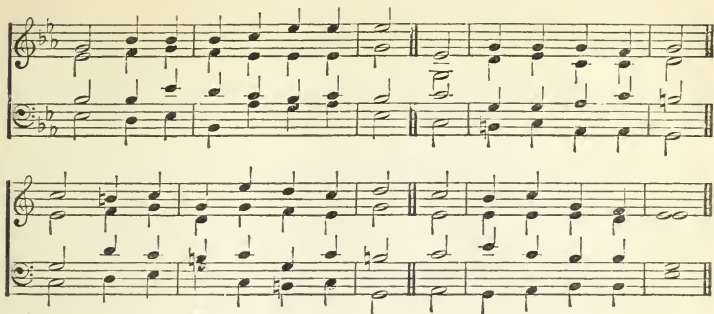
Tune 211. JORDAN. 8.8.6. D.

- 1 **H**AIL, Thou eternal Logos, hail!
Before whose glory angels veil
Their rapture-beaming eyes:
Our grateful spirits hold Thee dear;
To Thee we breathe the ardent prayer,
And hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Yes: while incessant shouts of praise
Break from angelic ranks, and raise
The concert of the blessed;
While all that tread the starry road
Announce the dear Redeemer God,
Be it on earth confessed.
- 3 Being of beings! Lord of all!
While yonder lucid orbs that roll

Declare the great I AM,
We recollect the holy word,
Where all the names and works of God
Are given to the Lamb.

- 4 Thy works, Thy wondrous works, display
The attributes of Deity,
And spell the sacred name;
Jehovah! Jesus! reigning Cause!
Yes, at Thy mighty tint rose
This universal frame.
- 5 Redeeming Lord, to Thee we bow:
Bless Thy rejoicing people now
With wisdom from above;
Come, with Thy vesture dipped in blood;
Appear a very present God,—
A God of perfect love!

Admiral Richard Kempfenfelt, 1777.



See Hymn 52. Also 107, 297, 364, 419, 634.

129 Matt. xxi. 9. "*Hosanna in the highest.*"

Tune 35. CHESALON. C.M.

1 **HOSANNA!** raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest;
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Nor gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng:
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold!
William Henry Havergal, 1833.

2 Lamb of God! Thy Father's bosom
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in power and grace.
Oh, what wondrous love and mercy!
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven
As the Lamb of God to die.

3 Lamb of God! when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid!
Wandering as a homeless stranger,
In the world Thy hands had made;
When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood—
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

4 When we see Thee as a victim,
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast loved us unto blood;
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God!
James George Deck, 1838.

131 Col. i. 16. "*By Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth.*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDETH. L.M.

1 **WHAT** is that grand, that awful name,
Whose blazing glories round us shine?
Who can His mighty works rehearse,
Who spake and built the universe?

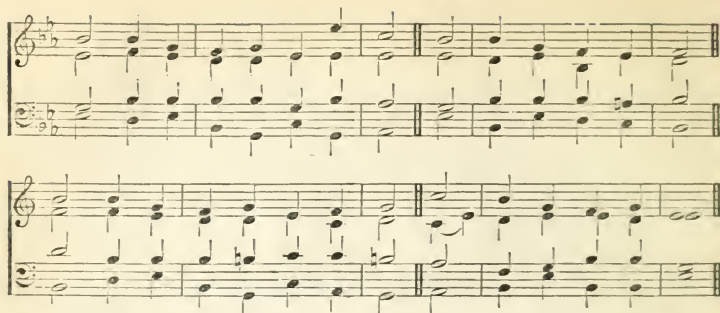
2 Not Gabriel's tongue His fame can tell,
His ways are quite unsearchable!
Such are the beauties of His face,
None can His full perfection trace.

3 His presence fills both space and time;
His knowledge reaches every clime;
His wisdom guards and guides the whole,
From nature's centre to the pole.

130 Matt. iii. 17. "*This is My beloved Son.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON.
87, 87. D.

1 **LAMB** of God! our souls adore Thee
While upon Thy face we gaze;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays.
Thine almighty power and wisdom
All creation's work proclaim:
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,
As the ever-great "I AM."



See Hymn 382. Also 631, 667, 940.

4 Know you, ye saints, this wondrous name,
Whose glories heaven and earth proclaim?
Who? what is He? Oh, strange to tell,
'Tis our beloved Immanuel!

5 This Great First, Last, Beginning, End,
No stretch of thought can comprehend;
In wonder lost, will we adore
That name which angels can't explore!
Augustus M. Toplady, 1798.

132 Isa. lxiii. 1. "Mighty to save."

Tune 136. SHENIR I. Or 283. FILITZ.
777, 5.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Of mankind the life and light,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captivè, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

5 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty.
Hear us, help us when we cry;
Jesus, hear and save.
Bishop Heber, 1811.

133 Ps. cxlv. 10 "Thy saints shall bless Thee."

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. S.S.G. D.

1 DRAW near, ye saints, with sweetest
praise,
Melodious notes, and rapturous lays;
In adoration join:
Before His throne, beneath His feet,
In whom salvation's wonders meet,
And blessings all combine!

2 To Christ our light, our life, and praise,
Eternal strength and righteousness,
Adoring homage pay:
He calls for loudest praise from us,
Who died and saved us from the curse,
And bore our sins away!

3 Lo! God with us, what glories shine!
Here all the attributes Divine
Refulgently unite:
The glories of His truth and grace,
His justice and His holiness,
Angelic praise excite!

4 Since they in ecstasies above
Adore the grace, the wondrous love,
Of our Incarnate God;
What ardent praises shall we bring,
Who louder far than angels sing,
For we are bought with blood!
William Wales Horne, 1823.

134 Rev. v. 12. "Worthy is the Lamb."

Tune 107. Moscow. 664, 6664.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye His name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye His name.
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won,
Sing His great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
Ye, who have felt His blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!



See Hymn 103.

4 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless,
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Then let the host above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His dear name:
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb!

James Allen, 1761. (a.)

135 Luke ii. 14. "*Glory to God in the highest.*"

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 87.
Or 180. SIRTON. 87, 87.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought:
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

4 For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

Part ii.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

7 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

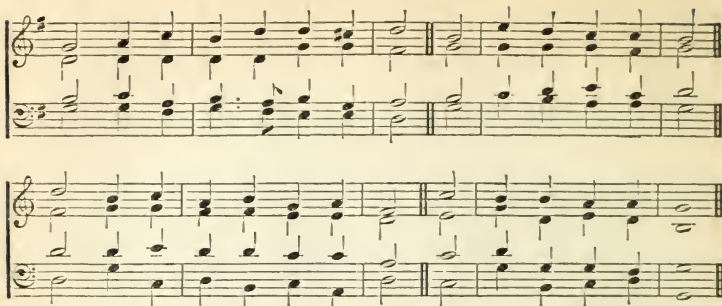
8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thy own:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Amen.
Robert Robinson, 1774.

136 Ps. lxxii. 19. "*Blessed be His glorious name for ever.*"

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. 8 8 6. D.

1 LONG as I live I'll sing the Lamb,
The God, the Man, the Great I AM;
His wondrous person view!
As God He loves—as Man He dies,
As God and Man all grace supplies,
And gives all glory too.



See Hymn 425. Also 68, 393, 436, 513.

- 2 He is my Glory, He my Head,
The First-begotten from the dead,
All glory now He wears;
He, who was first of human kind,
Retains me ever in His mind,
Witness the name He bears.
- 3 His cries and tears are now all o'er,
Once dead, He lives, and bleeds no more;
My soul hath seen Him rise,
In faith's bright vision to His rest,
Conqueror of sin, He now is raised
Again above the skies.
- 4 One work remains for Christ to do,
To bring His chosen people through
The terrors of the grave:
Then He'll appear both God and Man,
The Head and End of wisdom's plan,
And mighty, too, to save.
- 5 And when this last great work is done,
And all His saints are upwards gone
To their eternal home;
The reigning Lamb will feast their eyes
With love's triumphant victories:
Amen! Lord Jesus, come!
- John Stevens, 1808.*

(2.) THE NAMES AND TITLES OF CHRIST.

(ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.)

137 Phil. ii. 9. "*A name which is above every name.*"

Tune 51. BESOR. Or. 54. EVAN. C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a Name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear:
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still,
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

- 6 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me!

Frederick Whitfield, 1857.

ADVOCATE.

138 1 John ii. 1. "*We have an Advocate.*"

Tune 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

- 1 **L**OOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.
- 2 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy Divine!

Anne Steele, 1760.



See Hymn 404. Also 80, 185, 222, 247, 404, 529, 647, 651, 730, 977, 1006.

ADVOCATE.

139 Heb. ix. 24. "Now to appear in the presence of God for us."

Tune 79. AVEN. Or 84. AMANA. S.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my warmest powers,
To sing the Saviour's love;
Since He appears upon the throne,
Our Advocate above.
- 2 His all-obedient life
Fulfilled the Father's laws;
This is the ground on which He lives
To plead His people's cause.
- 3 Their names upon His breast
Before the throne He bears;
And our unworthy nature now
This glorious Person wears.
- 4 His all-atoning-death,
And sacrifice Divine,
Prevails to send salvation down
To such a soul as mine.
- 5 To all that venture near,
In His eternal name,
His power to save, and sanctify,
Shall ever prove the same.
- 6 With such a glorious plea,
He never prayed in vain;
The Father hears, and Christ receives
The purchase of His pain.
Thomas Row, 1822.

ADVOCATE.

140 John xvii. 9. "I pray for them."

Tune 47. NAYLAND. C.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE! sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

- 2 With cries and tears He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

- 3 For all that come to God by Him,
Salvation He demands;
Points to their names upon His breast,
And spreads His wounded hands.

- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to His claim:
"Father, I will that all My saints
Be with Me where I am:

- 5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of Thy Son,
And faithful to Thy word."

- 6 Eternal life, at His request,
To every saint is given:
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771.

See Hymns 275—281.

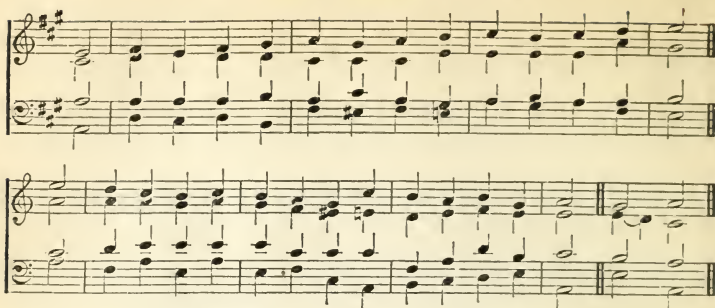
ALL IN ALL.

141 Col. ii. 9. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness."

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA. 66, 86, 88.

- 1 **I** NEED no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed,
A Father's love, a Father's care
Receives and answers every prayer.

- 2 I need no other priest
Than One High Priest above;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew His love:
Through that my faith shall never fail,
E'en when I pass through death's dark vale.



See Hymn 714. Also 190, 360.

- 3 I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care:
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.
- 4 I need no works by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea
The bliss of heaven to share:
Christ's finished work, through boundless
grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place!
- Part ii.*
- 5 I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines;
Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,
Yet still, sore burdened, pines:
Christ's service yields my soul delight,
Easy His yoke, His burden light.
- 6 I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven,
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
For this, when He illumines our eyes,
Unto salvation makes us wise.
- 7 I need no holy oil
To anoint my lips in death;
No priestly power my guilt to assail
And ease my parting breath;
Long since, those words bade fear to cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."
- 8 I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to annul, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires.
Christ died my endless life to win,
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.
- 9 I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than His imputed righteousness;
In Him complete I am.
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide,
No passport do I need beside!
- Charlotte Elliott, 1833.*

ALL IN ALL.

142 Col. iii. 11. "*Christ is all, and in all.*"

Tune 126. MINDEN. 76, 76, 77.

- 1 JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.
- 2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread Divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine.
- 3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Live and Love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.
- 4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.
- 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong!

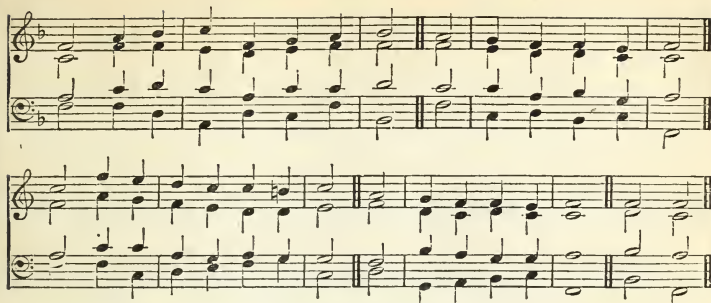
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1861.

ALL IN ALL.

143 Rev. xix. 12. "*On His head were many crowns.*"

Tune 20. DALMATIA. L.M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I read with grateful joys
The names Thy holy word employs
To charm my heart and calm my fears,
To show Thy lovely characters.



See Hymn 162. Also 109, 171, 241, 505, 688, 780, 791.

- 2 Water of life; of life the Tree;
The Bread of life art Thou to me!
The Light of life, the Living Way,
The Sun of everlasting day!
- 3 The Rock of strength, the Corner stone,
The Branch of God, Plant of renown,
The Morning Star, the precious Pearl,
The "Chiefest," and "the All in All!"
- 4 Prophet, and Priest, and Prince, and King,
And First, and Last, Thy praise we sing:
Through life we'll bless Thee, and, again,
Ceaseless, in heaven! Amen, Amen!

Benjamin Samuel Hollis, 1849.

ALL IN ALL.

144 Col. ii. 10. "*Ye are complete in Him.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 **I**N Christ, I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my Hope, my Strength, and Guide;
For me He bled, and groaned, and died:
He is my Sun, to give me light;
He is my soul's supreme delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My Wisdom and my Righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend,
On Him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

- 5 Christ is my strength and portion too;
My soul in Him can all things do;
Through Him I triumph o'er the grave,
And Satan, death, and hell outbrave!

W. G., 1790; and John Dobell, 1866.

ALL IN ALL.

145 Ps. lxxiii. 25. "*There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.*"

Tune 47. NAYLAND. C.M.

- 1 **C**OMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.
- 2 The sweetness of Thy dying love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for Thee alone,
My All in All, I pray.
- 3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst Thou give me more.
- 4 Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
I choose Thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with Thy will,
Oh teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
Since Thou, O God, art mine!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

See Hymn 489.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

146 Rev. i. 11. "*I am Alpha and Omega.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. Or 204. SHINAR.
87, 87. D.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind and loving to the end.
Trust Him; He will not deceive us,
Though we hardly of Him deem:
He will never, never leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave Him.



See Hymn 687. Also 112, 390, 393, 576, 582, 584, 950.

2 View Him in the doleful garden ;
View Him on the bloody tree,
Dearly purchasing a pardon
For His people, full and free.
View Him now in heaven sitting,
Interceding for us there ;
Not a moment intermitting
His compassion and His care.

3 Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us ;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

Part ii.

4 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the sovereign good ;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by Thy blood.
From Thy fulness we receive them ;
We have nothing of our own ;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
To the needy, who have none !

5 Teach us, by Thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair ;
Let us, leaning on Thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
Whatsoever afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please ;
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From security and ease.

6 Softly to Thy garden lead us,
To behold Thy bloody sweat ;
Though Thou from the curse hast freed us,
Let us not the cost forget.
Be Thy groans and cries rehearsed
By the Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing Him we've piercèd,
Melt in sympathetic tears !

See Hymn 236.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

AMEN.

147

Rev. iii. 14. "The Amen."

Tune 211. JORDAN. 886. D.

1 WE bless Thee, O Thou great Amen !
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all His word ;
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are yea and all amen,
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

Chorus.—Secured in this, the church on
high,
And all below, unceasing cry
Amen ! Amen ! Amen !
To Thee, O Lord, all praise is
given,—
The loud response of earth and
heaven :
All hail, Thou great Amen !

2 Sweet ordinance of God to bless,
By Him, the Lord our Righteousness,—
By Him, I say again :
This mighty Word makes all things sure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
In Him, the great Amen.

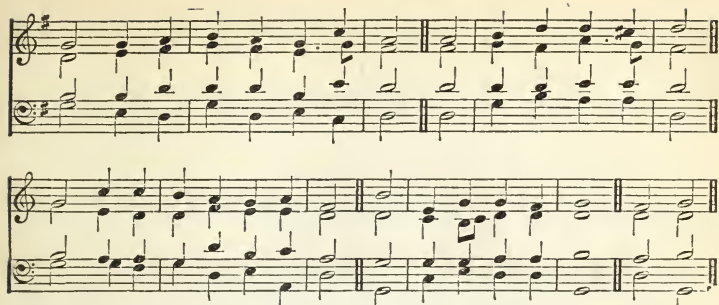
Chorus.—Secured in this, the church, &c.

3 O faithful Witness of our God,
Who came by water and by blood,
Proving the Holy One ;
Thy record must for ever stand,
Of life eternal from God's hand,
And all in Thee, His Son.

Chorus.—Secured in this, the church, &c.

4 Sweetly Thy Verilys we hear,
For God's Amen dispels all fear,
Thy faithfulness it proves ;
And while such grace from God is shown,
To God's Amen we add our own,
Our So-be-it God loves.

Chorus.—Secured in this, the church, &c.



See Hymn 448. Also 55, 185, 360, 515, 517, 541, 559, 560, 588, 814, 977.

5 Ye saints of God, in age or youth,
Who swear by Him, the God of truth,
By Him, I say again;
Make Him whom God hath made to you,
Your Alpha and Omega too,
God's Christ is your Amen.

Chorus.—Secured in this, the church, &c.

6 Nor less above, ye heavenly host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Give praise, through Him with men;
For of Him, through Him, by Him, sure
The church shall glory evermore
In Him, the great Amen.

Chorus.—Secured in this, the church, &c.

Robert Hawker, D.D., 1831.

BREAKER.

148 Mic. ii. 13. "*The Breaker is come up before them.*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,
Who bears the Breaker's wondrous name;

Sweet name, and it becomes Him well,
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death, and hell.

2 A mighty Breaker surely He,
Who broke my chains, and set me free;
A gracious Breaker to my soul;
He breaks, and oh! He makes me whole.

3 He breaks through every gloomy cloud,
Which can my soul with darkness shroud;
He breaks the bars of every snare,
Which hellish foes for me prepare.

4 He breaks the gates of hardened brass,
To bring His faithful word to pass;
And though with ponderous iron barred,
The Breaker's love they can't retard.

5 Great Breaker! oh! Thy love impart,
Daily, to break my stony heart;
Oh, break it, Lord, and enter in,
And break, oh break, the power of sin!
Samuel Medley, 1789.

CAPTAIN OF SALVATION.

149 Heb. ii. 10. "*The Captain of their salvation.*"

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high His royal banner,

It must not suffer loss;

From victory unto victory

His army shall be led,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict

In this His glorious day;

Ye that are men, now serve Him,

Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armour,

And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song:

To him that overcometh

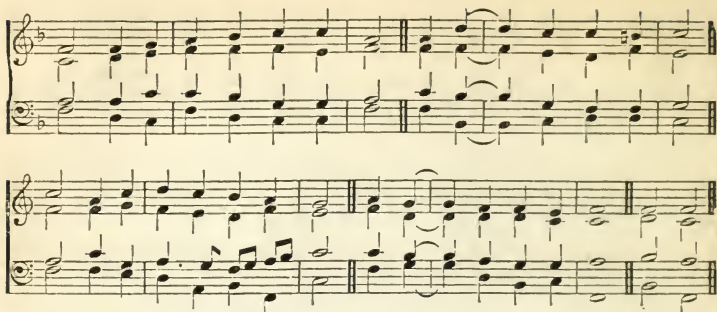
A crown of life shall be,

He with the King of glory

Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1853.

See Hymn 432.



See Hymn 517. Also 75, 140, 219.

CONSOLATION.

150 Luke ii. 25. "*The consolation of Israel.*"

Tune 187. PERSIS. Or 183. FRANKFORT.
87, 87.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King:
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring:
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne!

Charles Wesley, 1744.

EMMANUEL.

151 Matt. i. 23. "*Emmanuel.....God with us.*"

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charin me in Emmanuel's name:
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

- 4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
Every precious name in One!
I will love Thee without end!

John Newton, 1779.

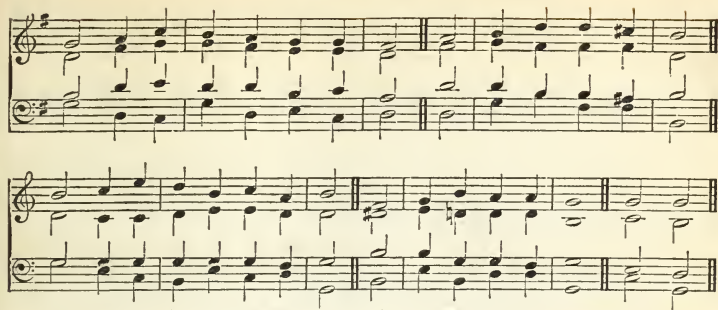
FORERUNNER.

152 Heb. vi. 20. "*The Forerunner is for us entered.*"

Tune 3. CRASELIUS. L.M.

- 1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all His own;
Where we, by faith, lift up our eyes,
There Jesus, our Forerunner's, gone.
- 2 High on His throne of heavenly light,
Eternal glory He sustains;
While saints and angels bless the sight:
There Jesus, our Forerunner, reigns.
- 3 He lives salvation to impart
From sin and Satan's cursèd wiles;
With love eternal in His heart:
There Jesus, our Forerunner, smiles.
- 4 Before His heavenly Father's face,
For every saint He intercedes;
And with infallible success,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.
- 5 But, oh, 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves,
That while eternal ages roll,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, loves!

Samuel Medley, 1789.



See Hymn 220. Also 53, 214, 243, 245, 500, 527, 528, 530, 548, 979.

FRIEND.

153 Prov. xviii. 24. "*There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abased
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glories raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779.

FRIEND.

154 Matt. xi. 19. "*A friend of..... sinners.*"

Tune 20. DALMATIA. Or 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I
am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His name:
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by His power my foes controlled:
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to His chosen fold,

- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with Him above the skies;
Oh, what a Friend is Christ to me!
- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to Him.
- 5 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite:
And were not He the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from His
sight!

John Newton, 1779.

FRIEND.

155 Cant. v. 16. "*This is my friend.*"

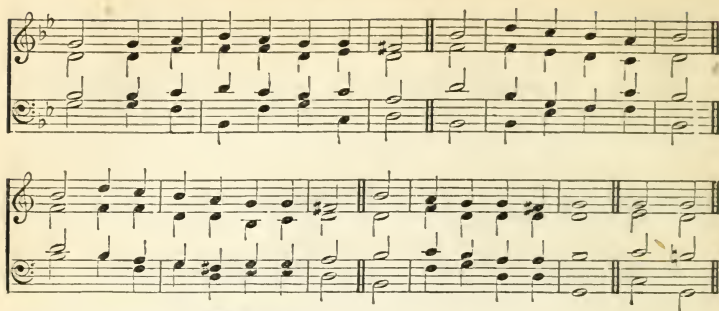
Tune 42. KEDAR.

Or 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

- 1 A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise His name!
Whose truth and kindness are Divine,
Whose love—a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need His helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still!
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm His word obeys,
His word its rage restrains!

See Hymn 941.

Joseph Swain, 1792.



See Hymn 584. Also 449, 451, 862.

HEAD.

156 Eph. iv. 15. "The Head, even Christ."

Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.

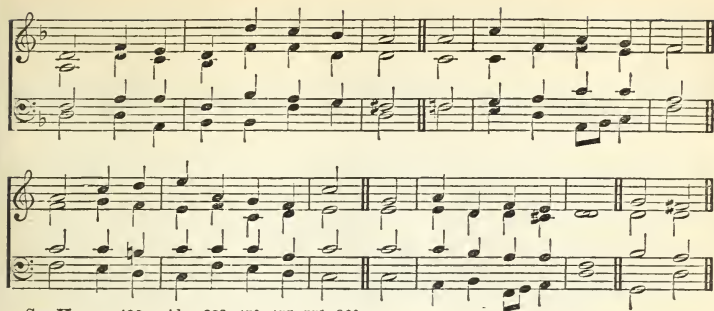
- 1 JESUS, I sing Thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm Thine own;
Gives me among Thy saints a place
To make Thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From Thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And Thou our common Lord.
- 4 Oh! may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before Thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, In grateful lays,
Which ever brings us higher;
We clap our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour;
The love Divine That made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise, For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand At God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven!
Charles Wesley, 1745.

See Hymns 444, 744.

HIDING-PLACE.

158 Isa. xxxii. 2. "An Hiding-place." Tune 2. EUPHRATES. Or 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 157 Eph. i. 22. "Head over all things to the Church."
Tune 166. ZOAN II. 77, 87. D.
- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, And give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake!
Retune thy strings for Jesu's sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and Hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,
Where—where—oh! where shall man re-
tire,
To escape the horror of His ire?
- 3 'Tis He—the Lamb—to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by:
God sees His Well-belovèd's face,
And spares us in our Hiding-place.



See Hymn 499. Also 238, 450, 455, 551, 860.

- 4 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow :
Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
We deeply need a Hiding-place.
- 5 Yet courage ! days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside ;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesu's cleansing blood.
- 6 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a Hiding-place.

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

HIDING-PLACE.

- 159 Ps. xxxii. 7. "*Thou art my Hiding-place.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 HAIL ! sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a Hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hand uplifted high,
Despised the method of His grace,
Secure without a Hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrought in thick Egyptian night,
And loving darkness more than light,
I madly ran my sinful race,
Too proud to seek a Hiding-place.
- 4 But lo ! a gracious voice I heard,
And mercy's heavenly form appeared ;
She led me on with smiling face,
To Jesus as my Hiding-place.
- 5 On Him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for His chosen race,
And thus became their Hiding-place.
- 6 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;
There I shall see Him face to face,
Jesus, my glorious Hiding-place !

Jehoiada Brewer, 1776.

HIGH PRIEST.

- 160 Heb. vi. 20. "*An High Priest for ever.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

- 1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned ;
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne !

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

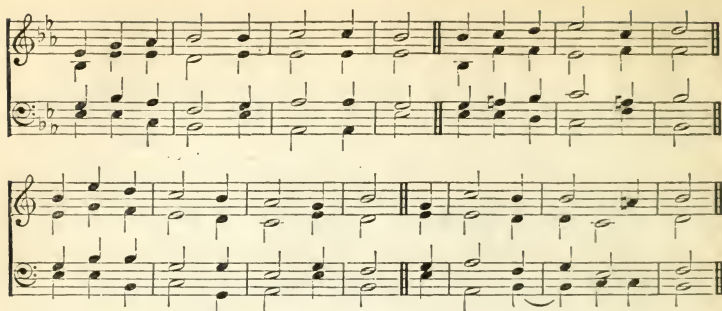
JESUS.

- 161 Phil. ii. 10. "*At the name of Jesus every knee should bow.*"

Tune 36. BETHER. Or 43. BRISTOL. C.M.

- 1 JESUS, in Thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus ! the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies !
- 2 Didst Thou forsake Thy radiant crown,
And boundless realms of day,
Aside Thy robes of glory thrown,
To dwell with feeble clay ?
- 3 Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of Thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour ?
- 4 Is there a heart that will not bend
To Thy Divine control ?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul !

Anne Steele, 1760.



See Hymn 483. Also 752, 868.

JESUS.

162 Cant. i. 3. "Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

Tune 65. FRENCH. Or 39. NOTTINGHAM.
Or 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton, 1779.

JESUS.

163 Ps. xxxvi. 9. "With Thee is the fountain of life."

Tune 105. HERMAS. Or 269. GROSVENOR.
65, 65. D.

- 1 **H**ERE each morning breaketh,
I would see Thy face,
Jesus! Precious Saviour!
Jesus! King of Grace!

For my thirsty spirit
Longs to drink again
Of the living river
Flowing through this plain.

- 2 **H**ark! how sweet its music,
As it dashes by,
Clear and fresh as ever,
In its melody.
From the crystal city,
From the throne on high,
It has leaped to succour
Sinners lest they die!
- 3 Flowing where the desert
Looks most parched and bare,
There its shining wavelets
Sparkle everywhere!
We, with dying thousands,
Would again partake
Of this crystal river,
It our thirst can slake!
- 4 It the drooping pastures
Can refresh and bless,
And with fragrant blossoms
Clothe the wilderness!
Oh! Thou living Spirit,
Give us of Thy dew;
Then our souls, like gardens,
Will yield fruit anew!

William Pennefather, 1871.

JESUS.

164 Phil. ii. 9. "A Name which is above every name."

Tune 194. TERNAN. Or 191. ZANANIM. 87, 87, 87.

- 1 **T**O the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.
- 2 **J**esus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.



3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessed Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there!

John M. Neale, D.D., 1851. (a.)

165 Ps. cxvi. 10. (P.B.V.) "*Tell it out
among the heathen that the Lord
is King.*"

Tune 254. EPHENETUS. 136, 136, 1313, 1315.

1 TELL it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them
shout and sing!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall
increase;

That the mighty King of Glory is the
King of Peace;

Tell it out with jubilation, though the
waves may roar,

That He sitteth on the water-floods, our
King for evermore!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the
Saviour reigns!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them
burst their chains!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that
Jesus lives;

Tell it out among the weary ones what
rest He gives;

Tell it out among the sinners that He
came to save;

Tell it out among the dying that He
triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns
above!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that His
reign is love!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the
lanes at home;

Let it ring across the mountains and the
ocean foam!

Like the sound of many waters let our
glad shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands
of the sea!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

LAMB OF GOD.

166 John i. 29. "*Behold the Lamb of
God.*"

Tune 118. ARNON. 66, 84.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God!

Behold, believe, and live:

Behold His all-atoning blood,

And life receive.

2 Look from thyself to Him,

Behold Him on the tree:

What though the eye of faith be dim,

He looks on thee.

3 That meek, that languid eye,

Turns from Himself away;

Invites the trembling sinner nigh,

And bids him stay.

4 Stay with Him near the tree,

Stay with Him near the tomb;

Stay till the risen Lord you see,

Stay, till He come!

See Hymn 130. Charles Sabine, 1857.



See Hymn 903. Also 920.

LIGHT.

167 John viii. 12. "I am the Light of the world."

Tune 187. PERSIS. Or 184. SOREK. S7, S7.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by Thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator;
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, apply Thy saving grace.
- 5 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild pacific Prince:
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon and the peace.
- 6 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burthened soul release!
By the teachings of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace!

Charles Wesley, 1744. (a.)

See Hymns 206—211.

MELCHIZEDEK.

168 Heb. vii. 2. "King of Salem, which is, King of Peace."

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 **K**ING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole;
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not Thy sweet visits cease!

- 2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
With Thy sacred bread and wine!
All Thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

- 3 Hail! Melchizedek, Divine;
Great High Priest, Thou shalt be mine;
All my powers before Thee fall;
Take not tithe, but take them all!

John Wingrove, 1785.

MELCHIZEDEK.

169 Heb. vii. 17. "A Priest for ever." Tune 38. EDEN. Or 54. EVAN I. C.M

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music like Thy hallowed name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Oh! may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song!

John Cennick, 1745. (a.)

PHYSICIAN.

170 Jer. xvii. 14. "Heal me, O Lord." Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin hath
made:
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.



- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live :
See in His heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow ;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found ;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound !
- See Hymn 454. Anne Steele, 1760.*

- 4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race ;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ by His own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.
- 7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face :
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace !
- Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.*

PRIEST.

171 Zech vi. 13. "*A Priest upon His throne.*"

Tune 65. FRENCH. C.M.

- 1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt ;
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

172 Isa. ix. 6. "*The Prince of Peace.*"

Tune 34. ELAH. C.M.

- 1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
With those above proclaim His praise,
And crown Him Prince of Peace !
- 2 Praise Him who laid His glory by
For man's apostate race ;
Praise Him who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown Him Prince of Peace !
- 3 We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,
To view His glorious face,
His name for ever to adore,
And crown Him Prince of Peace !

Jonathan Evans, 1784.



See Hymn 488. Also 507, 868.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

173 Jer. xxiii. 6. "*The Lord our Righteousness.*"

Tune 241. PARAN. 11 11, 11 11.

- 1 **I** ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.
- 2 I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.
- 3 Like tears from the daughter of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.
- 4 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.
- 5 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.
- 6 Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and

- 7 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.
Robert Murray M'Cheyne, 1834.
See Hymns 416, 685.

SAVIOUR.

174 Tit. iii. 4. "*The kindness and love of God our Saviour.*"

Tune 36. BETHER. C.M.

- 1 **THE** Saviour! Oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys Divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 The Almighty Framer of the skies
Stooped to our mean abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.
- 4 Oh! the rich depths of love Divine!
Of grace a boundless store!
Permit me, Lord, to call Thee mine!
I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

Anne Steele, 1760.

SAVIOUR.

175 Luke i. 47. "*My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*"

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. S 88, 3.

- 1 **I**N form I long had bowed the knee,
But nought attractive then could see
To win my wayward heart to Thee,
My Saviour!



- 2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought,
How I had sold myself for nought,
But still against Thy love I fought,
My Saviour!
- 3 When self-accused I trembling stood,
I promised fair, as any could,
But never counted on Thy blood,
My Saviour!
- 4 Too soon the promise vain I proved
That sinners make while sin is loved,
But still to Thee this heart ne'er moved,
My Saviour!
- 5 To pleasure prone, I thought it hard
From pleasure's path to be debarred,
Nor pleasure sought from Thy regard,
My Saviour!
- 6 At length, despairing to be free,
A willing slave I meant to be;
'Twas then Thou didst appear for me,
My Saviour!
- 7 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
And Thou hast brought me to my God,
My Saviour!
- 8 Through storms and waves of conflict past,
Thy potent arm has held me fast,
And Thou wilt save me to the last,
My Saviour!
- 9 And when I reach the happy shore
I hope to rest, but not before,
And never to offend Thee more,
My Saviour!
- Thomas Kelly, 1804.

SAVIOUR.

176 2 Tim. i. 9. "Who hath saved us,
and called us."

Tune 191. ZAAANAIM. Or 192. HAVILAH.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has saved His favoured nation;
Join to sing aloud to Him!
He has called us,
Christ alone can us redeem.

- 2 When, involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:
He has called us,
With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession!
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of Thy righteousness and Thee:
Best of favours!
None compared with this can be.

- 4 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege Divine:
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be Thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is Thine!

See Hymn 191. John Adams, 1776.

SHEPHERD.

177 John x. 27, 28. "My sheep . . .
shall never perish."

Tune 193. IDCMEA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 SHEPHERD of the chosen number,
They are safe whom Thou dost keep;
Other shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to watch the sheep;
Watchful Shepherd!
Thou dost wake while others sleep.
- 2 When the lion came, depending
On his strength to seize his prey,
Thou wert there, Thy sheep defending,
Thou didst then Thy power display;
Mighty Shepherd!
Thou didst turn the foe away.
- 3 When the Shepherd's life was needful
To redeem the sheep from death,
Of their safety ever heedful,
Thou for them didst yield Thy breath;
Faithful Shepherd!
Love like Thine no other hath.
- Thomas Kelly, 1809.



See Hymn 228. Also 215, 561.

SHEPHERD.

178 Ezek. xxxiv. 23. *"I will set up one Shepherd over them."*

Tune 12. HEBRON. L.M.

1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
The flock for which Thou earnest from
heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.

2 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray:
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

3 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

4 O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice:
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

5 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

SHEPHERD.

179 John x. 11. *"I am the good Shepherd."*

Tune 145. CHIOS. 77, 77.

1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

2 Loving Shepherd! Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey!

3 Loving Shepherd! ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my step to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

4 Where Thou leadest me I go,
Walking in Thy steps below:
Then before Thy Father's throne,
Jesu! claim me for Thine own!
Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

SHEPHERD.

180 John x. 14. *"I know My sheep."*

Tune 85. ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know My sheep," He cries,
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of My love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to My sheep will give;
And, while My throne unshaken stands,
Shall all My chosen live.

5 "This tried Almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there?
Or what shall force them thence?"

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.



SHEPHERD.

181 Ps. xxiii. 1. *"The Lord is my Shepherd."*

Tune 229. MAON. Or 313. ETON.
88, 88, 88.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks He will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade!
See Hymns 511, 934. Joseph Addison, 1712.

SINNERS' FRIEND.

182 Luke vii. 34. *"A friend . . . of sinners."*

Tune 180. SIRION. 87, 87.

1 FRIEND of sinners! Lord of Glory!
Lowly, Mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Fain would I Thy praises sing.

2 From Thy throne of light celestial,
Moved with pity, Thou didst bend
To behold our woes terrestrial,
And become the Sinners' Friend.

3 Sinners' Friend! O name most blessed
Unto those who mourn for sin;
By the devil sore distressed,
Foes without and fears within!

4 Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise, we must, the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the Sinners' Friend!
Newman Hall, 1858.

SUBSTITUTE.

183 2 Cor. v. 21. *"He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin."*

Tune 213. KEDRON. Or 310. BRIDEHEAD.
886. D.

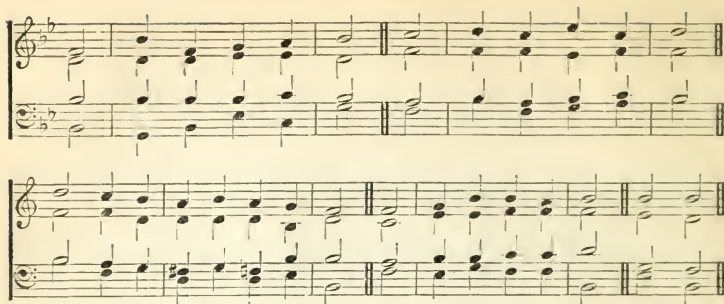
1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

2 Complete atonement Thou hast made
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er Thy people owed:
Nor can His wrath on me take place,
If sheltered in Thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 If my discharge Thou hast procured,
And freely in my room endured
The whole of wrath Divine:
Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High Priest
Have bought thy liberty:
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1775



See Hymn 627. Also 24, 139, 242, 260, 435, 665, 799.

SURETY.

184 Heb. vii. 22. "*Jesus.....made a Surety.*"

Tune 137. PISGAH. Or 139. LUBECK.
77, 77.

- 1 CHRIST exalted is our song,
Hymned by all the blood-bought
throng;
To His throne our shouts shall rise,
God with us by sacred ties.
- 2 Shout, believer, to thy God,
He hath once the winepress trod;
Peace procured by blood Divine,
Cancelled all thy sins, and mine.
- 3 Here thy bleeding wounds are healed,
Sin condemned, and pardon sealed;
Grace her empire still maintains;
Christ without a rival reigns.
- 4 Through corruption, felt within,
Darkness, deadness, guilt, and sin,
Still to Jesus turn thine eyes,
Israel's Hope and Sacrifice.
- 5 In thy Surety thou art free,
His dear hands were pierced for thee;
With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One.
- 6 Oh! the heights, the depths of grace,
Shining with meridian blaze;
Here the sacred records show,
Sinners black, but comely too.
- 7 Saints dejected, cease to mourn;
Faith shall soon to vision turn;
Ye the kingdom shall obtain,
And with Christ exalted reign!

John Kent, 1803.

TRUE VINE.

185 John xv. 1. "*I am the true Vine.*"

Tune 63. KENT. Or 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine,
Around Thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

- 2 Quickened by Thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from Thy sap derive,
My vigour from Thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without Thee;
My strength is wholly Thine;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf when parched with heat
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant which Thy right hand hath set
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment watered by Thy care,
And fenced with power Divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of Thine!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771.

THE WAY.

186 John xiv. 6. "*I am the Way.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way that holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
Wayfaring men, to Caanan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.
- 4 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 5 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the Way!"



See Hymn 808. Also 294, 522, 638, 760, 840.

6 Lo! glad I come: and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am.
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

7 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"
John Cennick, 1743. (a.)

THE WAY.

187 John xiv. 6. "*I am the Way.*"

Tune 49. ST. JAMES. C.M.

1 THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
Sound wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow!
Bishop George W. Doane, 1856.

ABOVE EVERY NAME.

188 Phil. ii. 9. "*A Name which is above every name.*"

Tune 273. BEVAN. 6666, 88.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But oh what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh
The Covenant-Angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Part ii.

5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side:
Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice:
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause:
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.



See Hymn 431. Also 26, 77, 78, 294, 354, 359, 409, 565, 575, 767, 793, 1003, 1009.

Part iii.

- 9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows His ear,
And lays His thunder by;
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn His heart. His love away.
- 10 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.
- 11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

(3.) THE DIVINE LOVE OF CHRIST.

189 Tit. iii. 4. "*The kindness and love of God our Saviour.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 76. D.

- 1 LOVE caused Thine incarnation,
Love brought Thee from on high;
Thy thirst for our salvation—
This made Thee come to die;
Oh! love beyond all measure!
Wherewith Thou didst embrace
The victims of the pressure
Of sin and its disgrace.
- 2 Not sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw that sovereign favour
To sinners in despair;
Uncalled, Thou camest with gladness
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653;

J. C. Jacobi (tr.), 1772.

190 Eph. v. 2. "*Christ also hath loved us.*"

Tune 64. DIMON. Or 52. ST. ANN'S. C.M.

- 1 O BLESSED Saviour! is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Fain would we give our hearts, our minds,
Our lives, our all, to Thee.
- 2 We love Thee for the glorious work
That in Thyself we see,
We love Thee for the shameful cross
Endured so patiently.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain—
What love with Thine can vie?
- 4 Thou in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrows round.
- 5 Thou wouldst like sinful man be made
In everything but sin,
That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike have been;—



See Hymn 550. Also 312, 952.

- 6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every heavenly grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold Thy face!
Joseph Stennett, 1697.

- 191 1 Pet. i. 8. "*Whom having not seen,
ye love.*"

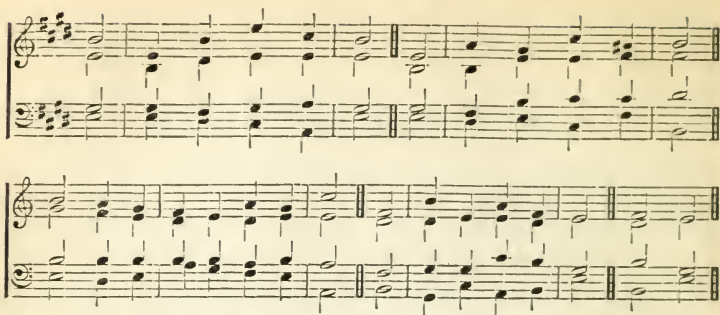
Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favour,
All other names above:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King!
- 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King!
- 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine;
The glory that excelletth,
O Son of God, is Thine:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King!
- 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.

- 192 Ps. ciii. 20. "*Bless the Lord, ye
His angels that excel in strength.*"

Tune 107. Moscow. 664, 6664.

- 1 PRAISE God, ye seraphs bright,—
Praise Him, ye sons of light,
Jesus adore!
What earthly choirs can swell,
What mortal tongue can tell
Thy love, Immanuel,
God evermore?
- 2 Yet must *we* lisp Thy praise,
Though not in human lays,
Jesus Most High!
Didst Thou not leave Thy throne.
And to this world come down,
To bear our curse alone.—
To bleed and die!
- 3 Come, saints, in God rejoice,
Lift up a mighty voice,
Sing to the Lamb!
For us His blood was shed,—
For us He left the dead,
His foes discomfited!
Praise the I AM!
- 4 Now at the Father's hand,—
While countless angels stand
Waiting His word,
Christ sits in majesty!
In Him humanity
Is one with Deity,—
Praise ye the Lord!
- 5 Soon shall we see His face,
Wearing no mournful trace,—
Oh, what a sight!
Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Come, waiting child, away,
Lo! now has dawned the day
That knows not night!"
William Pennefather, 1871.



See Hymn 799. Also 139, 358.

193 Matt. xi. 28. "Come unto Me."
Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 70. D.

- 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace ;
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.
- 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William Chatterton Dix, 1867.

(4.) THE INCARNATION.

195 Luke ii. 10. "Good tidings of great joy."

Tune 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 SING, oh sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven ;
Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

194 Isa. lxiii. 7. "The loving-kindnesses of the Lord."

Tune 3. CRASSELLIUS. L.M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, oh ! how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, oh ! how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, oh ! how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, oh ! how good !
- 5 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not !
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies !

Samuel Medley, 1785.

See Hymns 215, 715—722, 930, 935.



See Hymn 872. Also 67, 180.

- 4 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace;
Sing, oh sing, etc.
- 5 Truth and mercy show their face,
And with loving kiss embrace;
Righteousness looks down from heaven,
God is pleased, and man forgiven;
Sing, oh sing, etc.

Part ii.

- 6 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted far above the skies;
He is Son of Man, that we
Sons of God in Him may be;
Sing, oh sing, etc.
- 7 Human flesh is now become
Christ's abode, the Godhead's home;
Royal palace, sacred shrine
For the Majesty Divine;
Sing, oh sing, etc.
- 8 Now we rise, from prison free;
On we march to victory,
Joyful banners are unfurled;
'Tis the birthday of the world;
Sing, oh sing, etc.
- 9 Now behold the rising Sun
Hath His glorious race begun;
Now the Bridegroom from above
Weds the Bride, with heavenly love;
Sing, oh sing, etc.
- 10 Oh renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day;
That we ever one may be
With the Father, and with Thee;
Sing, oh sing, etc.
- 11 Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born;
Glory to the Father give,
Praise the Son in whom we live;
Glory to the Spirit be,
Godhead One, and Persons Three.

Amen.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

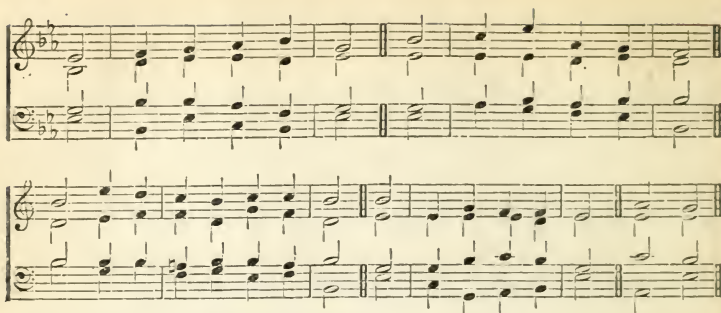
196 Luke ii. 10. "*I bring you good tidings.*"

Tune 238. ZEMARAIM. 1010, 1010, 1010.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings were begun,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost man-
kind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our
loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross!
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again take
place.
- 3 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts
among,
To join, redeemed, a glad, triumphant
throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King!
John Byrom, 1761.
- 197** Luke ii. 11. "*A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*"

Tune 223. PHILEMON. 888, 7.

- 1 **B**RING to Christ your best oblation,
Grateful hearts and adoration,
Join in songs of gratulation,
Christian people, on this day.
- 2 Sin and hell may look astounded,
Death and devil be confounded;
We, in whom grace hath abounded,
Cast all griefs and fears away.
- 3 See the precious Gift God giveth!
His own Son, who ever liveth;
He who in His name believeth
Shall be saved through His grace.



See Hymn 539. Also 497, 562, 643, 869, 912.

- 4 Oh how great was His compassion,
Thus to come in human fashion,
And to visit with salvation
Our poor sin-polluted race!
- 5 Jacob's Star, desired for ages,
Guides from far the Eastern sages;
The old dragon fumes and rages,
When he sees the woman's Seed.
- 6 Long we sat in bitter anguish,
In a dungeon left to languish;
Jesus comes our foe to vanquish,
Bursts our bonds, and we are freed!
- 7 Blessèd hour! when full confession
First we made of our transgression,
And obtained a free remission,
Jesus, through Thy precious blood!
- 8 Smile upon us, heavenly Stranger,
Cradled in a lowly manger,
Bring us from this world of danger,
To Thyself, our Lord and God!

Paul Gerhardt, 1659; R. Massie (tr.), 1864.

198 Luke ii. 14. "On earth peace."
Tune 172. ZARED I. 85, 85, 77 7, 5.

- 1 JESUS, from the skies descending,
Lies a babe on earth!
Seraphs, o'er the manger bending,
Hail the wondrous birth!
Lo! the watchful shepherds hear
Sounds of joy with holy fear;
Haste to gaze; then, far and near,
Spread the tidings forth.
- 2 'Tis to open sweet communion
'Twixt the earth and skies;
'Tis to bind all hearts in union,
God an infant lies!
Gaze upon that placid brow,
And, while ye admiring bow,
Holy love to cherish, vow,
Till all discord dies.
- 3 Oh! let every heart adore Him!
Peace and love o'erflow!
Anger, hatred, sink before Him,
To your depths below!

Be no sound beneath the sky;
Be no glance from mortal eye;
Be no thought, no feeling, nigh,
Brethren should not know!
Thomas Davis, 1846.

199 Luke ii. 14. "Glory to God."
Tune 137. PISGAH.
Or 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

- 1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 4 Mild He lays His glory by;
Born that men no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 5 Come, Desire of Nations, come!
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's promised Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 6 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!"
Charles Wesley, 1739.

200 Isa. ix. 6. "Unto us a Child is born."
Tune 139. LUBECK. Or 145. CHIOS.
77, 77.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born:
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.



See Hymn 372. Also 263, 782, 802, 1008, 1012.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On His vesture and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The Incarnate Deity:
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone!
James Montgomery, 1819.

5 As Jacob's Star behold Him shine,
As Israel's Sceptre all Divine;
"His own received Him not;"
Yet in His temple shall He stand,
A priest with incense in His hand,
To plead for those He bought.

6 Then catch the notes of yonder choir,
While listening seraphim admire;
Let love our hearts inflame;
And since "to us a Child is born,"
We'll sing on this auspicious morn,
That Jesus is His name!

John Kent, 1841.

201 Luke ii. 14. "Glory to God in the highest."

Tune 213. KEDRON.

Or 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. 886. D.

HOW sweet the notes of yonder choir,
While Gabriel's words their hearts inspire,

The subject so Divine:
To Zion's daughters now declare,
For you is born the promised heir
Of David's royal line.

'Tis not the noise of war we hear,
Nor garments rolled in blood we fear,
On this auspicious morn;
Judgment and mercy both conspire
With love to set our souls on fire:
"To us a Child is born."

In David's city long foretold,
The Son of David now behold,
Desire of nations He;
The Mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
Whose government shall never cease,
In Bethlehem's Babe we see.

'Tis "God with us, Emmanuel,"
With new-strung harps the tidings swell;
He'll bring His banished home.
The once loved nation's sceptre broke,
Fulfilled the words the prophet spoke,
The gathering Shiloh's come.

202 Luke ii. 15. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

Tune 250. VENITE ADOREMUS. 1210, 1110.

1 O COME, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant;
To Bethlehem haste ye with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger lies the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST THE LORD.

2 Though true God of true God, Light of
Light eternal, [horred;
The womb of a Virgin He hath not ab-
son of the Father, not made but begotten;
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST THE LORD.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels! songs of
loudest triumph,
Through heaven's wide courts be your
praises poured;
Now to our God be glory in the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST THE LORD.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee, born for our
salvation,
O Jesu! for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father, late in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST THE LORD!

*Adeste Fideles, 15th Century;
W. Mercer (tr.).*



See Hymn 676. Also 103.

203 Luke ii. 13. "A multitude of the heavenly host."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. Or 192. HAVILAH.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
James Montgomery, 1819.

204 Luke i. 72. "To perform the mercy promised."

Tune 35. CHESALON. Or 43. BRISTOL. C.M.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

205 Luke ii. 9-11. "The glory of the Lord."

Tune 180. SIRION. 87, 87.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding in the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Loudest Hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high.
Hallelujah!"
- 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah!"
- 4 "Christ is born: the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah!"
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"
Hallelujah!
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah!
John Cawood, 1816.

See Hymns, 132, 135, 943-948.



See Hymn 503. Also 456, 501, 512, 983, 999, 1000.

(5.) THE EPIPHANY.

206 Luke i. 73. "*The Day-spring
from on high.*"

Tune 157. RATISBON. Or 158. SIHOR. 77,77,77.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Charles Wesley, 1740.

207 Matt. ii. 2. "*We have seen His
star.*"

Tune 287. DIX. 77,77,77.

1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare:
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King!

William Chatterton Dix, 1861.

208 Rev. xxii. 16. "*I am the bright
and morning Star.*"

Tune 245. STERNBERG. 11 10, 11 10.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning! [aid]
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining, [stall];
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings Divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the
ocean, [mine?]

Myrrh from the forest or gold from the
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour
secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor!

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning! [aid]
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid!

Bishop Heber, 1811.



See Hymn 270.

209 Luke ii. 32. "A Light to lighten the Gentiles."

Tune 119. MORIAH. 6666, 4444.

1 IN doubt and dread dismay,
'Midst superstition's gloom,
The heathen grope their way,
And joyless reach the tomb:
No holy light, No balmy ray
Of gospel day Has blessed their sight.

2 Then, Star of Life, arise!
And on Thy healing wing,
With blood of sacrifice,
Thy great salvation bring:
Let heathen lands Thy brightness see;
O set them free From cruel bands.

3 With searching beams explore
The dark strongholds of sin;
And on the prisoners pour
Transforming light within:
Fright Morning Star! Unveil Thy face,
And shed Thy grace In realms afar.

4 O Jesus, Light of Life!
Arouse the world from sleep;
Send love in place of strife,
And joy to those who weep:
Great King of kings! Thy Spirit give;
Let Gentiles live Beneath Thy wings!

William Henry Havergal, 1837.

210 2 Pet. i. 19. "Until the day dawn, and the Day-Star arise."

Tune 191. ZAAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

1 WIDELY, 'midst the slumbering nations,
Darkness holds his despot sway;
Cruel in his habitations,
Ruthless o'er his prostrate prey.
Star of Bethlehem!
Rise and beam in conquering day!

2 Light of Life, our sole Defender,
Rise, with healing on Thy wing;
Rise, in all Thy soothing splendour;
Rise, and earth with joy shall sing!
Israel's Glory!
Gentiles call Thee "Lord and King."
3 Christians, haste! the morn is breaking;
Darkness wheels his downward flight;
But, your polished armour taking,
Stand! nor quit the waning fight.
Great Redeemer!
Guard us with Thy shield of light.
4 Onward, Christians, onward pressing,
Triumph in the Crucified!
Endless honour, rest, and blessing,
Wait you at His radiant side.
Cease not, cease not,
Till you see Him glorified!
William Henry Havergal, 1828.

211 Mal. iv. 2. "The Sun of Righteousness."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 87.

1 BRIGHTER than meridian splendour,
Beams Messiah's spotless fame;
Him we hail our firm Defender,
Him let every tongue proclaim,
He is precious,
He is gracious,
He for ever is the same.
2 Lord of glory! Source of favour!
Bid Thy heralds take their stand:
Let Thy name's reviving savour
Wake each dark and drowsy land.
Saviour, hear us;
Speak and cheer us,
When we lift the suppliant hand.
3 Thou art all! and all adore Thee,
Where thy hymn one ceaseless song;
Soon shall earth, subdued before Thee,
Peal Thy name her tribes among.
Sons of glory,
Chant the story,
And your deep Amen prolong!
William Henry Havergal, 1830.
See Hymns 167, 307, 877, 878, 883.



(6.) THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

212 Luke ii. 21. "When eight days were accomplished."

Tune 23. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

- 1 O BLESSED day, when first was poured
The blood of our redeeming Lord!
O blessed day, when first began
His sufferings borne for sinful man!
- 2 Scarce entered on this life of woe,
His infant blood begins to flow;
A foretaste of His death He feels,
An earnest of His love reveals.
- 3 The law's great Maker for our aid
Obedient to the law is made;
Henceforth a holier law prevails,
The law of love, which never fails.
- 4 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
And take what is not Thine away;
Write Thine own name within our hearts,
Thy law upon our inmost parts!

Besnault, 1726;

John Chandler (tr.), 1837.

213 Matt. i. 21. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Tune 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

- 1 CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.
- 2 Jesu's only name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 Joyfully for Jesu's name
Bear the cross, endure the shame:
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.
- 4 Jesu, who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy name to-day.
- 5 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel-host!

John Chandler (tr.), 1837. (a.)

(7.) CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

214 Heb. xii. 2. "Looking unto Jesus."

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh! may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

215 Heb. xii. 3. "Consider Him."

Tune 78. OLD NUNC DIMITTIS.
Or 77. EVAN IL. C.M.D.

- 1 HE came, whose embassy was peace,
He left His throne above,
To prove, if enmity would cease
Beneath the power of love.
- He came, whose errand was to give,
His hand was opened wide,
Yea, at our need, that we might live,
He gave Himself—and died.



See Hymn 306.

- 2 What had the world for Him? 'twas meet
To answer love with love,
With signs of thankful joy to greet
The Stranger from above.
For Him! with all its proud array,
Of kingdom, palace, tower?
He was a wanderer each day,
A mourner every hour.
- 3 For Him! with all its glory spread
Before its Maker's sight;
He had not where to lay His head—
That wearied head, by night.
For Him! His days were almost past,
His sorrows well nigh o'er?
But lo, the world will give at last
From its abundant store!
- 4 The shameful cross, the piercing thorn,
The vinegar and gall!
The world gives these with cruel scorn,
And He endures them all.
O world! that cross doth still proclaim,
On earth—in heaven above,
The story of thy guilt and shame,
The wonders of His love!
- Mary Jane Walker, 1855.*

216 John xiii. 15. "I have given you
an example."

Tune 27. HERMON. Or 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb!
- Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.*

217 Matt. ix. 9. "Follow Me."
Tune 149. VIENNA. 77. 77.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
May we all resemble Thee;
Meekly beaming in our face,
May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix our thoughts on things above,
Stay our hearts on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will—Thy will be done!
Give us, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May we tread the path He trod;
Bear with Him on earth our cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, our God!
- James Montgomery, 1819.*

See Hymns, 555, 933.

(8.) THE COMPASSION AND SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

218 Tit. iii. 4. "The kindness and love
of God our Saviour."

Tune 73. ST. MARY, v. 1—4. And 35.
CHESALON, v. 5, 6. C.M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.



4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

219 Matt. viii. 17. "*Himself took our infirmities.*"

Tune 68. DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

1 **H**OW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

220 Isa. liii. 4. "*He hath borne our griefs.*"

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

1 **A** PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for us,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

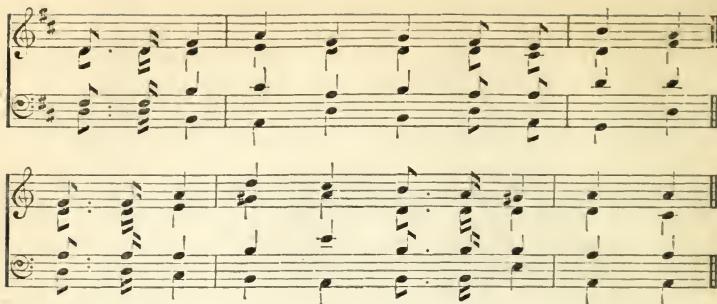
4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or
calm,
To yon celestial hill.

5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

6 Dead to the world, with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

7 By faith His boundless glory there
Our wondering eyes behold,
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold!

Sir Edward Denny, 1837.



See Hymn 644.

221 Heb. iv. 15. "*Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*"
Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. Or 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 **WHERE** high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan;
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows hath a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To keep us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1770. (a.)

222 Heb. iv. 16. "*Grace to help in time of need.*"
Tune 63. KENT. Or 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 **WITH** joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is filled with tenderness,
His very name is love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
Our great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pours out His cries and tears,
And though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then boldly let our faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour!

See Hymn 280. Isaac Watts, D.D., 1700.

(9.) JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS.

223 1 Tim. iii. 16. "*Seen of angels.*"
Tune 65. FRENCH. C.M.

- 1 **BEYOND** the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine!
At His right hand, with golden harps
They offer songs Divine.
- 3 In all His toils and dangerous paths
They did His steps attend,
 Oft paused, and wondered how at last
This scene of love would end.



* For verse 3 begin with 2nd note.

4 And when the powers of hell combined
To fill His cup of woe,
Their pitying eyes beheld His tears
In bloody anguish flow.

5 As on the accursed tree He hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
They saw, aghast, that awful sight,—
The Lord of glory die!

6 Anon He bursts the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power;
They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
And hailed the blessed hour.

7 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Waved their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done."

8 My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the moments long
Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
And joins the rapturous song!

James Fanch, 1776;

Daniel Turner, 1791. (a.)

224 Ps. xci. 11. "*He shall give His
angels charge over thee.*"

Tune 120. MIZPEH. 6666, 4444.

1 YE bright, immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid:

And praise to God, And peace on earth,
For such a birth, Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled:
And joyed to crown The Victor's head
When Satan fled Before His frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire:
And, could your eyes Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there In sad surprise.

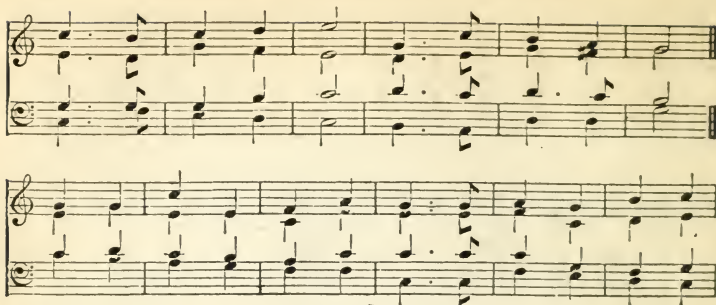
5 Around His sacred tomb
A willing watch ye kept;
Till the blest moment came
To waken Him that slept:
Then rolled the stone, And all adored
Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around Your golden wings,
And struck your strings Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart, With equal flame,
And joy the same, Perform thy part!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

Hymns 753—755.



See Hymn 755.

(10.) THE SUFFERINGS AND SIN-ATONING DEATH OF CHRIST.

PASSION WEEK.

225 Zech. ix. 9. "Behold, thy King cometh."

Tune 3. CRASSELIOUS. L.M.

- 1 **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin!
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice!
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
'The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son!
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!
Dean Henry Hart Milman, D.D., 1827.

226 Matt. xxi. 15. "Children...saying,
Hosanna to the Son of David."

Tune 2. EUPHRATES. L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!
- 2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesu's name.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us—He bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

- 5 Proclaim Hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to Him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!
James Montgomery, 1829

227 John xii. 3. "Mary.....anointed
the feet of Jesus."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

- 1 **O**NCE did the ointment's rich perfume
Anoint the blessed Saviour's feet:
Lord, let our trembling hearts presume
To bring a sacrifice as sweet.
- 2 We would with humble joy adore,
And prostrate at Thy footstool bend;
Nor costly ointments need we pour
In honour to the Sinners' Friend.
- 3 He asks the offering of the heart;
He deigns to accept the contrite tear;
Oh may we bear a humble part,
And bring our best affections here!
- 4 How blest was Martha's dear abode,
With Jesus for her constant Guest;
We, too, may entertain our God,
And banquet at His gospel-feast.
- 5 Like Lazarus, at the table meet,
Where faith presents her dying Lord;
Like Mary, sit at Jesu's feet,
To learn instruction from His word.



6 Blessed Redeemer! Glorious King!
Nourish our souls with grace Divine!
Receive the sacrifice we bring,
And make our hearts supremely Thine!
Prof. Scholefeld's "Passion Week," 1836.

228 Luke ix. 51. "*He stedfastly set
His face to go to Jerusalem.*"

Tune 78. OLD NUNC DIMITTIS. C.M.D.

1 SEE what unbounded zeal and love
Inflamed the Saviour's breast,
When stedfast towards Jerusalem
His urgent way He pressed.
Good will to man and zeal for God
His every thought engross:
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He thirsts to reach the cross.

2 With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work His spirit flew,
'Twas love that urged Him on:
By His obedience unto death
See paradise restored,
And fallen man brought face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

3 Prepare us, Lord, to view Thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on Thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on Thee, and mourn:
While thus we mourn, may we rejoice;
And as Thy cross we see,
May each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

*William Cowper, 1779, and
Thomas Cotterill, 1819.*

GETHSEMANE.

229 Phil. iii. 10. "*The fellowship of
His sufferings.*"

Tune 157. RATISBON. Or 158. SIHOR. 77, 77, 77

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;

Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh! the wormwood and the gall;
Oh! the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

James Montgomery, 1825.

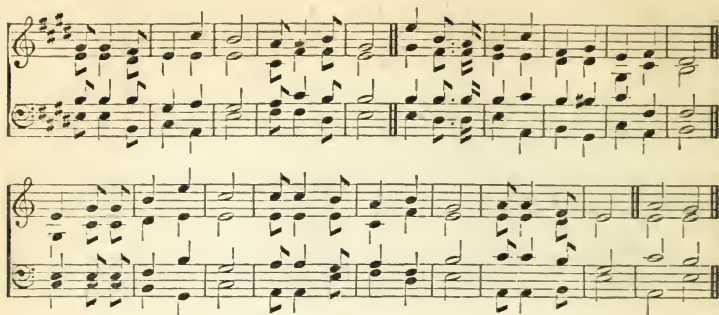
230 John xviii. 2. "*Jesus oftentimes
resorted thither.*"

Tune 158. SIHOR. 77, 77, 77.

1 JESUS, while He dwelt below,
As Divine historians say,
To a place would often go;
Near to Kedron's brook it lay:
In this place He loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

2 'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet;
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat;
When from noise He would be free,
Then He sought Gethsemane.

3 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths He taught
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.



See Hymn 706.

4 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer:
Oh what blest devotion that,
When the Lord Himself is there!
All things to them seemed to agree
To endear Gethsemane.

5 Here no strangers durst intrude;
But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Cheered with sacred solitude,
Wrapped in contemplation sweet;
Yet how little could they see
Why He chose Gethsemane!

Part ii.

6 Full of love to man's lost race,
On His conflict much He thought;
This He knew the destined place,
And He loved the sacred spot;
Therefore 'twas He liked to be
Often in Gethsemane.

7 They, His followers, with the rest,
Had incurred the wrath Divine;
And their Lord, with pity pressed,
Longed to bear their load—and mine;
Love to them, and love to me,
Made Him love Gethsemane.

8 Many woes had He endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured:
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

9 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God!
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Groaning in Gethsemane!

10 View Him in that olive-press,
Pouring forth His sacred blood!
View thy Maker's deep distress!
Hear the sighs and groans of God!
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane!

11 Oh! what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood!
Who can thy deep wonders see?
Wonderful Gethsemane!

Part iii.

12 There my God bore all my guilt:
This through grace can be believed:
But the horrors which He felt
Are too vast to be conceived;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

13 Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds:
Think on these, my sinful soul!
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee?
Call to mind Gethsemane!

14 Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought
death:
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

15 Sins against a holy God;
Sins against His righteous laws;
Sins against His love, His blood;
Sins against His name and cause:
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

16 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with the blood-dipped dart,
Wound the heart that wounded Thee;
Melt it in Gethsemane!

Joseph Hart, 1759.



See Hymn 706.

231 Matt. xxvii. 54. "*Truly this was the Son of God.*"

Tune 164. CALVARY. 77, 77, 77, 77, 77.

- 1 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- Dean Milman, D.D., 1827.

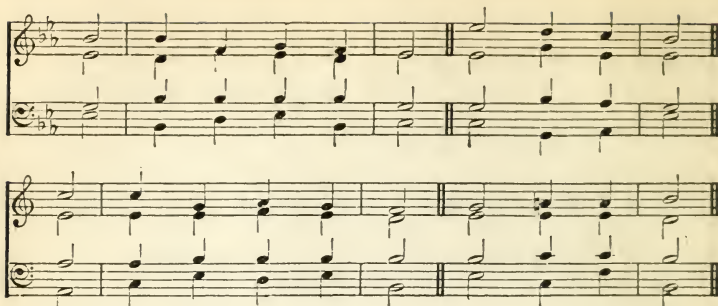
232 Isa. liii. 4. "*Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.*"

Tune 206. AUGSBURG. 87, 87. D.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected!
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
'Tis the long-expected Prophet,
David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis a true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning,
Foes insulting His distress.
Many hands were roused to wound Him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful stroke that found Him
Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed.
Son of Man, and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost:
Christ's the rock of our salvation;
His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded,
Who on Him their hope have built!
- Thomas Kelly, 1804.
- 233** John xix. 30. "*It is finished.*"

Tune 199. LUSATIA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!



See Hymn 504. Also 710.

- 2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished! all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished! all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans, 1731.

234 1 Cor. xv. 3. "Christ died for our sins."

Tune 17. GENNESARET. L.M.

- 1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and trace in sad review
His grief who groaned beneath your load:
He gave His precious life for you,
The ransom of your soul, to God.
- 3 But lo! the Lord forsakes the tomb;
In vain His foes forbid His rise;
Angelic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led His captive, Death, in chains.
- 5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask of Death, "O! where's thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"
- V. 1, John Wesley; Isaac Watts, 1706.*

235 Gal. vi. 14. "Glory... in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

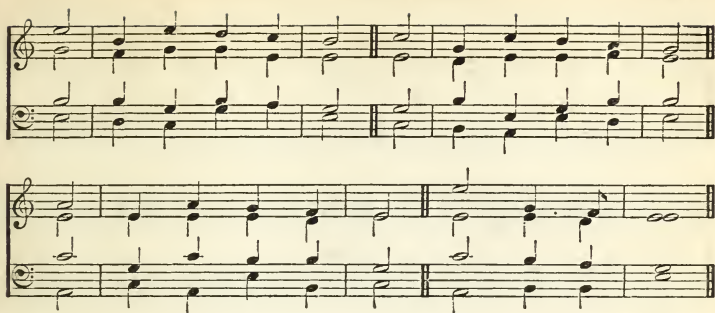
Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. Or 27. HERMON. L.M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!
- Isaac Watts, D.D., 1700.*

236 Heb. iv. 14. "We have a great High Priest."

Tune 206. AUGSBURG. Or 205. HAMBURG.
87, 87. D.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we view Thee
stooping,
With our names upon Thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors pressed.
Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 2 On the cross Thy body broken
Cancels every penal tie;
Tempted souls, produce this token,
All demands to satisfy.
All is finished; do not doubt it;
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it;
Only take Him at His word.



- 3 Lord! we fain would trust Thee solely;
 'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt,
 Bruisèd Bridegroom, take us wholly;
 Take and make us what Thou wilt.
 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
 Passed on man's devoted race;
 True belief and true repentance
 Are Thy gifts, Thou God of Grace!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

237 Isa. xlv. 22. "Look unto Me, and
 be ye saved."

Tune 206. AUGSBURG. Or 203. SALZBURG.
 87, 87. D.

- 1 SEE the blessed Saviour dying
 On the cross for ruined man;
 There the willing spotless Victim,
 Working out redemption's plan;
 Listen to His loving accents,
 "Father, oh forgive!" He cries:
 Hark, again He speaks, "'Tis finished!"
 Ere He bows His head and dies.
- 2 With this cruel death before Him,
 Every insult, pang, foreseen,
 Nought could move Him from His purpose,
 No dismay could intervene;
 Yea, and through the contradiction
 Nothing could His calmness move;
 Oh! the wondrous depths eternal
 Of His own almighty love.
- 3 Love which made Him, "Prince of
 Glory,"
 Come to die, the "Sinner's Friend,"
 Love beyond the reach of mortals'
 Deepest thoughts to comprehend.
 Sinner, make this love thy portion,
 Slight not love so vast and free;
 Still unblest, if unforgiven,
 Come, the Saviour calleth thee!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

238 John xix. 16. "They took Jesus,
 and led Him away."

Tune 73. ST. MARY. C.M.

- 1 FROM Salem's gate advancing slow,
 A stricken One behold!
 What means this majesty of woe,
 Mysterious, manifold?
- 2 Despised, rejected, wounded now,
 Bowed 'neath a cross of shame,
 With visage marred, with bleeding brow—
 Know ye the Sufferer's name?
- 3 O Man of Sorrows!—Is this He
 Who human form should wear,
 And with transgressors numbered be,
 Our mighty sins to bear?
- 4 Yes, now I know 'tis He! 'tis He!
 Chrst Jesus, God's dear Son;
 Wrapt in mortality to die
 For crimes that I have done.
- 5 O Son of God, who unto death
 Hast loved, so loved me,
 Henceforth be all my life and breath
 Devoted unto Thee.

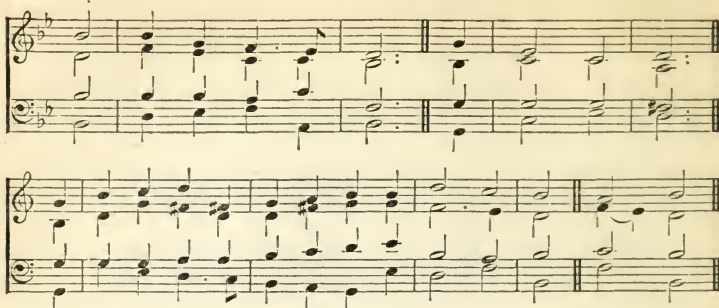
William Batty, 1757.

Verses 2, 3, 5, F. R. H.

239 1 Thess. iv. 14. "We believe that
 Jesus died."

Tune 163. STEPHANAS. 83, 83, 888, 33.

- 1 THERE is a word I fain would speak;
 Jesus died.
 Oeyes that weep, and hearts that break:
 Jesus died.
 No music from the quivering string
 Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring.
 Oh! may I always love to sing,
 Jesus died, Jesus died.



See Hymn 898.

- 2 Though Satan seeks my soul to have:
Jesus died.
Yes, Jesus died my soul to save,
Jesus died.
The holy Lord, the bleeding Lamb,
The Crucified, the Great I Am:
There's life in every lovely name.
Jesus died, Jesus died.
- 3 And now I need not fear to pray:
Jesus died.
He washes all my sins away:
Jesus died.
He washes all my sins away,
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way;
And now to all men I can say,
Jesus died, Jesus died.
- 4 'Twill soothe my heart with death in view—
Jesus died.
And bear me that cold river through:
Jesus died.
That word will heaven's bright gate un-
close,
Release me from my mortal woes,
And bear me where Thy glory glows:
Jesus died, Jesus died.

Paxton Hood, 1862.

240 Rom. vi. 8. "If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him."

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight:
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

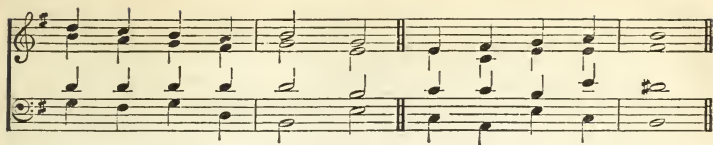
Thomas Kelly, 1815.

241 Zech xiii. 1. "A Fountain opened for sin."

Tune 65. FRENCH. Or 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave!
- 6 Lord, I believe Thon hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine!

William Cowper, 1772.



See Hymn 547. Also 569, 934.

242 1 John i. 7. "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"

Tune 79. AVEY. S.M.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

243 Heb. ix. 22. "*Without shedding of blood is no remission.*"

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

See Hymn 965.

(11.) THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

EASTER EVE.

244 John xix. 42. "*There laid they Jesus.*"

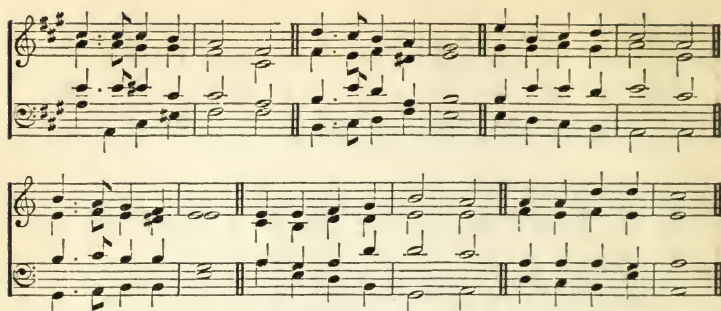
Tune 288. REDHEAD. Or 157. RATISBON.
77, 77, 77.

- 1 **R**ESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.
- 2 Late at even there was seen,
Watching long, the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful, she took her way

To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where, in pure embalmed cell,
None but Thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering:
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again!

Thomas Whytehead, 1842.



See Hymn 956. Also 163, 253, 265, 569, 851, 911, 932, 934, 947, 955, 969.

245 Matt. xxviii. 6. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lies:
The last sad rite is done;
With aching hearts, and weeping eyes,
The faithful few are gone.
- 2 They washed with tears each bloody trace
On those dear limbs that lay:
Then spread the napkin o'er His face,
And turned and went away.
- 3 By the sealed stone with grounded spears,
The guards their vigil keep:
They wist not other eyes than theirs
Watch o'er the Saviour's sleep.
- 4 All heaven above, all hell beneath—
Bright hope, and blank dismay—
Look on, to see if grisly death
Can hold his mighty prey.
- 5 Now, grisly death, thy powers combine!
Now gird thee to the strife!
Yet needs there stronger arm than thine
To keep the Lord of life.

- 6 'Tis done! O death, thy Victor-guest
Hath smoothed thy visage grim!
O grave! thou place of blessed rest
To all who sleep in Him!
- Thomas Edwards Hankinson, 1843.

246 1 Cor. xv. 4. "He was buried." Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA. 447, 76.

- 1 SO rest—my Rest!
Thou ever blest.
Thy grave with sinners making:
By Thy precious death, from sin
My dead soul awaking!
- 2 Here hast Thou lain,
After much pain,
Life of my life reposing!
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

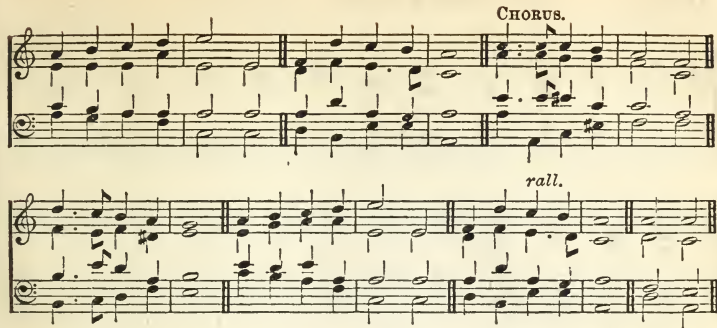
- 3 Breath of all breath!
I know from death
Thou wilt my soul awaken!
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?
- 4 To me the tomb
Is but a room,
Where I lie down in Jesus!
Who by death hath conquered death,
Safely there receives us!
- 5 The body dies,
(Nought else) and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave, it shall arise,
Beautiful and glorious!
- 6 Meantime I will,
My Jesus, still
Deep in my bosom lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death; in death
Be with me, I pray Thee.

S. Frank, 1710. Richard Massie (tr.), 1856.

247 Matt. xiii. 35. "I will open 34 mouth in parables."

Tune 63. KENT. C.M.

- 1 UPON the sixth day of the week
The first man had his birth,
In God's own image bright and pure
Created from the earth.
- 2 Upon the sixth day of the week
The Second Adam died,
And by the Second Adam's death
Man was revived.
- 3 Upon the seventh day of the week
God from His works did rest,
And on that holy Sabbath day
The works of God were blessed.
- 4 Upon the seventh day of the week
Christ in the grave did rest.
The grave is now a holy place;
A Sabbath for the blest.



- 5 By tasting the forbidden tree
Man fell in Paradise;
Upon the tree Christ tasted death,
And by His death we rise.
- 6 Christ in a garden buried lay,
Which spring flowers did adorn;
And there our Resurrection bloomed
On the bright Easter morn.
- 7 The grave itself a garden is,
Where loveliest flowers abound;
For Christ our amaranthine Life
Sprang from the holy ground.

- 8 He by the Spirit once was born
Pure from the Virgin's womb,
And by the Spirit once again
Born from the virgin tomb.
- 9 Oh give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest with Thee,
A Sabbath, in the grave.
- 10 Oh may we buried be with Thee,
And with Thee, Lord, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

(12.) THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

EASTER.

248 Luke xxiv. 34. "*The Lord is risen indeed.*"

Tune 137. PISGAH. Or 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day—
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!
- 3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured:
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah!
- 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah!

From Latin Hymn of 15th Century.

249 Mark xvi. 6 "*He is risen.*"
Tune 138. ABILENE.
Or 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

- 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your songs and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, reply.
Hallelujah!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Hallelujah!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Hallelujah!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?
Hallelujah!
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hallelujah!



See Hymn 964. Also 980.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee from both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the Resurrection, Thou!
Hallelujah! Amen.
Charles Wesley, 1739.

250 Rev. i. 18. "I am He that liveth."
Tune 167. SALMON. 78, 78.

- 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!
- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!
- 6 Praise the Father: praise the Son,
Who to us new life hath given;
Praise the Spirit, Three in One,
All in earth and all in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

C. F. Gellert, 1757; F. E. Cox (tr.), 1841.

251 Ps. cxviii. 24. "This is the day which
the Lord hath made, we will re-
joice and be glad in it."

Tune 216. CHALDEA. 888.

- 1 O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!
- 2 On Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!
- 3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!
- 4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came the Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!
- 5 When Didymus the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake the word:
Alleluia!
- 6 "My picreëd side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!
- 7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!
- 8 How blest are they who do not see,
And yet whose faith is firm in Thee,
For they shall live eternally.
Alleluia!
- 9 On this most holy day of days,
To Thee our heart and voice we raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!
- 10 Glory to Father, and to Son
Who has for us the victory won,
And Holy Ghost; blest Three in One.
Twelfth Century, Alleluia!
John Mason Neale, D.D. (tr.), 1861.



252 Luke xxiv. 27. "*He expounded in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.*"

Tune 215. MEROM. 887. D.

- 1 **I**N Thy glorious Resurrection,
Lord, we see a world's erection,
Man in Thee is glorified,
Bliss, for which the patriarchs panted,
Joys, by holy psalmists chanted,
Now in Thee are verified!
- 2 Oracles of former ages,
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,
Now lie open to the sight;
Now the types, which glimmered darkling
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday light.
- 3 Isaac from the wood is risen;
Joseph issues from the prison;
See the Paschal Lamb which saves;
Israel through the sea is landed,
Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded,
And o'erwhelmed in the waves.
- 4 See the cloudy pillar leading,
Rock refreshing, manna feeding;
Joshua fights and Moses prays;
See the lifted wave-sheaf, cheering
Pledge of harvest-fruits appearing,
Joyful dawn of happy days.

Part ii.

- 5 Samson see at night uptearing
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing
To the top of Hebron's hill;
Jonah comes from stormy surges,
From his three-days' grave emerges,
Bids beware of coming ill.
- 6 So Thy Resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story;
And it casts a forward ray,
Beacon light of solemn warning,
To the dawn of that great Morning
Ushering in the Judgment day.

- 7 Ever since Thy death and rising
Thou the nations art baptizing
In Thy death's similitude;
Dead to sin, and ever dying,
And our members mortifying,
May we walk with life renewed!

- 8 Forth from Thy first Easter going,
Sundays are for ever flowing
Onward to a boundless sea;
Lord, may they for Thee prepare us,
On a holy river bear us
To a calm eternity!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

253 John xi. 25. "*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **A**LL hail, Thou Resurrection!
All hail, Thou Life and Light!
All hail, Thou Self Perfection,
Sole Source of grace and might!
Thy church, O Christ, now greets Thee,
Uprising from the grave;
And every eye that meets Thee
Beholds Thee strong to save.
- 2 All hail, beloved Jesus!
For Thou, indeed, art He
Whose death from sin can free us,
Whose life brings liberty.
Hence, let our faith embrace Thee
With warmest hand and eye,
And then delight to trace Thee
Ascending up on high.
- 3 O Saviour, come in glory
To raise Thy holy dead,
And end redemption's story,
With crowns upon Thy head.
Then robed in white before Thee,
Without one stain or tear,
Shall all Thy saints adore Thee,
Mildst wonder, love, and fear.

William Henry Havergal, 1837.



See Hymn 877. Also 30, 134, 192, 852, 880, 990.

254 1 Pet. i. 3. "A lively hope by the Resurrection."

Tune 201. SHEN. 15 15, 15 15.

- 1 HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah! Hearts
to heaven and voices raise!
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to
God a hymn of praise!
He who on the cross a Victim for the
world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is
risen from the dead.
- 2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from
death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal, on this
holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by
His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal by His resur-
rection rise.
- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits of the
holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His
second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their
heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from
the furrows of the grave.
- 4 Christ is risen; we are risen! Shed upon
us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from
the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered, and be
ever safe with Thee.
- 5 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God
on high;
Hallelujah! to the Saviour, who has gained
the victory;
Hallelujah to the Spirit, Fount of Love
and Sanctity;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune
Majesty!
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

255 Acts xvii. 3. "Christ must needs have....risen again."

Tune 139. LUBECK. Or 141. REPHAIM.
77, 77.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices ery,
Singing evermore on high— Alleluia!
- 2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy and say Alleluia!
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry.
Alleluia!
- 4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!
- 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!
- 6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed;
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia!
*Michael Weiss, 1531;
C. Winkworth (tr.), 1858.*

256 Mark xvi. 6. "Behold the place where they laid Him."

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.



2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King:
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.
Thomas Kelly, 1809.

257 Eph. iv. 8. "He led captivity captive."

Tune 119. MORIAH. 6666, 88.

1 THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won: !
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead!
Thomas Haweis, LL.D., 1792.

258 Matt. xxviii. 8. "They departed from the sepulchre with great joy."

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D.

1 "WELCOME, happy morning!" Age
to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won
to-day!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him their true Creator all His works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" Age to age
shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won
to-day!

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for
spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning
King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every
bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph
now.

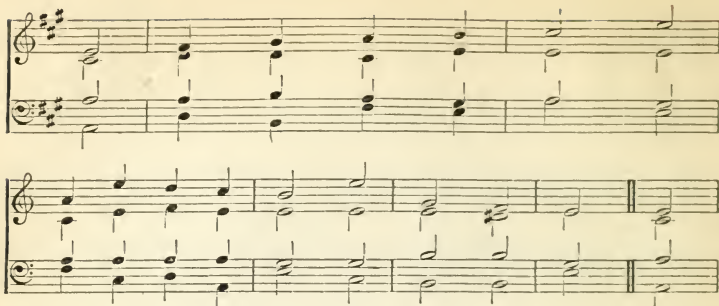
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

3 Months in due succession, days of length-
ening light, [in their flight;
Hours and passing moments praise Thee
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields,
and sea, [to Thee!
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of
all, [nature's fall,
Thou from heaven beholding human
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst
undergo, [to show;
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil
Thy word; [buried Lord!
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, my
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

6 Loose the hearts long prisoned, bound
with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the
nations see; [with Thee.
Bring again our daylight: day returns
Welcome, happy morning! etc.
Venantius Fortunatus, Sixth Century;
John Ellerton (tr.), 1869.



See Hymn 496.

259 John xx. 20. "Then were the disciples glad."

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. 886. D.

- 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives who once was slain;
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."
- 2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When Jesus, by almighty power,
Revived and left the grave.
In all His works behold Him great!
Before, almighty to create!
Almighty now to save!
- 3 "The First Begotten from the dead,"
Behold Him risen, His people's Head!
To make their life secure.
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath.
Like Him, shall burst the bands of death:
Their resurrection sure.
- 4 Why should His people now be sad?
None have such reason to be glad,
As reconciled to God.
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.
- 5 Why should His people fear the grave?
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too.
What though this earthly house shall fail?
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.
- 6 Ye ransomed, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
Steadfast, immovable:
Be sure your labour's not in vain;
Your bodies shall be raised again,
No more corruptible!

Thomas Kelly, 1803. (a.)

260 Luke xxiv. 34. "The Lord is risen indeed."

Tune 79. AVEN. S.M.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is His work performed,
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 6 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
This yields my soul a plea;
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.
- 7 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 8 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

261 Ps. lvii. 8. "Awake up, my glory."

Tune 216. CHALDEA. 888.

- 1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won,
Oh! let the song of praise be sung—
Alleluia!



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst—
Alleluia !

3 On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign ;
Oh ! let us swell the joyful strain—
Alleluia !

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell—
Alleluia !

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia !

Twelfth Century ; (tr.) Francis Pott, 1860.

SUNDAY BEFORE ASCENSION DAY.

262 John xiv. 18. "*I will not leave you comfortless.*"

Tune 220. JEZREEL. 888, 4.

1 THOU bidd'st us "visit in distress
The widow and the fatherless ;"
And wilt Thou leave us comfortless ?
Wilt Thou depart ?

2 Wilt Thou, O Lord, Thy church forsake ?
Must she a widow's garment take ?
Wilt Thou Thy children orphans make ?
O grief of heart !

3 No : Christ will visit in distress
The widow and the fatherless ;
Seeming to leave you comfortless,
He loves you most.

4 For He departs, that He may send
Another Comforter and Friend,
To tarry with you till the end ;
The Holy Ghost.

5 At Thy first birth, Thou, Lord, didst wait,
And forty days from it didst date,
And then Thy Zion's temple gate
Did welcome Thee.

6 Old age with joy saw Thee appear,
And widowhood found comfort there ;
Perhaps the doves, then offered, were
A prophecy.

7 And now the fortieth from Thy birth,
To endless life, from womb of earth,
Will be a day of joy and mirth
In realms above.

8 For though Thy earthly course will end,
To Zion's gates Thou wilt ascend,
To be our great High Priest, and send
The Heavenly Dove.

9 Why then this sorrow and dismay ?
'Tis good that He should go away,
He goes, that He for you may pray,
And never cease ;

10 He goes as man, that you may see
By faith His present Deity ;
That here the Comforter may be,
And give you peace !

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

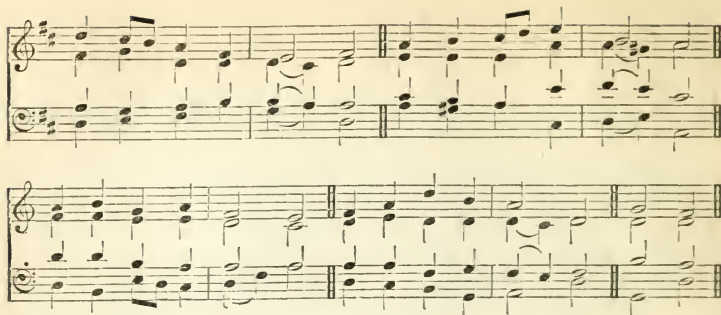
ROGATION DAYS, BEING THE MON-
DAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY
BEFORE ASCENSION DAY.

263 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. "*I exhort, therefore, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

1 FATHER, we humbly pray
To Thee in whom we live ;
Our countless sins, for Jesu's sake,
Forgive, O Lord, forgive !

2 We have unthankful been
For all Thy tender care ;
Thy indignation we deserve ;
But spare, O Father, spare !



See Hymn 396.

- 3 The creatures of Thy hand
Made for Thy glory are;
But we Thy creatures have abused:
Spare us, O Father, spare!
- 4 From plague and pestilence,
From famine, fire, and sword,
From storm and flood, from dearth and
Deliver us, O Lord! [drought,
- 5 From hard and stubborn hearts,
That scorn Thy holy Word,
From discord, strife, and heresy,
Deliver us, O Lord!
- 6 With genial rains and dews
Enrich the circling year,
With golden sunshine and fresh breeze;
Hear us, O Father, hear!
- 7 Sheepfolds and garners fill,
The homestead and the stall;
Orchards and gardens crown with fruits,
Maker and Lord of all!

Part ii.

- 8 Love in our households breathe;
Hearts ready to obey
As in Thy sight, and as to Thee,
Give us, O Lord, we pray.
- 9 Bless, Lord, our gracious Queen,
With Thy best bounties bless;
Grant her a long and glorious reign
In peace and quietness.
- 10 Bless, Lord, Thy holy Church,
With heavenly graces bless,
That it may flourish and abound
In love and godliness.
- 11 Bishops and Clergy bless;
Holy, and grave, and wise,
Faithful and zealous, may they be
In all their ministries.

- 12 Our ancient minsters bless,
Where deep-toned organs peal;
And village churches among trees,
Where humble peasants kneel.
- 13 Our schools of learning bless,
Our Colleges and Halls;
May piety and wisdom dwell
Always within their walls!
- 14 Counsel in Senates give,
Justice and Law maintain;
And in all just and righteous hearts
And loyalty to reign.

Part iii.

- 15 Our Fleets and Armies bless
With courage from on high;
And in all just and righteous wars
Give them the victory.
- 16 The Widow desolate,
The Children fatherless,
All who in grief and sorrow are,
O comfort, Lord, and bless.
- 17 The erring and in sin,
All, Lord, who from Thee stray,
Bring them, O bring them back again,
To Thy most holy way.
- 18 All who to heathen climes
Go forth and preach Thy Word,
And bear glad tidings of good things,
Speed them, and help them, Lord!
- 19 May all who sit in gloom
Thy glorious light behold;
One faith, one Father, and one Lord,
One Shepherd and one fold!
- 20 So may we all with Christ
To highest heaven ascend,
And Hallelujahs sing to Thee
Through ages without end!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1872.



See Hymn 108. Also 386, 691, 787.

(13.) THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

264 Ps. xxiv. 7. "The King of Glory shall come in."

Part ii.

Tune 201. SHEN. OR 307. ST. ASAPH. 1515, 1515.

- 1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot, to His
heavenly palace gate;
Hark, the quires of angel voices joyful
Hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted, to receive
their heavenly King.
- 2 Who is this that comes in glory, with the
trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has
gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer, He who
from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by
death has spoiled His foes.
- 3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him, He
upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His ever-
lasting home.
- 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with His
blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the
kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their
promised resting place;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion
of His grace.
- 5 Thou hast raised our human nature in the
clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places, there with
Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels; man with
God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by
faith behold our own!

- 6 Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams
upon our eyes;
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to
see beyond the skies,
Where the Son of man in glory standing
is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army, succour-
ing His faithful band.
- 7 See Him, who is gone before us, heavenly
mansions to prepare,
See Him, who is ever pleading for us,
with prevailing prayer;
See Him, who with sound of trumpet and
with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on
the clouds will come again!
- 8 Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us
wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to
realms above;
That with hearts and minds uplifted, we
with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory, in His
heavenly citadel.
- 9 So at last, when He appeareth, we from
out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and
may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and
may reign for ever there.
- 10 Glory be to God the Father, glory be to
God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us, who the
heavenly Realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit; to one God in
Persons Three,
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory,
endless glory be.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.



See Hymn 804. Also 827.

265 Eph. iv. 8. "*He ascended up on high.*"

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D.

- 1 **G**OLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

- 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die:
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended, &c.

- 3 Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, &c.
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

266 Ps. xxiv. 8. "*Who is this King of Glory!*"

Tune 37. IONA. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

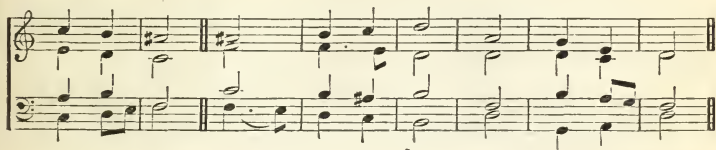
- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory—see, He comes,
With His celestial train!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord for strength renowned—
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned!

- 2 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory—lo! He comes,
With all His ransomed train!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Triumphant over sin and death,
Eternal Victor crowned!
Tate and Brady, 1696.

267 Luke xxiv. 51. "*While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.*"

Tune 137. PISGAH. Or 139. LUTBECK.
77. 77.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
Parted from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven:
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below!
- 5 Still for us He intercedes;
Still His death prevailing pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 6 What, though parted from our sight,
Far beyond yon azure height!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.
- 7 Ever upward let us move,
On the wings of faith and love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our heavenly home.



8 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee!
Charles Wesley, 1739. (a.)

268 Heb. ii. 9. "*Crowned with glory and honour.*"

Tune 155. NASSAU. Or 156. PHARPAR.
77, 77, 77.

1 **G**LORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath His head;
Jesus is the name we sing;
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high;
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold Him high enthroned!
Glory beaming from His face;
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
Oh! for hearts and tongues to sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

4 Jesus, on Thy people shine!
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues!
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore!
Thomas Kelly, 1804.

269 Eph. iv. 8. "*He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.*"

Tune 141. REPHAIM. 77, 77.

1 **S**ING, O heavens! O earth, rejoice!
Angel harp and human voice,
Round Him, as He rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise.

Alleluia!

2 Bruised is the serpent's head,
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity. Alleluia!

3 All His work and warfare done,
He into His heaven is gone,
And beside His Father's throne
Now is pleading for His own: Alleluia!

4 Asking gifts for sinful men,
That He may come down again,
And, the fallen to restore,
In them dwell for evermore. Alleluia!

5 Sing, O heavens! O earth, rejoice!
Angel harp and human voice,
Round Him, in His glory, raise
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

Alleluia!

John S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1863.

270 Ps. lxxviii. 18. "*Thou hast ascended on high.*"

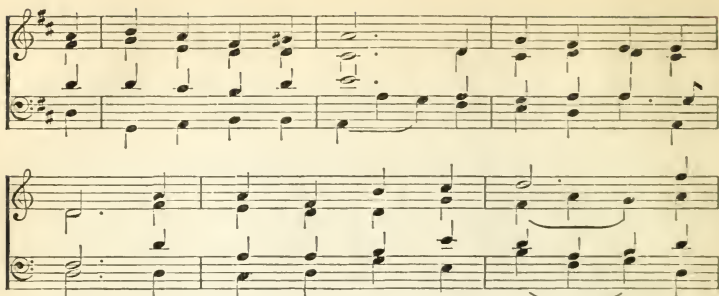
Tune 96. MASSAH. S.M.D.

1 **T**HOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

3 Thou art gone up on high!
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!

Emma Toke, 1851.



See Hymn 918. Also 115.

271 Job xix. 25. "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

Tune 4. WALDECK. Or 12. HEBRON. L.M.

1 **I KNOW** that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!

He lives! He lives! who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head!

2 He lives—triumphant from the grave,
He lives—eternally to save,
He lives—all glorious in the sky,
He lives—exalted there on high.

3 He lives—to bless me with His love,
He lives—to plead for me above,
He lives—my hungry soul to feed,
He lives—to help in time of need.

4 He lives—to grant me rich supply,
He lives—to guide me with His eye,
He lives—to comfort me, when faint,
He lives—to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives—to crush the power of hell,
He lives—that He may in me dwell,
He lives—to heal, and make me whole,
He lives—to guard my feeble soul.

Part ii.

6 He lives—to silence all my fears,
He lives—to stay and wipe my tears,
He lives—to soothe my troubled heart,
He lives—all blessings to impart.

7 He lives—my kind, my faithful Friend,
He lives—and loves me to the end,
He lives—and while He lives, I'll sing,
He lives—my Prophet, Priest, and King.

8 He lives—and grants me daily breath,
He lives—and I shall conquer death,
He lives—my mansion to prepare,
He lives—to bring me safely there.

9 He lives—all glory to His name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same!
Oh! the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"
Samuel Medley, 1800.

272 Rom. viii. 33. "*Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?*"

Tune 12. HEBRON. Or 1. OLD HUNDRETH. L.M.

1 **WHO** shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from His love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress?
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He, that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wear our hearts from Christ, our love!
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

273 John xiv. 2. "*I go to prepare a place for you.*"

Tune 220. MAON. S.S. S.S. S.S.

1 **AND** art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold Thee on Thy throne,
And there for ever sit with Thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in Thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its angry frown,
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,
And make Thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day
When Thou Thy glory wilt display!



3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not.
Through fear of such a one shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny?

4 No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if it will,
If to confess my Lord be shame,
Oh, then would I be viler still!
For Thee, my God, I all resign,
Content that I can call Thee mine.

5 What transport then will fill my heart,
When Thou my worthless name wilt own,
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as I myself am known;
When I, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall have eternal rest with Thee!

Thomas Kelly, 1840.

274 Rev. i. 5, 6. "*Unto Him that loved us be glory and dominion for ever.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

1 O LORD, who now art seated
Above the heavens on high
(The gracious work completed
For which Thou cam'st to die),

To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wandering here,
For Thou art truly gifted
Our every grief to share.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has bought us
As "kings and priests to God:"
We know that soon the morning,
Long looked for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!
So full, so sweet, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

4 Oh, let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee.
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame—
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

James George Deck, 1837.

(14.) THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

275 Heb. iv. 14. "*A great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.*"

Tune 120. MIZPEH. Or 121. NEBO.
66, 66, 88.

1 THE atoning work is done;
The Victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead;
He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,—
A heavenly Priesthood His!
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.



See Hymn 63^d.

- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,—
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home !
Thomas Kelley, 1806.

276 1 John ii. 1. "We have an Advocate with the Father."

Tune 119. MORIAH. 6666, 88.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears :
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands :
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His dear redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead :
That blood hath saved a guilty race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,—
His dear Anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.
Charles Wesley, 1742.

277 Heb. ix. 24. "In the presence of God for us."

Tune 12. HEBRON. L.M.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's beaming face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,—
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail !
Anne Steele, 1760.

278 Rom. viii. 34. "Christ....also maketh intercession for us."

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 **P**RAYING soul, dismiss thy fear :
Joy and peace will soon appear :
To the throne of grace draw nigh ;
Jesus intercedes on high.
- 2 Come before thy Father's throne,
Make thy wants and sorrows known ;
Never, never doubt His love ;
Jesus intercedes above.
- 3 Let the world and Satan frown :
This should never cast thee down :
All is working for thy good ;
Jesus intercedes with blood.
- 4 Do corruptions rise and rage ?
Learn from God's inspired page,
Reigning grace shall sin subdue ;
Jesus intercedes for you.
- 5 He has made thy cause His own ;
He is Priest upon His throne :
Thou shalt gain eternal bliss ;
Jesus intercedes for this.
Joseph Irons, 1825.

279 John xvii. 9. "I pray for them." Tune 221. ESHCOL. 888, 6.

- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st him to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,—
That Thou wilt plead for me !



See Hymn 166. Also 70.

N.B. Tunes 117 and 118 are reversed in order to avoid turning over leaf in the middle of a tune.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me!

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
Oh say Thou plead'st for me!
Charlotte Elliott, 1845.

280 John xiv. 1. "*Let not your heart be troubled.*"

Tune 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

1 **WHEN** gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do:
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

Sir Robert Grant, 1806.

281 Heb. vii. 25. "*He ever liveth to make intercession.*"

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. Or 182. STUTTGARD.
87, 87.

1 **NOW** I know the great Redeemer,
Know He lives, and spreads His fame;
Lives—and all the heavens adore Him;
Lives—and earth resounds His name.

2 Yes, I know Messiah liveth,—
Lives, and prays, and pleads for me;
Lives, and loves, and smiles, and blesses;
Lives—and sets my spirit free.

3 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;
Lives—and I His name shall praise.

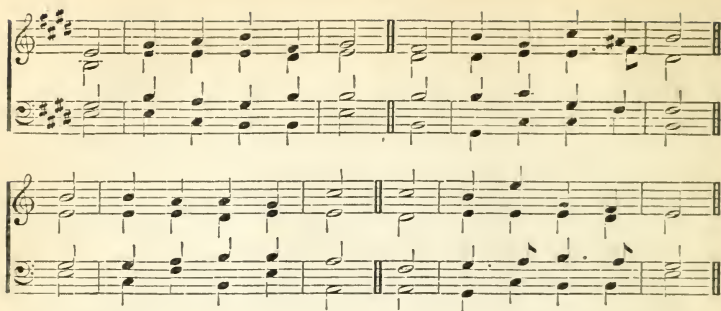
4 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and life, and consolation,
All the good I e'er can know.

5 Ah, how kind is my Redeemer;
He's my ever-living Friend;
He will never, never leave me;
But will love me to the end.

6 Soon shall I behold my Saviour:
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love!

Richard Burnham, 1794.

See Hymns 138—140.



See Hymn 1018.

(15.) THE MEDIATORIAL GLORY OF CHRIST.

282 1 Pet. iii. 22. "*Angels, and authorities, and powers, being made subject unto Him.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON.

1 LAMB of God! Thou now art seated
High upon Thy Father's throne;
All Thy gracious work completed,
All Thy mighty victory won:
Every knee in heaven is bending
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Every voice and harp is swelling,
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

2 Lord, in all Thy power and glory,
Still Thy thoughts and eyes are here;
Watching o'er Thy ransomed people,
To Thy gracious heart so dear:
Thou for us art interceding;
Everlasting is Thy love!
And a blessed rest preparing
In our Father's house above.

3 Lamb of God! Thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,
All that now despise Thee, mourn:
Then Thy saints shall rise to meet Thee,—
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God for sinners slain!

James George Deck, 1838.

283 Heb. ii. 9. "*Crowned with glory and honour.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW.
Or 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

1 THE Head that once was crowned with
thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them, the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme!

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

284 Col. ii. 10. "*The Head of all principality and power.*"

Tune 309. DEERHURST. Or 203. SALZBURG.
87, 87. D.

1 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail! Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail! Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid,
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'tween man and God.



- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There, for sinners Thou art pleading,
There, Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive!
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!
*John Bakewell, 1757;
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.*

285 Rev. xix. 1. "*I heard a great voice of much people in heaven.*"
Tune 180. SION. 87, 87.

- 1 **H**ARK! the notes of angels singing—
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom His life is given,
Sacred themes to you belong,
Come, assist the choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Saints and angels, thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See, the angelic hosts have crowned Him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads, hovering round Him,
With His praises rend the sky.
- 5 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His glorious name,
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb!

Thomas Kelly, 1803.

286 Rev. v. 9. "*Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.*"
Tune 209. TRYPHOSA. 886.

- 1 **T**O Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 2 To Him, the Lamb, our Sacrifice,
Who gave His life our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Him who died, that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Him who rose, that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 6 To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 7 To Him be glory evermore!
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!
Sing we Alleluia!
- 8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen!
Arthur T. Russell, 1851.

287 Rev. xix. 1. "*Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.*"

Tune 119. MORIAH. 6666, 88.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.



See Hymn 287. Also 299, 276, 645, 827.

- 5 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are unto Jesus given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice, in glorious hope,
Jesus our Lord shall come,
And take His brethren up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
How then shall all His saints rejoice!

Charles Wesley, 1745.

288 Rev. xiv. 2. "I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

Tune 298. ALL SAINTS. Or 191. ZAA NAIM.
87, 87, 77.

- 1 **H**ARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
Lo! He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Well may angels bright and glorious
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth, He prayed victorious—
Now, He bears a matchless name:
Well may angels sing of Him,
Heaven supplies no richer theme.

- 3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round His throne;
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where He is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing
Glory, glory to our King.
- 4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How He bore the cross below;
How all power to Him is given;
How He reigns in glory now:
'Tis a great and endless theme:
O 'tis sweet to sing of Him!

Part ii.

- 5 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth.
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine!
- 6 King of glory, live for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thion hast made Thine own!
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
- 7 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing!
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—
Glory, glory to our King!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

289 Rev. v. 12. "Worthy is the Lamb."

Tune 213. KEDRON. Or 210. MAGDALENE
COLLEGE. 886. D.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Jesus! Lamb of God!
Who hast redeemed us with Thy blood
From sin, and death, and shame—
With joy and praise, Thy people see
The crown of glory won by Thee,
And worthy Thee proclaim.



2 Exalted by the Father's love,
All thrones, and powers, and names above—
On earth below or heaven :
Wisdom and riches, power Divine,
Blessing and honour, Lord, are Thine—
All things to Thee are given.

3 Head of the church ! Thou sittest there,
Thy bride shall all Thy glory share—
Thy fulness, Lord, is ours :
Our life Thou art—Thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the victory gains,
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

4 Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all Thy beauty see ;
And oh ! what joy to see Thee shine,
To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
And ever dwell with Thee !

James George Deck, 1846.

(16.) THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST.

291 John xvi. 16. "A little while, and ye shall see Me."

Tune 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

1 "A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more ;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us hath gone before—
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

2 "A little while"—He'll come again !
Let us the precious hours redeem ;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watchful and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while"—'twill soon be past :
Why should we shun the shame and cross ?
Oh ! let us in His footsteps haste,
And count for Him all else but loss !
Oh, how will recompense His smile,
The sufferings of this "little while !"

290 Zech. vi. 13. "A Priest upon His throne."

Tune 146. OLDENBURG. 77, 77.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness :
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Son of God ! to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only Thou !
Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Glory of Thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We, Thy favoured flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore ;
Ever with us show Thy love,
Till we join with those above !

John Cennick, 1742.

291 John xvi. 16. "A little while,"—come, Saviour, come !

For Thee Thy bride has tarried long ;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song ;
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee !

James George Deck, 1838

292 John xvi. 18. "What is this that He saith, A little while?"

Tune 246. EIRENE. 11 10, 11 10.

1 OH ! for the peace which floweth as a
river, [smile !
Making life's desert places bloom and
Oh ! for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
"for ever," [while !"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little

2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the
strong ; [weeping,
"A little while," to sow the seed with
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the
harvest song.



See Hymn 611. Also 69, 257, 275, 338, 401, 727.

- 3 "A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.
- 4 "A little while," 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doeth all things well!"
- 5 "A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 6 "A little while," to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming foot-steps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal [hymn.]
- 7 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever," [while!]
Will light the shadows of the "little" *Jane Crevedson, 1863.*

293 Matt. xxiv. 31. "He shall send His angels."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 ANGELS, from your blissful station,
Raise the soul-inspiring strain:
Blessing, glory, and salvation
To the Lamb who once was slain:
With glad voices
Usher in His glorious reign.

- 2 Saints in light, those notes prolonging,
Echo the triumphant sound;
At the Saviour's footsteps thronging,
Draw your shining ranks around;
Joy to see Him
Now with promised victory crowned.

- 3 Watchmen, that have looked for morning,
Wondering at its long delay,
Raise your eyes—the light is dawning,
Mists and shadows melt away:
Speed the signal,
And prepare the Conqueror's way.

- 4 Sinners, from your dream awaking,
At the throne of mercy kneel;
Ere the world's foundations shaking
With convulsive terrors reel;
Ere the trumpet
Utters its tremendous peal.

- 5 Christians, with delight and wonder
See the wished-for day arise;
Jesus breaks your bands asunder,
Ends your conflict, wipes your eyes,
Calls you to Him—
Mount to meet Him in the skies!
William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

294 Rev. xxii. 20. "Come, Lord Jesus."

Tune 82. SWABIA. Or 80. NARENZA. S.M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long looked-for day:
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the bride say, Come;
Dost Thou not hear the cry?
- 3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay;
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.



4 Come, for the corn is ripe ;
Put in Thy sickle now ;
Reap the great harvest of the earth :
Sower and Reaper Thou !

5 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Disperse Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

6 Come, and make all things new ;
Build up this ruined earth ;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

7 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness !
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1857.

295 Phil. iv. 5. "*The Lord is at hand!*"
Tune 196. COBURG. 87, 87, 47.

1 CHRIST is coming ! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase—
Maranatha ! *
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain,
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign.
Maranatha !
Let each heart repeat the strain !

3 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, and bruised of God—
All creation
Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

* Maranatha—i.e., "Our Lord cometh."

4 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But in heavenly vesture shining,
They shall soon Thy glory see—
Maranatha !
Haste the joyous jubilee !

5 With that "blessèd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung,
Let the mighty Advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Maranatha !
Come, Lord Jesus—quickly come !
John Robert Macduff, D.D., 1853.

296 Zech. xiv. 5. "*The Lord my God shall come.*"

Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.

1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall
quake ;
The mountains from their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, once wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified ?

5 Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

Bishop Heber, 1811.



See Hymn 188. Also 275.

297 Cant. v. 2. "*I sleep, but my heart waketh.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. Or 57. EPHRON. C.M.

- 1 CHILDREN of light, awake! awake!
Ye slumbering virgins, rise!
Go, meet the royal Bridegroom now,
And show that ye are wise.
- 2 Like foolish virgins, ye have failed
Your holy watch to keep;
And lo, He comes, and almost finds
Your languid souls asleep!
- 3 Through love, the Man of Sorrows oft
Hath watched and wept for you;
Then gave away His life, to prove
That all that love was true.
- 4 Then wake, for lo, the midnight cry
Of warning in the air
Bids all His church, to greet Him now,
Their dying lamps prepare!
Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

298 Cant. ii. 13. "*Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away.*"

Tune 37. IONA. Or 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!
Thy midnight watch is past,
True to His promise, lo, 'tis He!
The Saviour comes at last.
- 2 His heart, amid the blest repose
And glories of the throne,
With love's unwearied care, hath made
Thy sorrows all its own.
- 3 Through days and nights of suffering,
taught
For human woe to feel,
He only, with unerring skill,
Thy wounded heart could heal.
- 4 And now, at length, behold, He comes
To claim thee from above,
In answer to the ceaseless call
And deep desire of love.

- 5 Go then, thou loved and blessed one,
Thou drooping mourner, rise!
Go—for He calls thee now to share
His dwelling in the skies.

- 6 For thee, His royal bride—for thee,
His brightest glories shine:
And, happier still, His changeless heart,
With all its love, is thine!
Sir Edward Denny, 1848.

299 Rev. xxii. 20. "*Surely I come quickly.*"

Tune 241. PARAN. 12 11, 12 11.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come quickly, Thy bride is
preparing
In garments of glory before Thee to stand;
Her dimmed eyes are straining to catch
Thine appearing,
Her heart bursts in rapture—"My Lord
is at hand."
- 2 Why linger His steps, like the morning's
dawn blushing?
To heaven like the sunlight, to earth
like the dew;
Poor perishing sinners, His garment-hem
touching,
Stay the Lord on His path to the house
of the Jew.
- 3 Yet hasten, we pray Thee, Thy kingdom
of glory,
Prepare Thine elect one, Thy blood-
purchased bride;
Her bliss waits completion, rejoicing before
Thee,
Till robed, crowned, and jewelled, she
sits by Thy side.
- 4 Before Thy bright footsteps the clouds part
asunder,
Thy foes, from the heavens, in terror de-
part;
While worlds stand astonished, and angels
shall wonder
At all Thou hast wrought for the bride
of Thine heart.



5 Then come, Lord, come quickly, tho groans
of creation
Respond to the tears which Thy people
have shed
O'er the hope, long deferred, of their blest
consummation
Of glory and bliss with their covenant
Head.

6 Then take, Lord, Thy kingdom, and come
in Thy glory;
Make the scene of Thy sorrows the place
of Thy throne;
Complete all the blessing which ages in
story
Have told of the triumphs so justly Thine
J. Groom, Leaflet, 1847.

300 Cant. ii. 14. "*Sweet is thy voice.*"
Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.

1 BRIDE of the Lamb! awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ is thine,
A child of glory thou!

2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for One that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes! for oh, His yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

6 Thou too shalt reign; He will not wear
His crown of joy alone;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.

7 Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy Divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine!

Sir Edward Denny, 1837.

301 Rev. i. 7. "*Behold, He cometh
with clouds.*"

Tune 192. HAVILAH. Or 196. COBURG.
87, 87, 47.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Oh come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!
*John Cennick, 1752; C. Wesley, 1758;
Martin Madan, 1760.*



See Hymn 726.

302 Rev. xxii. 20. "*Even so, come,
Lord Jesus.*"
Tune 192. HAVILAH. Or 196. MEDIA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 SAVIOUR, hasten Thine appearing,
Take Thy waiting people home;
This sweet hope, our spirits cheering
While we in the desert roam,
Makes Thy people
Strangers here till Thou dost come.
- 2 Lord, how long shall Thy creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When Thou shalt in glory reign;
And, like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again?
- 3 Gather, Lord, Thy chosen nation,
Israel's long afflicted race;
Let them find Thy free salvation,
Own and trust Thy wondrous grace;
And, adoring,
Look on Thy once marr'd face.
- 4 Reign, oh reign, Almighty Saviour!
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in Thy favour
There alone is life and light;
When we see Thee,
We shall have unmixed delight!

James George Deck, 1843.

303 Matt. xxiv. 42. "*Watch, there-
fore; for ye know not what
hour your Lord doth come.*"

Tune 190. CASSEL. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day;
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.
- 2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth will then be turned to weeping,
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

- 3 Oh what sacred joys await them!
They shall see the Saviour then;
Those who now oppose and hate them
Never can oppose again;
Brethren, let us think of this:
All is ours, if we are His.

- 4 Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep;
We're no longer of the night;
We are children of the light.

- 5 Being of the favoured number
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone:
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name!

Thomas Kelly, 1803.

304 Cant. viii. 14. "*Make haste, My
beloved.*"

Tune 300. MAGDEBURG. Or 193. IDUMEA.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster;
Let the glorious day come on,
When we shall behold our Master
Seated on His heavenly throne;
Then the Saviour
Shall descend to claim His own.
- 2 What is earth with all its treasures
To the joy the gospel brings?
Well may we resign its pleasures,
Jesus gives us better things;
All His people
Draw from heaven's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heaven itself afford?
There our joy will know no measure;
There we shall behold our Lord;
There His people
Shall obtain their bright reward.



See Hymn 1015. Also 524, 854, 1011.

* For same measure, see No. 130, Part i.

4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster;
Swiftly bring the glorious day;
Jesus, come, our Lord and Master!
Come from heaven without delay;
Take Thy people,
Take, oh take us hence away!

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

305 Cant. ii. 17. "Until the day break."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 'TIS night—but oh, the joyful morn
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer:
Yon gleams of coming glory warn
Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.
- 2 Lord of our hearts, beloved of Thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on Thy tender breast.
- 3 To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee near,
No dread, as now, Thy transient stay;
To dwell beyond the reach of fear
Lest joy should wane or pass away.
- 4 Children of hope, beloved Lord!
In Thee we live, we glory now;
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty, Thou!
- 5 And when exalted, Lord, with Thee,
Thy royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting Thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory there!

Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

306 Rev. vi. 10. "How long, O Lord?"

Tune 97. OLD 25TH. S.M.D.

- 1 THE church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn—
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 3 The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood!
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 4 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1845.



See Hymn 142.

307 2 Pet. i. 19. "Until the day dawn, and the Day Star arise."

Tune 40. GLOUCESTER. Or 42. KEDAR. C.M.

- 1 THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear;
The rays of blessed light at last
Each waiting eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou bright and Morning Star, Thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight
Without a cloud between.
- 3 Ah, yes! Lord Jesus, Thou, whose heart
Still for Thy saints doth care;
We shall behold Thee as Thou art,
Thy perfect likeness bear.
- 4 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
The suited grace bestow.
- 5 But oh! the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And fully know Thy love.
- 6 Then shine, Thou bright and Morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom;
Oh! take from sin and grief afar,
Thy blood-bought people home!
Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL.D., 1855.

308 Rom. xiii. 12. "The night is far spent."

Tune 241. PARAN. Or 242. PEOR.

- 1 THE night is far spent, the day is at
hand; [sky;
Already the dawn may be seen in the
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's
own command; [nigh.
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws
- 2 How bright will it be, when Jesus appears!
How welcome to those who have shared
in His cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs.
A rich compensation for suffering and
loss.

3 Affliction is light compared to the day
Of glory that then will from heaven be
revealed!

The Saviour is coming, His people may
say,
The Lord whom we look for, our Sun
and our Shield.

4 Oh pardon us, Lord, that love to Thy
name
Is faint, with so much our affections to
move!

Our deadness shall fill us with grief and
with shame,
So much to be loved and so little to love!

5 Oh kindle within us a holy desire,
Like that which was found in Thy people
of old!
Who felt all Thy love, and whose hearts
were on fire,
While waiting in patience Thy face to
behold!

Thomas Kelly, 1836. (a.)

309 Heb. x. 25. "Ye see the day approaching."

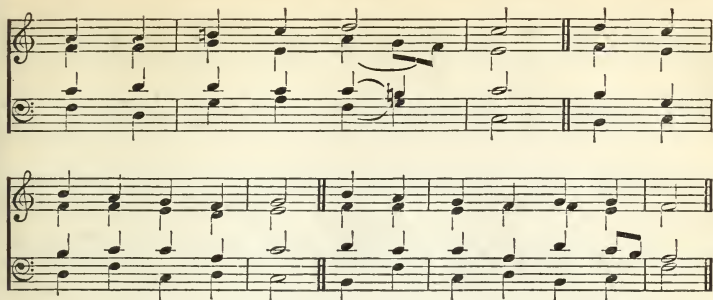
Tune 184. SOREK. Or 183. FRANKFORT.
S7, S7.

1 LORD, we see the day approaching,
When Thou wilt again appear;
Sinners, still Thy garments touching,
Stay Thee in Thy coming here.

2 Hid in heaven is all our treasure,
Patience now becomes Thy saints;
Lord, we wait Thy gracious pleasure,
Faith should silence all complaints.

3 Through the wilderness we wander,
Troubled oft, but not distressed;
Seek we glory?—it is yonder,
Suffering pledges future rest.

4 Coming judgments round us darken—
Human hearts may fail or fear;
But to Thee alone we hearken,
"Your redemption draweth near."



- 5 Make each waiting child obedient,
Stay our anxious hearts on this:
If Thy going were "expedient,"
Surely Thy return is bliss.
- 6 Our own Lord is coming hither,
Light in darkness, joy in grief;
Hope deferred would quickly wither
Hearts that had not this relief.
- 7 All we need is deep affection,
Singleness of eye and heart,
Strength to own Thee in rejection;
Grace sufficient, Lord, impart!

Mary Bowly, 1847.

310 Isa. xxi. 11. "*Watchman, what of the night?*"

Tune 148. GIBBONS. Or 149. VIENNA.
77, 77.

- 1 **WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
- 2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
- 4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come!

Sir John Bowring, LL.D., 1825.

311 Rev. vii. 12. "*Blessing, and glory, and honour, and power, be unto our God for ever.*"

Tune 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

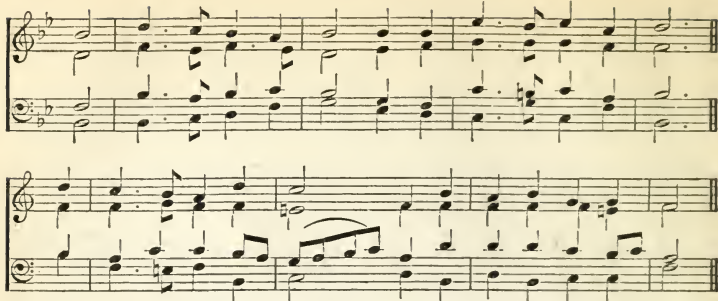
- 1 **SEE** the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain,
"Hell is vanquished, death is slain;
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all."
- 2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour!
Come in glory and in power!
Still Thy foes are unsubdued:
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with Thy bride, say "Come;"
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

312 Isa. xxi. 12. "*If ye will inquire, inquire ye.*"

Tune 83. MORAVIA. S.M.

- 1 **ENQUIRE**, my soul, enquire!
What doth the watchman say?
Is the one Object of desire
Already on His way?
- 2 What doth the watchman say,
Whose cry the slumberer wakes?
"The night hath nearly passed away;
And lo! the morning breaks.
- 3 "The night is coming, too!
A night of speechless woe;
But there shall be no night to you—
To you who Jesus know.
- 4 "Come, whosoever will,
Ere God's right hand He leaves;
He waits till He His bosom fill
With all His precious sheaves!



See Hymn 191. Also 149, 330, 732, 855, 876, 883, 913, 929, 937, 941, 942, 1001, Part iv.

5 "God speaks, shall I be dumb?
Watch that your lamps may burn;
Come, all ye weary wanderers, come!
Return to God! return!"

6 Take up the watchman's word:
Repeat the midnight cry:
"Prepare to meet the coming Lord;
The time is drawing nigh."

7 The hours with eager flight
Pass on till He appear,
That moment of unknown delight
Will soon, will soon be here!
Mary Bowly, 1847.

313 1 Thess. iv. 16. "*The Lord Himself shall descend.*"
Tune 189. SUCCOTH. Or 298. ALL SAINTS.
87, 87, 77.

1 WELCOME sight! the Lord descending!
Jesus in the clouds appears;
Lo! the Saviour comes, intending
Now to dry His people's tears.
Lo! the Saviour comes to reign:
Welcome to His waiting train.

2 Long they mourned their absent Master;
Long they felt like men forlorn;
Bid the seasons fly still faster,
While they sighed for His return:
Lo! the period comes at last;
All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banished,
They are going to their rest;
Though the heavens and earth have
vanished,
With their Lord they shall be blest:
Blest with Him His saints shall be;
Blest throughout eternity!

4 Happy people! grace unbounded,
Grace alone, exalts you thus:
Be ashamed, and be confounded;
Sing for ever—"Not to us,
Not to us be glory given—
Glory to the God of heaven!"
Thomas Kelly, 1803.

314 Rev. xix. 6. "*I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude.*"
Tune 191. ZAANAIM. Or 297. COFFE MULLEN.
87, 87, 47.

1 LO! He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead!
Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See the great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold their Lord appear;
Truth and justice go before Him;
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah!
Welcome sounds throughout the air!

3 Come, ye blessed of My Father,
Enter into life and joy!
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

4 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King:
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing:
Hallelujah!
Boundless glory to the Lamb!
John Cennick, 1752. (a.)

315 Rev. v. 11-13. "*Worthy is the Lamb.*"
Tune 180. SIRION. Or 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

1 HARK! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God!" with one accord;
Thousand, thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

2 "Praise the Lamb," the chorus waking
All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.



3 Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne;
Every knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven is one:

4 All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honour to the Son;
All the Son's effulgence, beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

5 By the Spirit all pervading,
Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb,
Crowned with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

6 Joyful now the whole creation
Rests in undisturbed repose,
Blest in Jesu's full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.

John Nelson Darby, 1837.

316 Mal. iii. 2. "*Who may abide the day of His coming?*"

Tune 214. CHAPEL ROYAL. 886. D.

1 **WHEN** Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come

To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Thou'g vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent it, Saviour, by Thy grace;
Be Thou, O Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day.
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found
When'er the archangel's trump shall
And see Thy smiling face: [sound,
Then with what rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace!

Selina Countess of Huntingdon's Collection,
1774, C. Wesley. (a.)

317 Zech. i. 12. "O Lord of Hosts,
how long?"

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

1 **H**OW long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?

Our hearts are growing weary
At Thy so long delay;
Oh! when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou Thy household leave?

So long hast Thou now tarried,
Few Thy return believe:
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt Thou delay?

And yet how few are grieving,
That Thou dost absent stay!
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

4 Oh! wake Thy slumbering virgins;
Send forth the solemn cry,

Let all Thy saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see!

James George Deck, 1837.



See Hymn 663. Also 95, 111.

318 Joel ii. 1. "The day of the Lord cometh."

Tune 242. PEOR. 1111, 1111.

(Repeat last half.)

- 1 **T**IME'S sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling in cloud o'er the sky,
Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom;
Its midnight approaches, the midnight of doom.
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing—flee, lingerer, flee!
- 2 Rides forth the fierce tempest on the wing of the cloud;
The moan of the night-blast is fitful and loud;
The mountains are heaving, the forests are bowed,
The ocean is surging, earth gathers its shroud.
Then haste, sinner, haste, &c.
- 3 The vision is nearing—the Judge and the throne!—
The voice of the angel proclaims, "It is done."
On the whirl of the tempest its Ruler shall come,
And the blaze of His glory flash out from its gloom.
Then haste, sinner, haste, &c.
- 4 With clouds He is coming! His people shall sing,
With gladness they hail Him Redeemer and King.
The iron rod wielding—the rod of His ire,
He cometh to kindle earth's last fatal fire!
Then haste, sinner, haste, &c.

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.

319 Rev. ii. 28. "I will give him the Morning Star."

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine!

Sir Edward Denny, 1848.

320 Mal. iii. 1. "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple."

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, come, Thy friends are waiting,
Waiting for the final day;
Thence their promised glory dating,
Come, and bear Thy saints away.
Come, Lord Jesus,
Thus Thy waiting people pray.
- 2 Base the wish, and vain the endeavour,
While on earth to find our rest;
Till we see Thy face, we never
Shall or can be fully blest;
In Thy presence
Nothing shall our peace molest.



3 Lord, we wait for Thine appearing;
 "Tarry not," Thy people say;
 Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
 Of beholding Thee that day;
 When our sorrow
 Shall for ever pass away.
See Hymns 210, 211.

4 Till it comes, oh keep us steady;
 Keep us walking in Thy ways;
 At Thy call may we be ready,
 And our heads with triumph raise;
 Then with angels
 Sing Thine everlasting praise!
Thomas Kelly, 1829.

(17.) THE CORONATION OF CHRIST—KING OF KINGS.

321 Rev. xix. 16. "*King of kings, and
 Lord of lords.*"
 Tune 191. ZAANAIM. Or 297. CORFE
 MULLEN. 87, 87, 47.

1 **LOOK**, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow:
 Crown Him, crown Him;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
 In the seat of power enthroned Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown Him, crown Him;
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him, crown Him;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him, crown Him;
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

322 Rev. xix. 12. "*On His head were
 many crowns.*"
 Tune 191. ZAANAIM. Or 193. IDUMEA.
 87, 87, 47.

1 **BRIGHT** with all His crowns of glory,
 See the royal Victor's brow;
 Once for sinners marred and gory,
 See the Lamb exalted now;
 While before Him
 All His ransomed brethren bow.

2 Blessed morning! long expected,
 Lo, they fill the peopled air,
 Mourners once, by man rejected,
 They, with Him exalted, there,
 Sing His praises,
 And His throne of glory share.

3 Judah! Lo, thy royal Lion
 Reigns on earth a conquering King;
 Come, ye ransomed tribes, to Zion,
 Love's abundant offering bring;
 There behold Him,
 And His ceaseless praises sing.

4 King of kings! let earth adore Him,
 High on His exalted throne;
 Fall, ye nations, fall before Him,
 And His righteous sceptre own:
 All the glory
 Be to Him, and Him alone.

Sir Edward Denny, 1837.



See Hymn 490. Also 5, 8, 116, 189, 253, 274, 399, 454, 490, 632, 703, 712, 806, 913, 957, 1001, Part iii.

323 Isa. xxiv. 23. "The Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion."

Tune 37. IONA. C.M.

- 1 ISLES of the deep, rejoice! rejoice!
Ye ransomed nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.
- 2 He comes—and at His mighty word
The clouds are fleeting fast;
And o'er the land of promise, see,
The glory breaks at last.
- 3 There He, upon His ancient throne,
His power and grace displays;
While Salem, with its echoing hills,
Sends forth the voice of praise.
- 4 Streams of Divine, unfailing joy,
Whose sweetness none can know,
But the redeemed, the blood-bought soul,
Through all creation flow.
- 5 Oh! let His praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of His love.
- 6 Sing, ye redeemed; before the throne,
Ye white-robed myriads, fall;
Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,
The Christ—the Heir of all.

Sir Edward Denny, 1848.

324 Rev. xix. 16. "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Tune 34. ELAH. Or 34a. ARCHIPPUS. C.M.
Or 261. MILES LANE.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face, who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Part ii.

- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God Incarnate—Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall.
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 8 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
That bound creation's ball,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all!
- 9 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

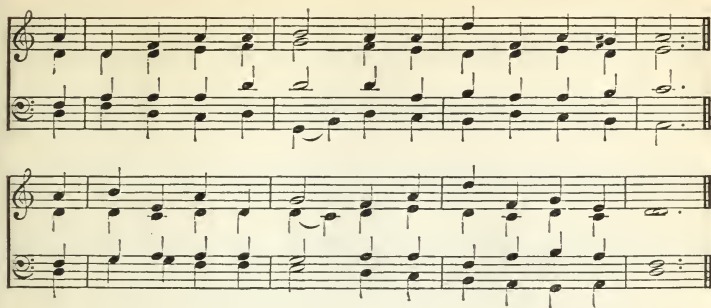
Edvard Perronet, 1780:

v. 2, Anon.; v. 3, Dr. Rippon.

325 Zech. xiv. 4. "His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives."

Tune 166. ZOAN II. 77, 87. D.

- 1 LO! 'tis the heavenly army,
The Lord of hosts attending;
'Tis He—the Lamb, The great I AM,
With all His saints descending.
To you, ye kings and nations,
Ye foes of Christ, assembling,
The hosts of light, Prepared for fight,
Come with the cup of trembling.



2 Joy to His ancient people!
Your bonds He comes to sever;
And now 'tis done! The Lord hath won,
And ye are free for ever.
Joy to the ransomed nations!
The foe, the ravening lion,
Is bound in chains While Jesus reigns
King of the earth, in Zion.

3 Joy to the church triumphant,
The Saviour's throne surrounding;
They see His face, Adore His grace
O'er all their sin abounding:
Crowned with the mighty Victor,
His royal glory sharing;
Each fills a throne, His name alone
To heaven and earth declaring.

4 Praise to the Lamb for ever
Bruised for our sin, and gory,
Behold His brow, Encircled now
With all His crowns of glory—
Beneath His love reposing,
The whole redeemed creation
Is now at rest, For ever blest,
And sings His great salvation.
Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

326 Rev. xiv. 14. "On His head a golden crown."

Tune 137. PISGAH. 77, 77.

1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Victor's head:
Crowns of glory are His right,
His, "who liveth and was dead."
2 Jesus fought and won the day;
Such a day was never fought;
Well His people now may say,
See what God, our God, has wrought.
3 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight He stood alone;
All His foes before Him fell,
By His single arm o'erthrown.
4 They have fallen to rise no more:
Final is the foe's defeat:
Jesus triumphed by His power,
And His triumph is complete.

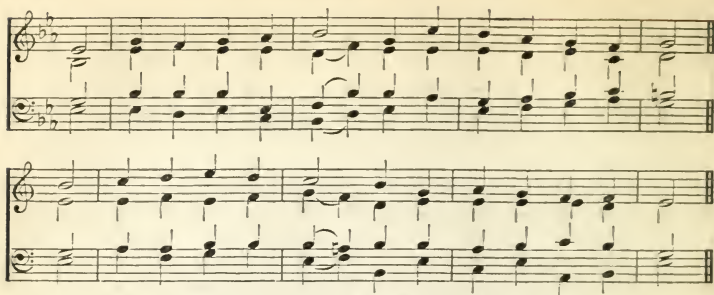
5 His the fight, the arduous toil;
His the honours of the day;
His the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away!
6 Now proclaim His deeds afar;
Fill the world with His renown:
His alone the Victor's car;
His the everlasting crown.

Thomas Kelly, 1803.

327 Ps. xlv. 3. "Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most Mighty, with Thy glory and Thy majesty."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

1 LET us sing the King Messiah,
King of righteousness and peace:
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,
Never let His praises cease;
Ever hail Him,
Never let His praises cease.
2 How transcendent are Thy glories!
Fairer than the sons of men!
While Thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign!
3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero!
Make Thy word of truth Thy car:
Prosper in Thy course majestic;
All success attend Thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow!
4 Majesty, combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To ensure Thy blessed conquests:
On, great Prince, assert Thy right!
Ride triumphant,
All around the conquered globe!
5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own Thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain.
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee, bless Thy reign!
John Ryland, D.D., 1790.



* Either half of this tune may be used for 76, 76, Single.
For Part i only, see Hymn 701. Also 719, 723, 781, 933, 963, 1001, Part i.

(18.) THE MILLENNIAL REIGN OF CHRIST.

328 Zech. xiv. 9. "The Lord shall be King over all the earth."

Tune 201. SHEN. 87, 87. D.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway,
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day:
What though none on earth assist Him?
God requires no help from man;
What though all the world resist Him?
God will realize His plan.

2 Nations now from God estranged
Then shall see a glorious light,
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight:
See the ancient idols falling!
Worshipped once, but now abhorred;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King, by all adored.

3 Then shall Israel, long dispers'd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they pierc'd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod:
Then all Israel shall be sav'd,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.

4 Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign:
Angels, in their lofty station,
Praise Thy name, Thou Only Wise;
Oh, let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

329 Isa. lx. 18. "Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise."

Tune 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. C.M.

1 WAKE, harp of Zion, wake again,
Upon thine ancient hill,
On Jordan's long deserted plain,
By Kedron's lowly rill.

2 The hymn shall yet in Zion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

4 Oh hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice!

James Edmeston, 1846.

330 Ps. lxxii. 17. "All nations shall call Him blessed."

Tune 127. ZOAN I. Or 276. CRÜGER.
76, 76. D.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

(PART II.)



For the whole tune, see Hymn 193. Also 111, 139, 193, 317, 366, 704, 747, 772, 795, 806, 930, 941, 974.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—Love!

James Montgomery, 1822.

331 Rev. xi. 15. "*He shall reign for ever and ever.*"

Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 F^OR ever and for ever, Lord,
Thy kingdom shall endure;
Thy holy, lofty, sovereign word
Its glory doth secure.
- 2 Bring on, bring on the promised day,
O' speed its eagle wing;
When earth, like heaven, shall Thee obey,
And all the nations sing!
- 3 Grant us in firmest faith to stand,
Full certain of the end;
And with Thy valiant little band
Thine ancient truth defend.

4 O Jesu, be Thy cross our all,
Thy crown our highest need;
Nor saint nor angel will we call
To help in time of need.

5 Thy Spirit give, and we will then
Return Thee fervent praise;
And when Thou shalt come back again,
A nobler song we'll raise!

William Henry Havergal, 1866.

332 Ps. lxxii. 19. "*Let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen.*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDDTH. Or 3. CRASSELLIUS.
L.M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

132 KIRIATHAIM. (VALLEY OF) (76, 86, 86, 86.)



See Hymn 397. Also 772, 933.

333 Rev. xi. 15. "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."

Tune 5. WELLS. Or 2. EUFRATES. L.M.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!
- 3 Oh that that anthem soon might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Josiah Pratt's Psalms and Hymns, 1829.

334 Isa. ii. 2. "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established."

Tune 45. YORK. C.M.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to His house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile fends
Disturb those peaceful years; [swords,
To ploughshares men shall beat their
To pruning-hooks their spears.

- 6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

- 7 Come then! O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine,
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine!

*Scripture Songs, 1751, altered by
Michael Bruce, 1768.*

335 Rev. xx. 4. "They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

Tune 166. ZOAN II. 77, 87. D.

- 1 BREAK forth, O earth, in praises!
Dwell on His wondrous story;
The Saviour's name And love proclaim—
The King who reigns in glory.
See on the throne beside Him,
O'er all her foes victorious,
His royal Bride For whom He died,
Like Him for ever glorious.
- 2 Ye of the seed of Jacob!
Behold the royal Lion
Of Judah's line, In glory shine,
And fill His throne in Zion.
Blest with Messiah's favour,
A ransomed holy nation,
Your offerings bring To Christ your King,
The God of your salvation.
- 3 Come, O ye kings! ye nations.
With songs of gladness hail Him,
Ye Gentiles all, Before Him fall,
The royal Priest in Salem.
O'er hell and death triumphant,
Your conquering Lord hath risen,
His praises sound, Whose power hath bound
Your ruthless foe in prison.
- 4 Hail to the King of glory:
Head of the new creation—
Thy ways of grace We love to trace,
And praise Thy great salvation.



Thy heart was pressed with sorrow,
The bonds of death to sever,
To make us free, That we might be
Thy crown of joy for ever.
Sir Edward Denny, 1833.

336 Rev. xxii. 20. "*Even so, come,
Lord Jesus.*"

Tune 193. IDUMEA. Or 194. TEMAN.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 "COME, Lord Jesus! O come quickly!"
Oft has prayed the mourning Bride:
"Lo!" He answers, "I come quickly!"
Who His coming may abide?
All who loved Him,
All who longed to see His day!
- 2 "Come," He saith, "ye heirs of glory;
Come, ye purchase of My blood;
Claim the kingdom now before you;
Rise, and fill the mount of God,
Fixed for ever
Where the Lamb on Zion stands."
- 3 See! ten thousand burning seraphs
From their thrones as lightnings fly;
"Take," they cry, "your seats above us,
Nearest Him who rules the sky!"
Patient sufferers,
How rewarded are ye now!
- 4 In full triumph see them marching
Through the gates of massy light,
While the city walls are sparkling
With meridian glory bright!
O how lovely
Are the dwellings of the Lamb!
- 5 Hosts angelic all adore Him,
Circling round His orient seat;
Elders cast their crowns before Him,
Fall and worship at His feet;
O how holy
And how reverend is Thy name!

6 Hail, Thou Alpha and Omega!
First and Last of all alone!
He that is, and was, and shall be,
And beside whom there is none!
Take the glory,
Great Eternal Three in One.

Thomas Olivers, 1757.

337 Luke i. 32. "*The Lord God shall
give unto Him the throne of His
father David.*"

Tune 35. CHESALON. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 'TIS He—the mighty Saviour comes,
The victory now is won,
And lo, the throne of David waits
For David's royal Son.
- 2 Thou blessed Heir of all the earth!
Ascend Thine ancient throne,
And bid the willing nations now
Thy peaceful sceptre own.
- 3 Shine forth in all Thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see
That joy, so long estranged from earth,
Can only spring from Thee.
- 4 O happy day! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er;
And sin that marred our sweetest joys
Shall grieve our hearts no more.
- 5 Washed in Thy blood, the tribes of earth,
With all the blest above,
Shall dwell in peace, united now,
One family of love.
- 6 Fruit of Thy toil, Thou bleeding Lamb!
These joys we owe to Thee,
Then take the glory, Lord!—'tis Thine!
And shall for ever be!

Sir Edward Denny, 1833.



See Hymn 549.

338 Isa. xxxv. 1. "The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Tune 120. MIZPEH. 6666, 8 8.

- 1 JOY to the ransomed earth!
Messiah fills the throne;
His all-excelling worth,
Ye joyful nations, own.
Ye sons of men, break forth and sing
The praises of your God and King!
- 2 Behold! the desert smiles
To hear His welcome voice,
And all the listening isles
Beneath His love rejoice.
Ye dwellers in the islands, sing
The glories of your heavenly King!
- 3 To gain a royal crown
Of glory for His Bride,
The foe He trampled down,
And conquered when He died.
O earth, rejoice! break forth and sing
The conquests of your dying King!
- 4 Rejoice beneath the eye
Of Jesus and His Bride,
His Queen, enthroned on high,
In glory at His side!
Blest in His love, ye nations, sing
Hosanna to your glorious King!
Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

339 Isa. lxiii. 1. "Who is this that cometh from Edom?"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 "WHO is this that comes from Edom?"
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

- 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain;
Fallen they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

- 4 This the Saviour has effected,
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne;
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

- 5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

340 Isa. ix. 6. "His name shall be called... the Prince of Peace."

Tune 3. CRASELIUS. L.M.

- 1 PEACE to the world! the Lord is come;
Its days of conflict now are o'er;
The Prince of Peace ascends the throne.
And war has ceased from shore to shore!
- 2 Joy to the earth! Messiah reigns!
Earth's diadems are on His brow;
Its rebel kingdoms are become
His everlasting kingdom now.
- 3 Rest to the nations, blessed rest!
The storm is hushed above, below:
Joy to creation; welcome sound!
After six thousand years of woe.
- 4 The earth again is Paradise,
The desert blossoms as the rose,
Far happier place than Eden this,
Far brighter, sweeter days than those!
- 5 Oh! long expected, absent long,
Star of creation's troubled gloom!
Let heaven and earth break forth in song,
Messiah, Saviour, art Thou come?



See Hymn 589. Also 132, 900.

6 For Thou hast bought us with Thy blood,
And Thou wast slain to set us free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign on earth with Thee!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.

341 Acts iii. 19. "*When the times of
refreshing shall come from the
presence of the Lord.*"

Tune 27. HERMON. Or 11. GILBOA. L.M.

1 O WHAT a bright and blessèd world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When, from its throne the tempter hurled,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!

2 But brighter far, that world above,
Where we, as we are known, shall know;
And, in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o'er this ransomed earth below.

3 O blessed Lord! with weeping eyes
That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for Thee.

4 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from Thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
And all creation feel Thy love.

Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

See Hymns 621, 918, 919.

JEHOVAH—THE HOLY GHOST.

(1.) HIS DEITY SEEN IN CREATION.

342 Job xxxiii. 4. "*The Spirit of God
hath made me.*"

Tune 302. ORIEL. 87, 87, 47.

1 ERE the world, with light invested,
Rose from its primeval sleep,
Gloom and desolation rested
On the surface of the deep:
Earth and ocean
Formed one rude and shapeless heap.

2 There the Holy Spirit moving,
Wide His fostering pinions spread;
Till, beneath His power-improving,
Nature seemed no longer dead;
Light and beauty
Rose to crown her radiant head.

3 Blessed Spirit, we implore Thee,
Yet once more Thy succour lend;
Scatter the thick clouds before Thee;
Which through all the earth extend;
On all nations
Bid the light of life descend.

4 See what sin, and what delusion,
In this wretched world are found:
Stay the torrent of confusion,
Ere it spreads destruction round:
Where sin triumphed,
Now let grace and truth abound.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

343 Gen. i. 2. "*The Spirit of God moved
upon the face of the waters.*"

Tune 227. ANGELS' SONG. 88, 88, 88.

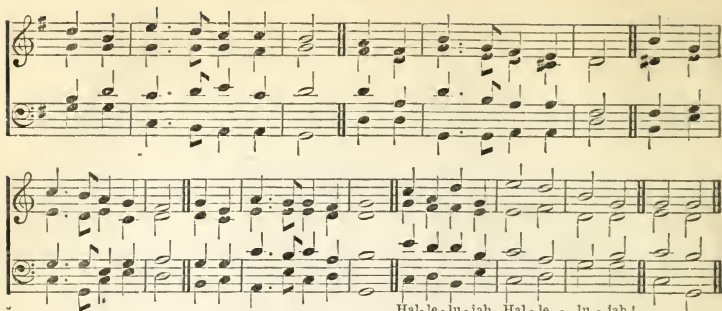
1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every humble mind,
Come pour Thy joy on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

*Latin Hymn, about 7th Century;
(tr.) John Dryden, 1693.*



See Hymn 1019. Also 184, 199, 248, 267, 326, 610, 626.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah!

(2.) DISTINCT PERSONALITY.

344 Heb. x. 15. "The Holy Ghost also is a witness."

Tune 83. MORAVIA. S.M.

- 1 TO God the Holy Ghost,
The Lord of truth and grace,
The church on earth, the heavenly host,
Ascribe eternal praise.
- 2 He Wills, and Speaks, and Acts,
For God and sinful men:
And writes, within us, gospel facts,
With an immortal pen.

- 3 The things of God most deep,
He Searches and Reveals:
And when, by Him, for sin we weep,
Our souls, through faith, He Heals.
 - 4 To Him are all things Known,
And here His Godhead shines,
He brings the truth from Jesu's throne
In bright celestial lines.
 - 5 His glories let us tell,
His Name be all-adored,
As God distinct, yet one as well,
Within the Triune Lord.
- Thomas Rowe, 1817. (a.)

(3.) PROCEEDING FROM THE FATHER AND THE SON.

345 John xv. 26. "The Comforter, ... whom I will send unto you from the Father."

Tune 315. DEPTFORD. Or 234. CONWAY.
10 10, 10 10.

- 1 HAIL, Holy Spirit, bright immortal Dove!
Great Spring of light, of purity and love;
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
Distinct from Both, and yet with Both but One.

- 2 O Lord, from Thee one kind and quicken-
ing ray [day;
Will pierce the gloom and re-ekindle
Will warm the frozen heart with love
Divine, [shine.
And with its Maker's image make it
- 3 O shed Thine influence, and Thy power
exert; [heart;
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,
And heavenly life to all its powers convey.
Simon Brouene, 1720.

(4.) NAMES AND TITLES EXPRESSING HIS WORK.

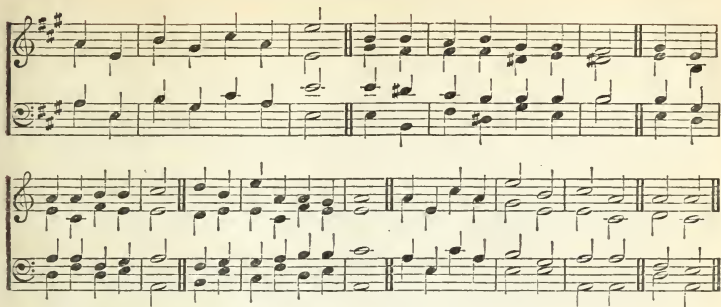
DIVINE.

346 Titus iii. 5. "The renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Tune 44. TALLIS. C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

- 3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.
- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.



See Hymn 249. Also 853.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah!

6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make this lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, Great Spirit, come!
Andrew Reed, D.D., 1842.

ETERNAL.

347 Heb. ix. 14. "Christ...through
the eternal Spirit offered Him-
self."

Tune 40. GLOUCESTER. C.M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
And stir them with Thy breath.

2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul.

3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall,
To calm the doubting troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

HOLY GHOST.

348 John xiv. 16. "He shall give you
another Comforter."

Tune 204. SHINAR. 87, 87, 77, 88.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light!

Loving Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear, our supplication!

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, and God can send:
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

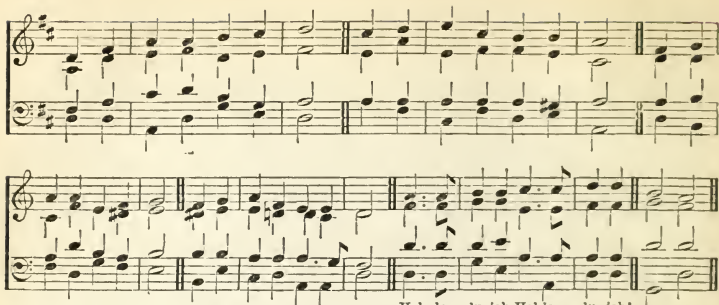
Part ii.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
Come, with unction and with power;
On our souls Thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

4 Known to Thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind describes:
Holy Fountain, wash us clean,
Both from error and from sin;
Make us fly what Thou refusest,
And delight in what Thou choosest.

5 Manifest Thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be Thou our Helper,
Guard and teach, support and guide
Let Thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways:
Show Thyself our New Creator,
And conform us to Thy nature!

*Paul Gerhardt, 1653;**Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.*



See Hymn 629. Also 49, 60, 96, 184, 199, 200, 213, 248, 267, 311, 610, 887, 1016.

INSPIRER.

349 Acts ii. 4. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. S7, S7. D.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, inspire our praises!
Shed abroad the Saviour's love,
While we sing the name of Jesus,
Deign on every heart to move;
Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe Thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation!
Bid our hearts with love o'erflow.

- 2 Come with heavenly inspiration,
Jesus in our souls reveal!
Manifest His great salvation,
As Thine own our spirits seal!
Light Divine, on darkness shining,
Deign the light of truth to give;
Every grace and joy combining,
May we to Thy glory live!

- 3 Hail! ye spirits bright and glorious,
High exalted round the throne!
Now with you we join in chorus,
And your Lord we call our own.
God to us His Son hath given:
Saints, your noblest anthems raise!
All in earth and all in heaven,
Sing the great Jehovah's praise!

Basil Woodd, 1800.

ILLUMINATOR.

350 1 Cor. xii. 7. "The manifestation of the Spirit."

Tune 151. SHENIR II. Or 149. VIENNA.
77, 77.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, with light Divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost, with power Divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.

- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy Divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

- 4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!
Andrew Reed, D.D., 1817.

REVEALER.

351 Matt. iii. 11. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

Tune 181. CULBACH. S7, S7.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, whose fire celestial
Light and life Divine imparts,
Come, and dwell in breasts terrestrial;
Heaven reveal in all our hearts.

- 2 Come and pour, in blest effusion,
Heavenly unction from above;
Scatter wide, in rich diffusion,
Comfort, life, and fire of love.

- 3 Keep Thy church in holy union;
Foes remove, give peace at home;
Source of peace and sweet communion,
Where Thou art no ill can come.

- 4 Teach us humbly to adore Thee,
While on earth we pass our days;
Thence transport our souls to glory,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!
Thomas Cotterill, 1815.

COMFORTER.

352 John xiv. 26. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

Tune 163. Part I. HAVERGAL. 777.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost! my Comforter!
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.



See Hymn 255. Also 83, 269.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

- 2 Thou the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou of comforters the best,
Give to us, Thy people, rest.
 - 3 Cleanse, through Christ, from sinful stain;
O'er the parched heart, oh! rain,
And the wounded heal from pain.
 - 4 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire Divine,
Erring hearts aright incline!
 - 5 Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give Thy gifts of charity.
 - 6 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!
- 17th Century;
(tr.) Catherine Winkworth, 1855.*

SANCTIFIER.

- 353** 2 Thess. ii. 13. "*Sanctification of the Spirit.*"
Tune 152. LUXEMBURG. Or 149. VIENNA.
77, 77.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray:
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

SPIRIT OF POWER.

- 354** 2 Tim. i. 7. "*The spirit..... of power, and of love.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 **O** HOLY Spirit, come,
And Jesu's love declare:
Oh tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long expected shower,
And fall upon this place!

Oswald Allen, 1862.

SPIRIT OF GRACE.

- 355** Zech. xii. 10. "*I will pour..... the spirit of grace.*"

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, power Divine!
Let Thy light around us shine:
All our guilty fears remove;
Fill us with Thy peace and love.
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God,
Cleanse us with His precious blood.
- 3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Soothe and heal the troubled breast;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light, and bliss, and love.

John Stocker, 1777; Thomas Cotterill, 1820



See Hymn 179. Also 200, 388, 566, 887, 1016.

HOLY SPIRIT.

356 1 John ii. 27. "*The anointing which ye have received.*"

Tune 146. OLDENBURG. Or 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what Thou hast taught!
- 2 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with hope my bosom fill!
- 3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with love!
- 4 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, descend from Thee;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
These Thy gifts to us impart;
- 5 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with Thee,
In the threefold Deity!

Bishop Mant, 1837.

SPIRIT OF GLORY.

357 1 Pet. iv. 14. "*The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.*"

Tune 161. SEIR (adapted). 7777, 5777.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state,
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the hearts Thou didst create.
Gift of God most High,
Visit every troubled breast!
Life and light and love supply;
Give our spirits perfect rest!
- 2 Heavenly unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, Life, and Fire of Love,
Hear, and answer our complaint!

Thee, we humbly pray,
Spirit of the Living God,
Now Thy sevenfold grace display,
Shed our Saviour's love abroad!

- 3 Now Thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesu's everlasting love!
Lighten every heart;
Drive our enemies away;
Joy and peace to us impart;
Lead us in the heavenly way!
- 4 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Only in and through the Son:
Nothing will we fear,
Though to wilds and deserts driven,
While we feel Thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.
- 5 Glory be to God alone,
God, whose hand created all!
Glory be to God the Son,
Who redeemed us from our fall!
To the Holy Ghost
Equal praise and glory be,
When the course of time is lost,
Lost in wide eternity!

William Hammond, 1745.

THE SPIRIT COMPARED TO THE WIND.

358 Cant. iv. 16. "*Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south.*"

Tune 84. AMANA. S.M.

- 1 AWAKE, O heavenly Wind,
Thou Spirit most Divine,
Come blow upon Thy garden here,
And make its graces shine.
- 2 Let every fruitful plant
And fragrant spice be seen,
To make the garden of our God
Most pleasant and serene.



See Hymn 290. Also 88, 356, 556.

3 Come, sweet celestial Dove,
In Thy reviving gales,
And tune our souls to sing the Lamb,
Whose kindness never fails.

4 Let His sweet name perfume
The garden of Thy care;
And fill our songs and every breath
With Thy delightful air!

Thomas Row, 1817.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery, 1825.

DOVE.

359 Acts ii. 4. "*They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the Day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord,
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

360 Eph. i. 13. "*Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit.*"

Tune 64. DIMON. Or 67. FARRANT. C.M.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come,
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1769.

(5.) THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

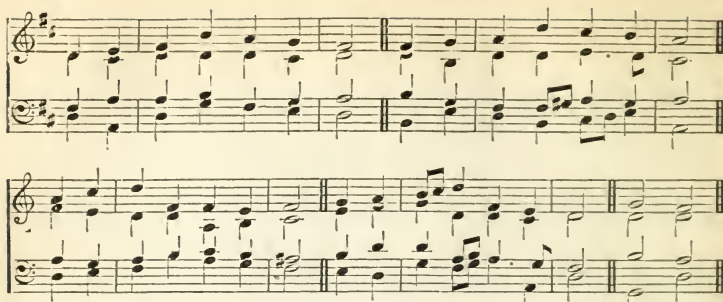
361 Eph. iv. 8. "*When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.*"

Tune 205. HAMBURG. Or 203. SALZBURG.
87, 87. D.

1 WHEN the Lord of Hosts ascended
To His heavenly citadel,
Soon the Holy Ghost descended,
Sent by Him, with men to dwell;

Sign of Christ's Inauguration
In the kingdom of His power,
Largess of His Coronation,
Royal bounty, promised dower.

2 When the faithful were assembled
On the day of Pentecost,
Rushed the wind, the place it trembled,
Came from heaven the Holy Ghost;



See Hymn 953. Also 22, 151, 278, 356, 384, 491, 566, 592, 618, 640, 656, 717, 815, 819, 925, 935.

Golden shower of consecration,
Tongues of fire were on them shed;
And that holy dedication
Made an altar of each head.

- 3 Now the festive Pentecostal
Harvest-home of souls they keep;
With his sickle each apostle
Whitening fields goes forth to reap;
God with holy flame from heaven
Writes on hearts the law of love;
Jubilee of sins forgiven
Sounds its trumpet from above.

- 4 Holy Ghost, Divine Creator,
Who didst on the waters move;
Holy Ghost, Regenerator,
Author of all life and love;
Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Who didst then with fire baptize;
Holy Ghost, great Renovator,
Come, the world evangelize!

Part ii.

- 5 Not in fire from heaven descending,
Not in earthquake, nor in shower,
Not in wind the mountains rearing,
Now, O Lord, we seek Thy power;
But in holy aspirations
Do we seek and find Thee, Lord,
And in quiet meditations
On Thy everlasting word.

- 6 Guide of erring, go before us;
Breeze in heat, refresh our soul;
Shed Thy genial lustre o'er us;
Balm of sickness, make us whole;
In the hour of trouble hear us;
After labour give repose;
In the days of sickness, cheer us;
Guard in danger from our foes.

- 7 Strengthen, warm, and purify us;
From the bands of sin release;
Comfort, counsel, sanctify us;
Give us love and joy and peace;
Patience, faith, and resignation
Breathe upon us with Thy breath;
Give us heavenly consolation
In the solemn hour of death.

- 8 So when earth with fruit aboundeth,
And shall angel reapers see,
And the great Archangel soundeth
God's eternal jubilee,
We may join their gratulation,
And to Father and to Son,
And to Spirit, adoration
Ever give, blest Three in One!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

362

1 Cor. xii. 11. "The selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will."

Tune 44. TALLIS. C.M.

- 1 NOT bound by chains, nor pent in cells,
Of person or of place,
But, like the air, untrammelled blow
The breezes of Thy grace.
- 2 The Spirit is not tied to means,
But sovereign is and free;
But when Thou hast prescribed the means,
Tied to those means are we.
- 3 We love the means, for they are Thine,
Which heavenly life impart;
They channels are, through which it flows;
But Thou the Fountain art.
- 4 The vessel of our thirsting hearts
To Thee in them we bring;
O grant us, Lord, in heaven to drink
Of Thine eternal spring!
- Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.*

363

Zeel. x. 1. "Ask ye of the Lord rain."

Tune 157. RATISHON. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 QUICKEN, Lord, Thy church and me;
Send the promised Spirit down;
Holy One, Eternal Three,
All Thy former mercies crown:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Send another Pentecost!



See Hymn 656. Also 22, 310, 587.

2 Let the living fire descend,
Cloven tongues on every head,
Tongues which all may comprehend—
Speak Thy life into the dead!
Suddenly the power of grace
Send from heaven, and fill this place.

3 Send the rushing mighty wind,
Give the utterance Divine;
Let us know the Spirit's mind;
Let us speak in words of Thine:
Send a pure baptismal shower—
Tongues of fire, and words of power!

4 As of old, so be it now,
Now the glorious scene repeat;
See Thy humbled people bow,
Waiting lowly at Thy feet,
Crying all with one accord,
Send the promised Spirit, Lord!

5 First on the believing few,
Then in widening power unfurled;
Gathering as the deluge grew,
Pour Thy Spirit on the world;
Bright in panoply Divine
Bid Thy church arise and shine!

6 Jesus! glorious Victor, come,
Thou whose right it is to reign;
Call Thine ancient people home,
Paradise restore again:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Send another Pentecost!

Benjamin Gough, 1864.

364 Zeph. iii. 9. "*Then will I turn to the people a pure language.*"

Tune 57. EPHRON. Or 44. TALLIS. C.M.

1 ONCE all the nations were as one,
For all did speak one speech;
But pride said, "Let us build a tower,
Whose top to heaven may reach."

2 Another tower and city now
Is builded, Lord, by Thee;
Thy Zion, not built up by pride,
But by humility.

3 One Lord, one faith, one baptism
Thy holy city knows;
And thence one gospel in the streams
Of every language flows.

4 Give us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord;
No pride nor strife be ours;
Not Babel-builders may we be,
But strengthen Zion's towers.

5 Soon may we in Thy Zion dwell,
Jerusalem above;
Where but one language will be heard,
And that one language—Love.

6 With joyful song and jubilee
This holy time we greet;
And praise the Father, and the Son,
And heavenly Paraclete!
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1832.

(6.) HIS WORK OF GRACE UPON THE SOUL.

365 John xiv. 17. "*He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*"

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA. 88, 88, 66.

1 O HOLY Comforter, I hear
Thy blessed Name with throbbing heart,

Pressed oft with sorrow, sin, and fear,
And pierced with many a venom'd dart:
Come, Messenger Divine,
Come, cheer this heart of mine.

2 O Holy Comforter, I know
Thou art not to dull sense revealed;
Thou com'st unseen as the sweet flow
Of the soft wind that woos the field:
Breathe, Messenger Divine,
Breathe on this soul of mine.

3 O Holy Comforter, Thy light
Is light eternal and serene;
Shine Thou, and on my ravished sight
Visions shall break of things unseen:
Come, Messenger Divine,
Make these bright glimpses mine.



See Hymn 664. Also 100, 105, 151, 163, 217, 350, 353, 355, 521, 537, 668, 722, 777, 819, 915.

- 4 O Holy Comforter, Thy grace
Is life, and help, and hope, and power :
By this I can each cross embrace,
Can triumph in the darkest hour :
Come, Messenger Divine,
Thy strength of grace be mine.
- 5 O Holy Comforter, Thy peace,
The peace of God, impart and keep
Unruffled till life's tumults cease,
And all its angry tempests sleep :
Come, Messenger Divine,
Thy perfect peace be mine.

Ray Palmer, D.D., 1865.

366 John xvi. 7. "If I go not away,
the Comforter will not come."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

- 1 DRAW, Holy Spirit, nearer,
And in our hearts abide ;
O make our judgment clearer,
Our minds inform and guide.
O come, Thou great Renewer,
Touch heart and lip with fire,
Make every bosom true,
Our aims and objects higher.
- 2 O come, Thou true Consoler,
Thou fire, that warms the cold,
The haughty breast's controller,
O come and make us bold :
On all sides danger threatens ;
Lord, to our succour come,
And arm us with the weapons
Of early Christendom.
- 3 Hard unbelief and folly
The truth of God deny :
O arm us, Lord most holy,
With weapons from on high ;
With faith that never falters,
Unmoved by fear or praise,
With love that never alters,
And hope in darkest days.
- 4 We need a free confession
In this our lukewarm age,
A frank and full profession,
In spite of scorn and rage ;

To friend alike and foeman,
On this or heathen ground,
To every man and woman,
The gospel trumpet sound.

- 5 Give power to those who witness
And preach Thy holy word,
That all may taste its sweetness,
And rally round their Lord.
Be this our preparation,
A heart and tongue of fire !
That this our proclamation
May speed as we desire !

C. J. P. Spitta, 1833 ;

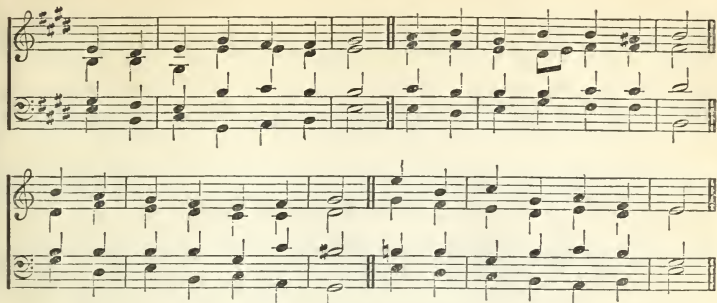
Richard Massie (tr.), 1860.

367 John xiv. 16. "I will pray the
Father, and He shall give you
another Comforter."

Tune 174. BETHANY. 86, 84.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 He comes, the mystic heavenly Dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He comes, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His, alone !
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee !

Harriet Auber, 1820.



See Hymn 722. Also 350, 556, 593, 829, 830, 835, 836, 936.

(7.) FAITHFUL TO HIS COVENANT.

368 Heb. x. 15, 23. "*The Holy Ghost.*
—*He is faithful that promised.*"

Tune 209. TRYPHOSA. 886.

- 1 **T**o Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

369 John xvi. 14. "*He shall glorify Me.*"

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

- 1 **N**OW, Thou faithful, gentle Spirit,
Make the glorious Saviour known,
In His all-prevailing merit,
From His high and heavenly throne.
- 2 Holy Spirit, we remember,
Thou art faithful still to guide
To our gracious great Defender,
Where we seek our souls to hide.
- 3 Thou dost guide us to the fountain
Of the Saviour's precious blood;
Lead us, Lord, to Calvary's mountain,
Where He poured the cleansing flood.
- 4 Thou dost show the great relation
That our perfect heavenly Head
Manifested in salvation,
When He mingled with the dead!
Thomas Row, 1817.

(8.) PRAYER FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

370 Ps. xliii. 3. "*O send out Thy light
and Thy truth.*"

Tune 20. DALMATIA. Or 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

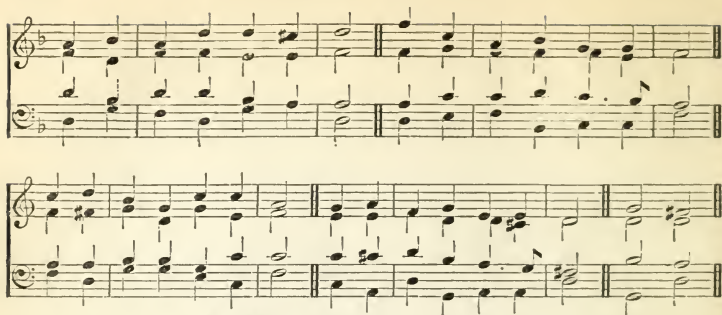
- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blessed!
Simon Browne, 1720. (a.)

371 Ps. lxxx. 18. "*Quicken us, and we
will call upon Thy name.*"

Tune 44. TALLIS. C.M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls—how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!



See Hymn 353. Also 479, 484, 593, 916, 917, 965.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever be
In this low, lifeless state?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!
- Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.*

372 John xiv. 26. "*The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!
- Joseph Hart, 1759.*

373 Rom. viii. 26. "*The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God:
Remove each vain, each worldly thought
And lead me to Thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
With fervent love my soul inspire.
- 3 Impress upon my wandering mind
The love that Christ for sinners bore;
Then mourn the wounds my sins produced,
And my redeeming God adore.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now the Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee!
- John Stewart, 1803.*

374 Ezek. xxxvii. 9. "*Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain.*"

Tune 213. KEDRON. 886. D.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravished breasts inspire.
O Fount of joy, bless'd Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.
- 2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.
- 3 Conduct, bless'd Guide, Thy sinner-train
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er His pierced hands and feet,
And view His wounded side.



See Hymn 998. Also 482, 916.

- 4 Thou with the Father and the Son
Art that mysterious Three-in-One,
God bless'd for evermore;
Whom though we cannot comprehend,
Feeling Thou art the sinner's Friend,
We love Thee, and adore!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

375 2 Cor. i. 22. "The earnest of the Spirit."

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87. D.

- 1 COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now Thy blissful self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon;
Wash us in the atoning blood;
Make our hearts a watered garden;
Fill our thirsting souls with God.
- 2 If Thou gav'st the enlarged desire,
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancelled sin reveal:
Claim us for Thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallowed breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.
- 3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for Thee.
- 4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow:
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting, heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art!

Charles Wesley, 1767.

376 Eph. iii. 16. "Strengthened with might by His Spirit."

Tune 20. DALMATIA. Or 24. MELCOMBE, L.M.

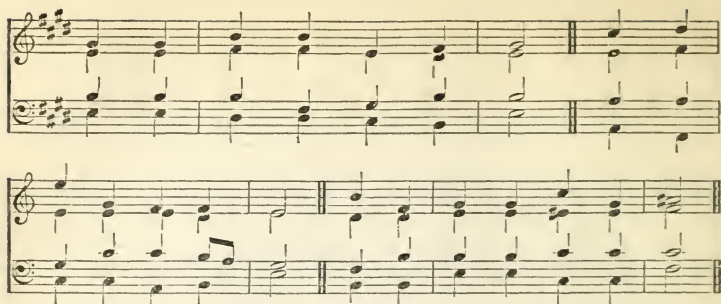
- 1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of Thine unmeasurable grace. [length]
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ His Son!
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

377 Exod. xxxiii. 18. "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory."

Tune 314. HALLE. Or 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 LORD, show Thy glory, as of old,
The work of heavenly love display
And let our longing eyes behold
Another Pentecostal day:
Our fervent wishes deign to crown,
And send Thy quickening Spirit down.
- 2 Thou seest, Lord, how far we stray,
Oppressed with ills we cannot flee;
How sin hath drawn our hearts away
From peace, from happiness, and Thee;
Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, bestow,
And snatch us from the depth of woe.
- 3 Encompassed with a host of foes,
Our strength is small, our danger nigh;
Where can we find some brief repose,
Or whither for protection fly?
O Lord, Thy mighty Spirit send,
Our hearts to strengthen and defend.
- 4 Now let a brighter day begin
Than ever yet was witnessed here;
Bid darkly-gathering clouds of sin
Before Thy presence disappear:
Reign in each heart; in every place
Set up the empire of Thy grace!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.



See Hymn 420. Also 2, 32, 195, 268, 410, 474, 526.

378 Isa. xlv. 3. "I will pour My Spirit."

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10 10, 10 10.

- 1 O HOLY Spirit! now descend on me,
As showers of rain upon a thirsty ground;

Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree,
May all Thy precious fruits in me be found.

- 2 Be Thou my Teacher—to my soul reveal
The length, breadth, depth, and height of Jesus' love.

And on my soul Thy blest instructions seal,
Raising my thoughts and heart to things above.

- 3 Be Thou my Comforter—when I'm distressed,
Oh gently soothe my sorrows, calm my grief:

Help me to find upon my Saviour's breast,
In every hour of trial, sure relief.

- 4 Be Thou my Guide into all truth Divine,
Give me increasing knowledge of my God;

Show me the glories that in Jesus shine,
And make my heart the place of His abode!

See Hymns, 120, 756—759, 809, 811, 875.

Part ii.

- 5 Be Thou my Intercessor—teach me how
To pray according to God's holy will;
Cause me with deep and strong desire to glow, [ings fill.
And my whole soul with heavenly long-

- 6 Be Thou my Earnest of eternal rest,
And witness with me I am God's own child, [blest.
With His unchanging love and favour
By Jesu's merits fully reconciled.

- 7 Be Thou my Sanctifier—dwell within,
And purify and cleanse my every thought,
Subdue the power of each besetting sin,
And be my will to sweet submission brought.

- 8 Be Thou my Quickener—in me revive
Each drooping grace, so prone to fade and die;

Help me on Jesus day by day to live, [tic.
And loosen more and more each earthly

- 9 Blest Spirit! I would yield myself to Thee.

Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me Thy holy habitation be, [drink!
And daily deeper from Thy fullness

Christina Forsyth, 1861.

PART II.—The Book of God and the Church of God.

THEME I.—The Holy Scriptures—The Revelation of the Triune Jehovah.

(1.) INSPIRATION.

379 Acts i. 16. "The Holy Ghost, by the mouth of David, spake."

Tune 47. NAYLAND. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight,
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;

It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

- 3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.



4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above!

William Cowper, 1770.

380 2 Tim. iii. 16. "*All Scripture is
given by inspiration of God.*"

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! 'twas Thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse fired.
- 2 Filled with Thy great almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 The powers of earth, and hell, in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through every age
Securely guards the Book Divine.
- 4 Thee, its great Author, Source of light,
Thee, its Preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from Thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore!

Elizabeth Scott, 1860.

(2.) EXCELLENCY.

382 Ps. cxix. 105. "*Thy Word is a
lamp unto my feet.*"

Tune 59. ARRAN. Or 35. CHESALON. C.M.

- 1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way:
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

381 2 Pet i. 21. "*Holy men of God
spake as they were moved by the
Holy Ghost.*"

Tune 157. RATISBON. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 **D**OES the Lord of glory speak
To His creatures here below;
And may souls so frail and weak
All His gracious dealings know?
Does the blessed Bible bring
Tidings from our heavenly King?
- 2 Oh with what intense desire
Should we search that sacred book!
Here our zeal should never tire;
Here we should delight to look
For the rules by mercy given,
To conduct our souls to heaven.
- 3 Shall not he that humbly seeks
All the light of truth discern?
Do we not, when Jesus speaks,
Feel our hearts within us burn?
For His soul-reviving voice
Bids the mourner now rejoice.
- 4 Lord, Thy teaching grace impart,
That we may not read in vain;
Write Thy precepts on our heart,
Make Thy truths and doctrines plain:
Let the message of Thy love
Guide us to Thy rest above!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts!

Bernard Barton, 1836.



See Hymn 410. Also 268.

383 Jer. xv. 16. *"Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."*

Tune 12. HEBRON. Or 4. WALDECK. L.M.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God,
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine illumined page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions never to decay;
My Lord! oh when will He appear.
And bear His prisoner far away!
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then concealed;
When I have reached the heavenly shore,
The Lord Himself will stand revealed.
- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright Original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Sweet book! I've no more need of thee.
- 6 But while on earth, thou shalt supply
His place, and I tell me of His love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.
- 7 I know His Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate His people here;
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in His presence I appear!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

384 Deut. vi. 6. *"These words,..... shall be in thine heart."*

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 HOLY Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit

- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

John Burton, 1805.

385 Ps. exix. 24. *"Thy testimonies also are my delight."*

Tune 229. MAON. SS, SS, SS.

- 1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book is my companion still;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles Divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 Oh may the gracious words Divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord His follower join.
And walk and talk Himself with me;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
Oh may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thou may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above!

Charles Wesley, 1702.



386 Matt. iv. 7. "*It is written again.*"
Tune 112. BASHAN. 66, 66.

- 1 FIVE pebbles from the brook
The shepherd David drew ;
One of those five he took,
And proud Goliath slew.
- 2 He went forth all alone,
No armour had he on ;
But with a sling and stone
The victory he won.
- 3 There is a holy stream,
By God's pure wellspring fed ;
Bright polished pebbles gleam,
Like jewels, in its bed.
- 4 The Bible is that brook ;
The five books of God's law
Jesus, our David, took,
And one from them did draw.
- 5 With that, and that alone,
He went to meet the foe ;
And with that single stone
He laid the tempter low.
- 6 Sing praises to our Lord,
Glad Hallelujahs sing,
Who conquered by His word ;
Our Captain and our King.
- 7 Lord, arm us with that word,
With faith in Thee our shield ;
We need no other sword,
Teach us that sword to wield.
- 8 Help us like Thee to fight,
Oh give us victory ;
So may we put to flight
Our ghostly enemy.
- 9 To Father and the Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be !

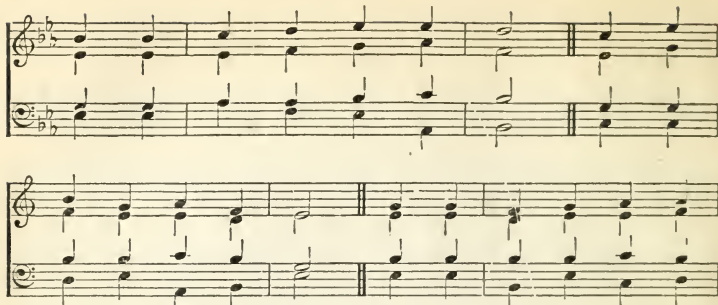
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

387 Ps. cxix. 103. "*How sweet are Thy words unto my taste.*"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford !
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword :
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.
- 2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills it never cloy :
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed !
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield ;
While the Scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When in faith I take the sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser—
I am rich, 'tis he is poor :
Jesus gives me in His word
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

John Newton, 1774.



See Hymn 206. Also 19, 229, 244, 363, 381, 609, 675, 768, 836, 904.

388 John v. 39. "Search the Scriptures."

Tune 145. CHIOS. 77, 77.

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible, what a store
For the sons of men to explore;
Precious Christ, it speaks of Thee;
Give us eyes Thyself to see.
- 2 Precious Bible, what a friend,
All my footsteps to attend;
All my wants it can supply;
For it brings the Saviour nigh.

3 Precious Bible, what a field!
Precious fruits its furrows yield:
Wide extent, and fertile ground,
Verdant pastures here are found.

- 4 Precious Bible, what a mine!
Full of promises Divine:
I would all thy wealth explore,
And thy Author, God, adore!

Joseph Irons, 1816.

(3.) SUFFICIENCY.

389 Ps. cxix. 54. "Thy statutes have been my songs."

Tune 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

Anne Steele, 1760.

390 Ps. cxix. 130. "The entrance of Thy words giveth light."

Tune 45. YORK. Or 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word, O Lord, the way imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest may instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
Oh may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

391 Ps. cxix. 97. "Oh how love I Thy law!"

Tune 51. BESOR. Or 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

- 1 OH! how I love Thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.



2 How doth Thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my trying pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall Thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write Thy praise!
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

392 Ps. xviii. 28. "*Thou wilt light my candle.*"

Tune 38. EDEN. Or 63. KENT. C.M.

1 **H**OW precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy its truth imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

393 Ps. cxix. 140. "*Thy word is very pure.*"

Tune 62. SALISBURY. Or 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage!

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes their sorrows blest;
And bids them look beyond the grave,
To an eternal rest!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

394 Ps. cxix. 130. "*The entrance of Thy words giveth light.*"

Tune 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

1 **U**NFOLD, O Lord, to us unfold
The wonders of the sacred page;
The thing by prophets sung of old,
And handed down from age to age;
The things that Jesus said and did,
And all that from the world lies hid.

2 The child-like spirit, Lord, impart,
That with implicit faith receives
The living word, and in the heart
Deposits that which it believes,
There, Lord, to work Thy sovereign will,
And all Thy pleasure to fulfil!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

395 Ps. cxix. 172. "*My tongue shall speak of Thy word.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. 87, 87, D.

1 **P**RECIOUS volume! what thou doest,
Other books attempt in vain;
Painest, fullest, sweetest, truest,
All our good from thee we gain!
How thy living words refresh us!
Words of truth and grace they are;
Than the finest gold more precious,
Than the honey sweeter far.



See Hymn 991. Also 206, 207, 230, 244, 462, 474, 570, 609, 675, 768, 788, 836, 856, 904.

2 What lay hid from ancient sages,
What they sought, but failed to find,
This, unfolded in thy pages,
Now appears to all mankind.
Far too high for man to reach it,
'Tis revealed from heaven above;
God Himself alone could teach it:
'Tis the mystery of love.

3 Precious volume! all revealing,
All that we have need to know:
Nothing from our view concealing,
That can profit here below.
Hope we have: this hope is cheering,
That the things we know not now,
In the day of His appearing,
Christ will to His people show!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

396 Ps. cxix. 89. "*For ever, O Lord,
Thy word is settled in heaven.*"

Tune 111. DAMARIS. 66, 66.

1 **L**ORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1861.

397 Ps. cxix. 11. "*Thy word have I
hid in mine heart.*"

Tune 132. KIRIATHAIM. Or 166. ZOAN. II.
76, 86, 86, 86.

1 **W**E won't give up the Bible,
God's Holy Book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On, else—a dreary road!
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

2 We won't give up the Bible;
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From Satan, sin, and hell:
The guilty sinner here may learn—
The Gentile and the Jew—
To wash his robes in Jesu's blood,
From sins of every hue.

3 We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain.
Though men should try to take our prize,
By guile and cruel might,
May we maintain the truth in love,
And God defend the right!

4 We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's holy word
We'll never, never part!

*Bishop John Gregg, and
William M. Whittemore, D.D., 1841.
See Hymn 712.*



THEME II.—The Church of the Triune Jehovah as revealed in Holy Scripture.

ITS THREEFOLD ASPECT—PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

I.—Foreseen by Jehovah from all Eternity.

HIS ELECT CHURCH.

(1.) CHOSEN IN CHRIST.

398 Eph i. 4. "*He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world.*"

Tune 201. SHEN. 15 15, 15 15.

1 **O** THOU chosen church of Jesus, glorious, blessed, and secure,
Founded on the One Foundation, which
for ever shall endure;

Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength
and safety be,
But the everlasting love wherewith Jeho-
vah loved thee.

2 Chosen—by His own good pleasure, by the
counsel of His will,
Mystery of power and wisdom working
for His people still:

Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one
ray of quickening light
Beamed upon the chaos waiting for the
Word of sovereign might.

3 Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through
the sanctifying grace

Poured upon His precious vessels, meet-
ened for the heavenly place:

Chosen—to show forth His praises, to be
holy in His sight:

Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto
life and light.

4 Blessed be the God and Father of our
Saviour Jesus Christ,
Who hath blessed us with such blessings
all uncounted and unpriced!

Let our high and holy calling, and our
strong salvation, be

Theme of never-ending praises, God of
sovereign grace, to Thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

399 Eph. v. 25. "*Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 7 6, 7 6. D.

1 **T**HE Church's one Foundation

Is Jesus Christ her Lord,

She is the new creation

By water and the Word;

From heaven He came, and sought her

To be His holy bride,

With His own blood He bought her,

And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,

Yet one o'er all the earth,

The charter of salvation,

One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;

One holy Name she blesses,

Partakes one holy food,

And to one hope she presses,

With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,

Men see her sore oppress,

By schisms rent asunder,

By heresies distrest;

Yet saints their watch are keeping,

Their cry goes up, "How long?"

And soon their night of weeping

Shall be the morn of song.



* For 10 lines 7s repeat 1st and 2nd strains.

See Hymn 92. Also 440, 702, 824, 850, 946, 1003.

- 4 'Mid toll and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church, victorious,
Shall be the church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One;
And mystic, sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee,
Samuel John Stone, 1865.

400 Isa. liii. 11. "He shall see of the
travail of His soul."
Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 JESUS saw His church, elected,
And betrothed her as His own;
She shall never be rejected,
But be partner of His throne!
How He loved her!
Long ere time or sin were known.
- 2 Jesus saw His church, when falling
Into ruin and disgrace:
When her state was most appalling,
Stood as Surety in her place;
How He loved her!
Thus to magnify His grace.
- 3 Jesus saw His church, enslaved,
In her guilt, and far from God;
But, resolved she should be saved,
Interposed His precious blood:
How He loved her!
Thus to suffer for her good.
- 4 Jesus saw His church, when straying,
Brought her back by sovereign grace;
Now He sees her watching—praying—
Waiting to behold His face:
Still He loves her!
And in heaven prepares her place!
Joseph Irons, 1825.

401 Acts xiii. 48. "As many as were
ordained to eternal life believed."

Tune 120. MIZPEH. 6666, 88.

- 1 THE people of the Lord
Were chosen in their Head,
To all eternal good,
Before the worlds were made;
Elect to know the Prince of Peace,
And taste the riches of His grace.
- 2 Elect to faith and hope,
To purity and love,
To all the life of God,
To all the things above;
Elect to prove salvation sure,
Elect to reign for evermore.
- 3 Grace, grace alone appears
In His eternal choice:
It cheers the humble saint,
And makes the soul rejoice:
Its endless glory shines so bright,
It makes obedience all delight.
- 4 Now, Lord, to us reveal
Thy all-confirming grace:
And may we all pursue
The shining paths of peace;
Press onward to the joys above,
And ever sing electing love!

Richard Burnham, 1796. (a.)

402 2 Tim. i. 9. "Grace which was
given us in Christ Jesus before
the world began."

Tune 1. OLD HUNDRETH. L.M.

- 1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell (we bless His name),
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

See Hymns 117—119.



(2.) PRECIOUS.

403 Ps. lxxxvii. 3. "*Glorious things are spoken of thee.*"

Tune 306. FREYLLINGHAUSEN. 87, 87. D.

1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
2 See! the stream of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray!

Part ii.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.
5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know!

John Newton, 1779.

404 Isa. xliii. 4. "*Since thou wast precious in My sight.*"

Tune 63. KENT. C.M.

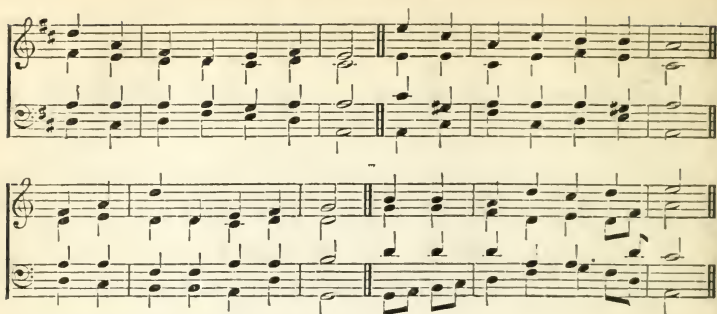
1 **N**OW let Jehovah's covenant love
To saints employ my breath;
Its constancy shall always prove
The same, in life and death.
2 Beloved and precious in His sight,
Before all worlds they stood,
Their souls were always His delight,
They cost Him precious blood.
3 Yes, they are precious while they live,
And precious when they die;
So precious, that to them He'll give
Most precious crowns on high.
4 So precious that His grace and power
Conspire to make them blest;
So precious at their dying hour,
He takes them to His breast.
5 So precious that He has engraved
Their names upon His hand;
So precious that they shall be saved,
And in His presence stand.
6 Hear, O my soul, what Jesus saith,
Nor tremble to depart;
For all His saints, in life and death,
Are precious to His heart!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

405 Ps. cxxv. 2. "*As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people.*"

Tune 192. HAVILAH. Or 193. IDUMEA.
87, 87, 47.

1 **Z**ION stands by hills surrounded:
Zion kept by power Divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion!
What a favoured lot is thine!



See Hymn 850. Also 1019.

- 2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 Zion's Friend in nothing alters,
Though all others may and do:
His is love that never falters,
Always to its object true,
Happy Zion!
Crowned with mercies ever new.
- 4 If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save and not destroy;
If He punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.
- 5 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

406 Ps. cxxxii. 13. "The Lord hath chosen Zion."

Tune 201. SHEN. 87, 87. D.

- 1 ZION is Jehovah's dwelling;
There "the King of kings" appears;
Hers is glory far excelling
All the worldling sees or hears.
Zion's walls are everlasting,
Formed through endless years to shine;
Strength and beauty, never wasting,
Show their origin Divine.
- 2 Zion claims peculiar honour:
High distinction marks her lot:
Light eternal shines upon her;
Hers a sun that faileth not.
Zion's city hath foundations:
God Himself hath raised her walls:
She survives the wreck of nations;
Zion stands, whatever falls.

- 3 Happy they who now discerning
Zion's glory, thither move!
Earth with all its honours spurning,
Zion is the place they love.
There the Lord, His face disengaging,
Fills His people's hearts with joy;
While, from all their toils reposing,
Bliss is theirs without alloy.
- 4 Brethren, let the prospect cheer us;
Fair the lot that's cast for us:
When we call, our God will hear us:
Happy who are favoured thus!
Let the timid fear no longer:
What though earth and hell oppose?
He who pleads our cause is stronger,
Stronger far than all our foes!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

407 Jer. xxxi. 3. "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 LOVED with love from everlasting,
Lord, Thy church must rest secure;
Bought with blood, by grace now quickened;
Their eternal peace is sure.
Happy people,
Loved, and bought, and called by grace.
- 2 Yet, amidst a world of follies,
With a nature vile and base,
Oft assailed by fierce temptations,
How we need Thy mighty grace!
Dangers threaten.
Lord, uphold us in Thy fear.
- 3 Never safe but when protected
By Thy providence and love;
Leave us not, but daily keep us,
Till we see Thy face above.
Keep us, Jesus,
As the apple of Thine eye.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, from hard presumption,
Keep us, too, from unbelief;
When assailed by dark temptation,
Send us succour and relief.
Keep, O keep us,
Till our pilgrimage is o'er.



- 5 Keep us that our lives may praise Thee,
May we live to honour Thee;
And, when called to pass the river,
May we then Thy presence see,
Jesus, keep us,
Till in heaven we sing Thy grace!
Septimus Sears, 1865.

408 Num. xxiii. 20. "*Behold I have received commandment to bless.*"

Tune 211. JORDAN.

Or 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. 886. D.

- 1 COME let us stand as Balaam stood,
And mark the people blessed of God
In Israel's tents below;
How goodly is their dwelling-place,
How happy is the favoured race,
Whom He vouchsafes to know.
- 2 The sons of Israel stand alone;
Jehovah claims them for His own;
His cause and theirs the same;
He saved them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by His name.
- 3 His arm protects, His presence guides,
His love for all their need provides;
With peace and hope they're blest:
Preserved by their almighty Friend,
Till all their toils and trials end
In everlasting rest!

Edward Osler, 1836.

409 Isa. xliii. 1. "*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 ZION, beloved of God,
No more to doubts incline;
Hear the sweet accents of His word:
"Fear not, for thou art Mine."
- 2 "Ere chaos heard My voice,
Or stars began to shine,
Thou wast the object of My choice,
And ever shalt be Mine.

- 3 "I bought thee with My blood,
I save when foes combine,
I'll conquer, though thou hast withstood,
And make thee wholly Mine."

- 4 And may my soul thus claim
A blessing so Divine?

I will exult in Jesu's name,
And know that He is mine.

Joseph Irons, 1819.

410 Deut. xxxiii. 29. "*Happy art thou, O Israel.*"

Tune 156. PHARPAR.

Or 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 SONS of Zion, lift your eyes
Upward to your native skies;
Now ascend the azure height,
To your city wrapt in light.
Free of Zion's city, you
Keep your freedom still in view;
- 2 Tread in faith the streets of gold,
Love's rich fountain now behold,
Pluck the fruit of life's fair tree,
Drink the stream that flows for thee;
Bow before the golden throne,
Christ your rightful monarch own.
- 3 Tread around salvation's wall,
Tell the towers that cannot fall;
Count ye well her bulwarks strong,
Make her safety now your song.
Though in Meshech's land ye dwell,
There of Zion you may tell.
- 4 God of might, the power bestow
On Thy feeble sons below;
Now on faith's strong wind to fly,
Upward toward our native sky;
Fetch from glimpses of our home
Strength the wilderness to roam;
- 5 Grace to prove to all around
Zion's sons we shall be found;
Zion's sons on earth by faith,
Zion's citizens at death;
Zion's songsters in that day
When all tears are wiped away!

Septimus Sears, 1865.



See Hymn 702. Also 6, 357, 577, 812, 824, 975.

411 Num. xxiii. 23. "*Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob.*"

Tune 241. PARAN. 11 11, 11 11.

- 1 O PEOPLE, selected by sovereign love,
Through free grace elected to glory above;

What cause for uniting your voices to sing,
What cause for delighting in Jesus your King.

- 2 What nation so blessèd, so honoured of God?
Your sins all atoned for by Calvary's

Your sorrows removed, and your wants all supplied,
By Him that has loved you and bought you beside.

- 3 Though foes should assail you on every hand,
Your King will not fail you—beside you He'll stand;
He's near to defend you, and ne'er will depart;
No power shall rend you away from His [heart!]
Septimus Sears, 1865.

(3.) COMPLETE.

412 John vi. 37. "*All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELIOUS. L.M.

- 1 ALL hail, Thon great Redeemer, hail!
We know Thy promise cannot fail;
Thy ransomed family shall come
To their prepared eternal home.

- 2 Shall come! this truth demands a song
From all the blest returning throng;
Satan must yield his long-held prey
When Jesus bids them come away.

- 3 Nor sins, nor doubts, nor foes can keep
The least of Jesu's ransomed sheep;
They shall come to His sacred fold,
Whom He engaged to save of old.

- 4 His name, His honour, and His blood,
Are pledged to bring them home to God:
And all His church shall come, and prove
Jehovah's free unchanging love!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

413 John xvii. 2. "*That He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.*"

Tune 34. ELAH. Or 35. IONA. C.M.

- 1 HARK! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King!
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And Hallelujah sing.

- 2 They range through heaven's unmeasured
And find new cause for praise; [plain,
See more of Jesus, and again
Loud Hallelujahs raise.

- 3 Anon, the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And Hallelujah cry.

- 4 Another sinner born of God
Makes heaven's vast concave ring;
Again they Jesu's love record,
And Hallelujah sing.

- 5 At last the ransomed throng complete
Is glorified throughout:
Again they bow at Jesu's feet,
And Hallelujah shout.

- 6 Ere long we hope to join the throng
Who bow before the King;
And in one everlasting song
Our Hallelujah bring.

Joseph Irons, 1825.

414 John vii. 38. "*Rivers of living water.*"

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 SEE from Zion's fountain rises
Life's full stream, whose rolling tide
All impediment despises,
Swelling high and spreading wide;
Life abounding—

- Life from Jesus crucified.
2 Barren sands, and lofty mountains,
Open channels for its course;
And all other streams and fountains
Dry away before its force:

This is daily
Well supplied from Christ its source.



3 Flow, ye waves, to every nation,
Every tribe, and every tongue,
Till the blessings of salvation
Visit all the ransomed throng,
And the Saviour's
Praises through the earth are sung.

4 Saviour, let Thy gospel river
Spread its blessings all around ;
Loudest songs to Thee, the Giver,
Shall throughout Thy church resound,
And for ever
Lord of all Thou shalt be crowned.
Joseph Irons, 1816. (a.)

II.—Redeemed and Gathered out from the World.

HIS CHURCH MILITANT.

(1.) CALLED.

415 Heb. iii. 1. "*Partakers of the heavenly calling.*"
Tune 202. ESDRAELON. Or 203. SALZBURG.
1515, 1515.

1 HOLY brethren, called and chosen by
the Sovereign Voice of might,
See your high and holy calling, out of
darkness into light!
Called according to His purpose, and the
riches of His love, [heavenly Dove.
Won to listen by the leading of the gentle
2 Called to suffer with our Master, patiently
to run His race ; [ness and grace ;
Called a blessing to inherit, called to holi-

Called to fellowship with Jesus, by the
Ever-faithful One ;
Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom
of His Son.

3 Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His
glory they shall see ;
He is faithful that hath called you ; He
will do it, fear not ye !
Therefore, holy brethren, onward ! make
your heavenly calling sure ;
For the prize of this high calling, bravely
to the end endure.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

(2.) JUSTIFIED.

416 Jer. xxxiii. 16. "*This is the name
wherewith she shall be called,
The Lord our Righteousness.*"
Tune 202. ESDRAELON. 1515, 1515.

1 ISRAEL of God, awaken ! Church of
Christ, arise and shine !
Mourning garb and soiled raiment hence-
forth be no longer thine !
For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee
with a new and glorious dress,
With the garments of salvation, with the
robe of righteousness.
2 By the grace of God the Father, thou art
freely justified,

Through the great redemption purchased
by the blood of Him who died ;
By His life, for thee fulfilling God's
command exceeding broad,
By His glorious Resurrection, seal and
signet of thy God.

3 Therefore justified for ever by the faith
which He hath given,
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding,
smooth thy trial path to heaven :
Unto Him betrothed for ever, who thy life
shall crown and bless,
By His name thou shalt be called, Christ,
"The Lord our Righteousness !"
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.



See Hymn 440. Also 503, 577, 750.

417 Jer. xxiii. 6. "*This is His name whereby He shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.*"

Tune 45. YORK. Or 49. ST. JAMES. C.M.

1 SAVIOUR Divine, we know Thy name,
And in that name we trust!
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness!
Thou art Thy people's boast!

2 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

See Hymns, 685, 686.

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709, and Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

(3.) SEPARATED FROM THE WORLD

418 John xv. 19. "*I have chosen you out of the world.*"

Tune 211. JORDAN. 886. D.

1 AWAKE! awake! ye saints of God,
Redeemed and cleansed with precious blood,
In Christ pronounced just;
Your beauteous garments daily wear,
Let your true dignity appear.
Shake off the earthly dust.

See Hymns 504—509.

2 Why should this world delight you so?
Why grovel in the dust below?
Your portion is in heaven.

Oh hear your glorious Bridegroom say,
"Rise up, My love, and come away,
Eternal life is given."

3 Beloved of Jesus, heirs of bliss,
Haste through this dreary wilderness,
Regardless of its toys;
A few more steps will bring us through,
Then we shall Jesu's glories view,
In everlasting joys!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

(4.) NEVER SEPARATED FROM CHRIST.

419 Rom. viii. 38, 39. "*I am persuaded that neither death nor life, . . . shall be able to separate us.*"

Tune 57. EPHRON. Or 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

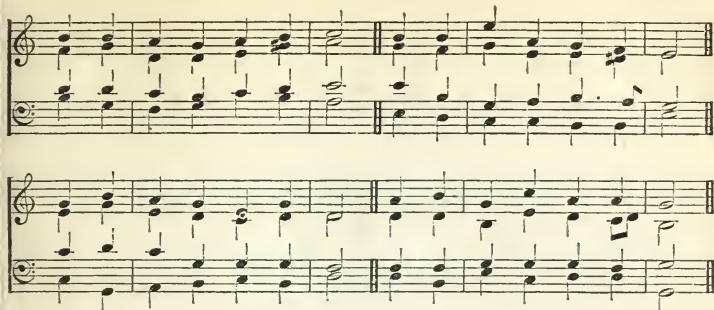
1 BLEST truth! the church and Christ are
In bonds the most secure; [One,
No separation! precious thought,
While endless years endure.
No separation, is proclaimed
In God's unerring word:
Christ is not of His bride ashamed,
Then let her own her Lord.

3 No separation! cheers my heart,
And bids my fears subside;
My soul and Jesus cannot part,
For me He lived and died.

4 No separation! precious thought,
Then Christ is with me here.
And home to heaven I must be brought,
For Jesus Christ is there.

5 No separation! this decree
Of everlasting love
Is fixed by the eternal Three,
And never can remove!

Joseph Irons, 1825.



420 Rom. viii. 35. "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*"

Tune 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH! who shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's
own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Cast one precious jewel down
From Emmanuel's blood-bought crown?
- 2 Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?

Trouble dire or dark disgrace
From His heart our names erase?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Us from Jesus separate?

- 3 Hallelujah! life or death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Satan's might, nor hell's dark gloom,
Things which are, nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own
heart?

William Dickinson, 1846.

(5.) PRESERVED IN CHRIST.

421 Jude 1. "*Preserved in Jesus Christ.*"

Tune 40. GLOUCESTER. C.M.

- 1 **H**OW safe are all the chosen race,
Preserved in Christ their Head,
Before He calls them by His grace,
And after calling led.
- 2 Preserved in Christ, and taught to love
His name, His saints, His word:
Preserved to gain a throne above,
And praise and love the Lord.
- 3 Preserved when earth and hell oppose,
Preserved in life and death,
Preserved when wrath destroys their foes,
And victory crowns their faith.
- 4 Preserved 'midst Satan's fiery darts,
Through all this wilderness:
Preserved from vile depraved hearts,
For everlasting bliss.

Joseph Irons, 1825.

- 2 Art Thou not a strong Defender
Of Thy church from all her foes?
Shall the citadel surrender,
Though assailed by rudest blows?
- 3 No, the Rock on which she's founded
Stands immovably secure;
Though by enemies surrounded,
She shall flourish and endure.
- 4 Vain are all their boasted numbers,
Marshall'd forth in stern array;
For Thine eye, that never slumbers,
Keepeth her by night and day.
- 5 Lord, our resolution's taken;
We would share the lot of those
Who, though by the world forsaken,
On Thy constant love repose.
- 6 May Thy Spirit safely guide us
Through the dangers of our road;
And in happier worlds provide us
With a peaceable abode!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

422 Isa. xxvii. 3. "*I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.*"

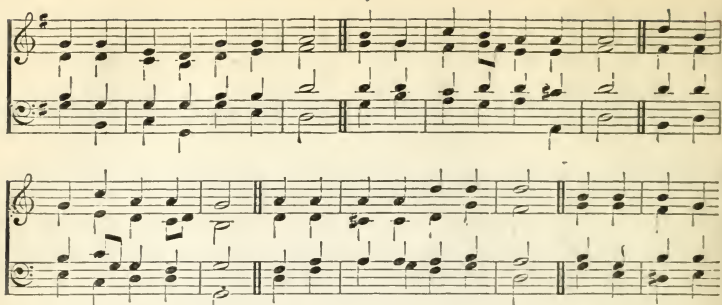
Tune 181. CULBACH. Or 184. SOREK.
87, 87.

- 1 **L**ORD, what blessed consolation
Do Thy promises supply!
In the season of temptation,
Is not Thy assistance nigh?

423 Isa. xli. 10. "*Fear thou not; for I am with thee.*"

Tune 241. PARAN. Or 240. RIPON.
11 11, 11 11.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
You—who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?



See Hymn 4. For Part i. only, see Hymn 352. Also 780.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not
dismayed! [aid;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow:
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless, [distress,
And calm with My presence thy deepest
- 4 "And when through the fire thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only
design, [refine,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to
- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
He will not, He will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
Jehovah will never, no, never forsake
George Keith, 1787. (a.)

424 Exod. xv. 4. "Pharaoh's chariots
and his host hath He cast into
the sea."

Tune 243. SOSTHENES. 1011, 1111, 12 11.

- 1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are
free!
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid
and brave,
How vain was their boasting! The Lord
hath but spoken.
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
the wave. Sound, &c.
- 2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
Lord; [our sword:
His word was our arrow—His breath was
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride? [of glory.
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar
And all her brave thousands are dashed in
the tide! Sound, &c.

See Hymns 728—734. Thomas Moore, 1816.

(6.) MADE LIKE CHRIST.

425 Gal. iv. 19. "Until Christ be formed
in you."

Tune 62. SALISBURY. Or 65. FRENCH. C.M.

- 1 O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede!
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought:
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
- 4 More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.
- 5 Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.
- 6 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name!

Johann Caspar Lavater, 1801;
H. B. Smith (tr.), 1839.

See Hymns 190, 214—217.



III.—Hereafter to be Glorified and Presented as the Bride Adorned for her King.

HIS CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

(1.) CONTINUING IN HIS PRESENCE.

426 Ps. cxix. 89. "For ever, O Lord,
Thy word is settled in heaven."
Tune 35. CHESALON. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 **F**OR ever! oh, delightful word!
My God for ever lives:
For ever shall my song record
The blessings which He gives.
- 2 For ever firm His covenant stands,
For ever sure His oath;
For ever safe in Jesu's hands,
My soul and body both.
- 3 For ever justified by grace,
For ever loved of God;
For ever blest in Christ's embrace,
For ever with the Lord.
- 4 For ever singing Jesu's love,
For ever owned as His;
For ever triumphing above,
For ever crowned with bliss!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

427 John xiv. 3. "That where I am,
there ye may be also."

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

- 1 **I**N yonder realms, where Jesus reigns
Upon His Father's throne,
Each ransomed soul a mansion gains,
And claims it as his own.
- 2 Built on His purposes of love,
Prepared by hands Divine,
Within the Father's house above,
Where endless glories shine.
- 3 Is there, dear Lord, a place for me,
Prepared and freely given?
Where Jesus is, I long to be,
For there I find my heaven!

Joseph Irons, 1819.

(2.) REJOICING IN HIS

428 Rev. v. 9. "They sung a new song."
Tune 255. EUODIAS. 84, 84, 8884.

- 1 **T**IS the church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb;
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb.
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Worthy the Lamb;
Join to sing the great salvation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Loud as mighty thunders roaring,
Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring:
Worthy the Lamb.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

- 3 Harps and songs for ever sounding,
Worthy the Lamb;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb.
By His blood He dearly bought us;
Wandering from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb!
- 4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb;
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling:
Worthy the Lamb!

John Kent, 1803.



See Hymn 231.

429 Rev. xiv. 3. "They sung as it were a new song before the throne."

Tune 312. ZION. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the glorious hosts above,
Around the great Jehovah's throne,
Enjoying His eternal love,
The Author of their glory own;
Without a jarring note they sing,
"Salvation to our God" and King.
- 2 Brought home by rich and sovereign grace,
From every nation, tribe, and tongue,
They bow before Jehovah's face,
And join the everlasting song;
Without a sorrow, fear, or doubt,
"Salvation to our God" they shout.
- 3 Arrayed in robes of righteousness,
With glorious crowns, and harps of gold,
Among them Jesus dwells to bless;
His matchless glory they behold;
And as they gaze, repeat their songs,
"Salvation to our God!" belongs.
- 4 Oh, when shall we among them stand,
In Jesu's righteousness complete,
Obtain our place at His right hand,
And cast our crowns before His feet?
We'll join the heavenly chorus then,
"Salvation to our God!" Amen!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

430 Rev. i. 5, 6. "Unto Him that loved us . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Tune 107. Moscow. 664, 666 4.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the saints of God,
Redeemed with precious blood,
Free grace record!
In Jesus crucified,
For evermore confide,
For you He lived and died;
Praise ye the Lord!
- 2 He loved your souls so well,
He rescued you from hell,
And life restored:
Sing of His sovereign grace,
His blessed footsteps trace,
Still gazing on His face;
Praise ye the Lord!
- 3 To Him all glory give,
Upon His fulness live,
And trust His word:
Low at His footstool fall,
Upon Him daily call,
And own Him Lord of all;
Praise ye the Lord!
- 4 By all the host of heaven,
And sinners here forgiven,
Christ is adored:
To our all-glorious King
We will our tribute bring,
And thus for ever sing
Praise ye the Lord!

Isaac Bridgman, 1830.

(3.) PARTAKING OF HIS ETERNAL GLORY.

431 Heb. ii. 13. "Behold I and the children which God hath given Me."

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour and our King,
Enthroned and crowned above,
Shall with exceeding gladness bring
The children of His love.
- 2 All that the Father gave
His glory shall behold;
Not one whom Jesus came to save
Is missing from His fold.
- 3 He shall confess His own
From every clime and coast,
Before His Father's glorious throne,
Before the angel host.



4 "O righteous Father, see,
In spotless robes arrayed,
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,
Before the worlds were made..

5 "By new creation Thine,
By purpose and by grace,
By right of full redemption Mine,
Faultless before Thy face..

6 "As Thou has loved Me,
So hast Thou loved them ;
Thy precious jewels they shall be,
My glorious diadem!"

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

432 Rev. xxi. 11. "*Having the glory of God.*"

Tune 230. EXETER. 888, 888.

1 OH! for a burst of praise to God!
Who bought His church with His
own blood, [tain;
And will His dear-bought right main-
soon shall His voice dispel our gloom,
The marriage of the Lamb is come,
To crown His bride, with Him to reign.

Alleluia.

2 Then shall the church, the Lamb's own
Beloved, redeemed, and sanctified, [bride,
All glorious in His glory be;
While He who all her sorrows bore,
Blessing and blessed evermore,
The travail of His soul shall see..

Alleluia.

3 Then shall the bright angelic band,
Who in their first estate now stand,

Afresh their preservation view;
His all-upholding grace they own,
Who sits upon the sapphire throne,
And praise the Faithful and the True.

Alleluia.

4 Then all, as many waters, loud,
In praise of the Incarnate God,
Shall blend in fullest harmony;
Redeeming love shall swell the song,
While endless ages roll along

A glorious eternity!

Andrew Kessel, 1787. (a. 1871.)

433 Isa. lx. 19. "*The Lord shall be
unto thee an everlasting light,
and thy God thy glory.*"

Tune 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O My people, faint and few;

Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;

2 "Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise,

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more, shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.

4 "God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light!"

William Cowper, 1779.

The Church further Described.—IV. Its Extent.

(1.) A LITTLE FLOCK.

434 Luke xii. 32. "*Fear not, little
flock, for it is your Father's good
pleasure to give you the kingdom.*"

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

1 A LITTLE flock! So calls He thee,
Who bought thee with His blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

2 Church of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amidst the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

3 A little flock! 'tis well, 'tis well;
Such be her lot and name;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.



See Hymn 12. Also 11.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length ;
Her feeble days are o'er ;
No more a handful on the earth,
A little flock no more ;

5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

7 Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing,
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1856.

435 Jer. xxiii. 3. "I will gather the remnant of My flock."

Tune 79. AVEN. S.M.

1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Shepherd's voice,
Who with His flock appears ;
He bids the tender lambs rejoice,
And banish all their fears.

2 "A little flock" below,
You shall to glory rise ;
"Fear not," your Father will bestow
A kingdom in the skies.

3 "Fear not, ye little flock,"
Whom Jesus Christ redeems ;
'Tis yours to feed beside that Rock,
Which sends forth living streams.

4 "Fear not ;" believe His word ;
You are to Jesus given ;
'Tis "the good pleasure" of the Lord
To bring you safe to heaven !
Joseph Irons, 1819.

436 Luke xii. 32. "Fear not, little flock."
Tune 211. JORDAN. 886. D.

1 **F**EAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Nor dread his rage and power : [faints,
What though your courage sometimes
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Then leave it to your Lord ;
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.

A jest and byword are they grown ;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer :
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare :
Fight for us once again ;
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

*Gustavus Adolphus' battle-hymn, by
Altenburg, 1631.*

Catherine Winkworth (tr.), 1855.

(2.) NEVERTHELESS "A COUNTLESS MULTITUDE."

437 Rev. xiv. 1. "Lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Zion, and with Him an hundred forty and four thousand."

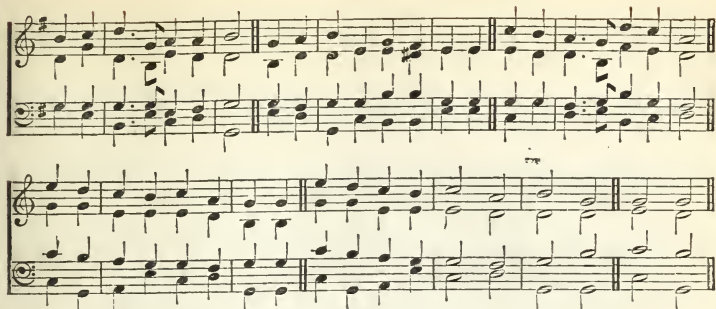
Tune 3. CRASSELLUS. Or 4. WALDECK. L.M.

1 **I** LOOKED, and of my raptured eyes
Saw Zion's holy mount arise ;
And on its heavenly summit stood
The Lamb once slain—the Lamb of God.

2 Twelve times twelve thousand saints
around

Were with unearthly glories crowned ;
Marked on their brows a wondrous name,
That name, the Father of the Lamb.

3 I heard from heaven a mighty voice,
Like waters' rush, or thunders' noise ;
And unseen harpers from on high
Harped with their harps loud notes of joy.



See Hymn 250.

- 4 Before the throne, before the throng
Of ransomed saints, arose their song:
That sweet new song which none might
name
But those blest followers of the Lamb.
- 5 These are the pure, of heavenly birth,
Cleansed from their native stain of earth;
Redeemed to God, of mortal clay,
His consecrated first-fruits they.
- 6 Freed from the fault and guilt of sin,
No guile is found their hearts within;
Before the eternal throne approved
Through Him, whom unto death they
loved.
- 7 And now their glorious Lord, where'er
He goes, their footsteps follow near;
Nor ever part they from the side
Of Him, the Lamb, the Crucified!
Professor Scholefield, D.D., 1836.

438 Rev. vii. 9. "*A great multitude, which no man could number.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. Or 309. HOLY VOICES. 15 15, 15 15.

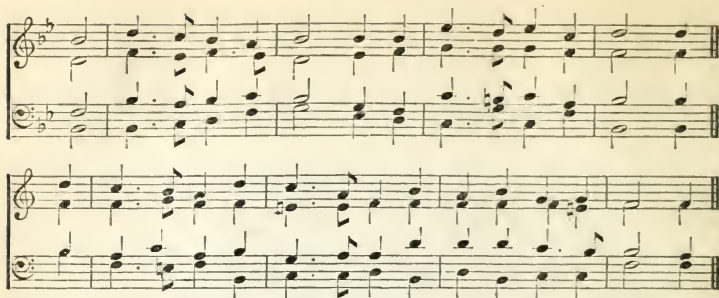
- 1 **H**ARK! the sound of holy voices, chant-
ing at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord,
to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number, like
the stars, in glory stands
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of
victory in their hands.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared
the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr, and
evangelist,
Sainly maiden, godly matron, widows who
have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord
of all, are there.
- 3 They have come from tribulation, and have
washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus; tried
they were, and firm they stood;

Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan, by
the might of Christ the Lord.

- 4 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
they have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee, their
Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were
born, and glorified.
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now
they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss,
yea, infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever; and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the blessed
Trinity!
- 6 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of
light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together all the
saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may
for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the
Holy Ghost adore!
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

439 Rev. v. 11. "*Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.*"

- 1 **I** SAW, and lo! a countless throng,
The elect of every nation, name and
tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne;
With robes of white endued,
(The righteousness of God!)
And each a palm sustained
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir
began:
"Salvation to Thy name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb!
In power, in glory, and in essence, One!"



See Hymn 157. Also 11, 325, 335, 397, 772, 931, 986.

N.B. Tunes 166 and 167 are reversed in order to avoid turning over leaf in the middle of a tune.

- 2 So sang the saints ! The angelic train
Second the anthem with a loud Amen :
(These in the outer circle stood,
The saints were nearest God) ;
And prostrate fall, with glory overpowered,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings :
"All hail ! by Thy triumphant church
adored !
Blessing and thanks and honour too
Are Thy supreme, Thy everlasting due,
Our Triune Sovereign, our propitious
Lord !"
- 3 While I beheld the amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence
they came :
"These are they whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe ;
These are the chosen purchased flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook ;
Through His imputed merit free from
blame ;
Redeemed from every sin ;
And, as thou seest, whose garments were
made clean,
Washed in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.
- 4 "Saved by His righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in the ethereal temple chant His
praise :
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face His light reveal :
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain and heat, they know no more,
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays :
Emmanuel here His people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from
every face."
- Part iii.*

- 5 Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there !
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travelled with them here :

Nay some, my elder brethren now,
Set later out for heaven, my junior saints
below :
Long after me, they heard the call of grace
Which waked them into righteousness :
How have they got beyond !
Converted last, yet first with glory
crowned !
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying
through the plain.

6 Loved while on earth ! nor less beloved,
though gone !
Think not I envy you your crown :
No ! If I could, I would not call you down !
Though slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way ;
Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from His throne :
The shinings of His grace
Softened my passage through the wilderness ;
And vines, nectarous, spring where briers
grew :
The sweet unveilings of His face
Make me at times, near half as blest as
you !
Oh ! might His beauty feast my ravished
eyes,
His gladdening presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey through !
But soon the clouds return ; my triumph
dies ;
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill of Zion from my view.

Part iii.

- 7 Spirit of Light ! thrice holy Dove !
Brighten my sense of interest in that love
Which knew no birth, and never shall
Electing goodness firm and free, [expire !
My whole salvation hangs on thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity !
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent fountain, flow.



Ah! tell me, Lord, that Thou hast chosen me!
 Thou who hast kindled my intense desire,
 Fulfil the wish Thy influence did inspire,
 And let me my election know!
 Then, when Thy summons bids me come
 up higher,
 Well pleased I shall from life retire,
 And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759-1774.

440 Rev. vii. 13. "*What are these which are arrayed in white robes?*"

Tune 159. KADESH. Or 162. SAMARIA.
 77, 77. D.

1 **WHO** are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?

These are they who bore the cross,
 Faithful to their Master died,
 Suffered in His righteous cause,
 Followers of the Crucified.

2 Out of great distress they came,
 And their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
 They have washed as white as snow.
 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er:
 They have all their sufferings passed,
 Hunger now and thirst no more.

3 He that on the throne doth reign
 Them for evermore shall feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountain lead.
 He shall all their griefs remove,
 He shall all their wants supply;
 God Himself, the God of love,
 Tears shall wipe from every eye!

Charles Wesley, 1745. (a.)

(3.) **AMPLITUDE—OUT OF EVERY KINDRED, AND TONGUE, AND PEOPLE, AND NATION.**

441 Rev. vii. 9. "*Of all nations, and kindreds, and people.*"

Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.

1 **SING** we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
 To-day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour and His flock appear
 One Shepherd and one fold.

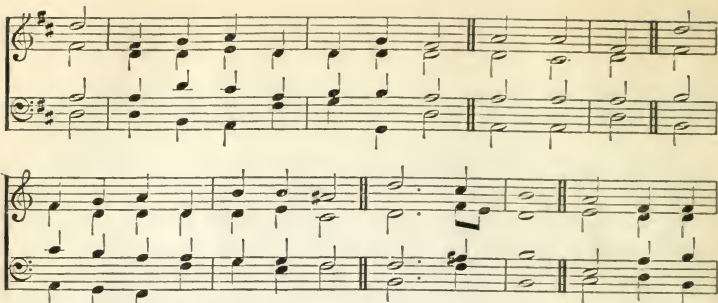
3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng;
 Yet learn we, in our low estate,
 The church triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!"
 Cry the redeemed above,
 "Blessing and honour to obtain,
 And everlasting love."

5 "Worthy the Lamb!" on earth we sing,
 "Who died our souls to save;
 Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
 Thy victory, O Grave?"

6 Then Hallelujah! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given;
 May all who now this anthem raise,
 Renew this strain in heaven!

James Montgomery, 1845.



See Hymn 493. Also 239.

442 1 Cor. x, 17. "We, being many, are one bread."

Tune 177. LEBANON.

Or Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA. 86, 86, 88.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to think that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family.
- 2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found
In our fair, peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.
- 3 "Our Father," is the hallowed sound
They breathe from day to day!
Trained by His love, their steps are found
In the same heavenward way;
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile cheers.
- 4 Yes, they are one—though some, we know,
Have reached the home of love;
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above:
In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there!

Harriet Whittemore, 1836.

443 Rev. vii. 15. "Therefore are they before the throne of God."

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 **L**O! round the throne, at God's right
hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise:
To Him their loud Hosannas raise.
- 5 Oh may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, the crown of life!

Rowland Hill, 1783; and T. Cotterill, 1810.

The Church further Described.—V. Its Names and Titles.

(1.) THE BODY OF CHRIST.

444 Eph. i. 22, 23. "Head over all things to the church, which is His body."

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. Or 190. CASSEL.
87, 87, 77.

- 1 **J**OINED to Christ in mystic union,
We Thy members, Thine our Head,
Sealed by deep and true communion,
Risen with Thee, who once were dead—

Saviour, we would humbly claim
All the power of this Thy name.

- 2 Instant sympathy to brighten
All their weakness and their woe,
Guiding grace their way to lighten,
Shall Thy loving members know;
All their sorrows Thou dost bear,
And Thy gladness they shall share.



3 Make Thy members every hour
For Thy blessed service meet;
Earnest tongues, and arms of power,
Skilful hands, and hastening feet,
Ever ready to fulfil
All Thy word, and all Thy will.
See Hymn 156.

(2.) THE BRIDE OF CHRIST—THE LAMB'S WIFE.

445 Hos. ii. 19, 20. "*I will betroth thee unto Me for ever.*"

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 **BETROTHED** in love, ere time began,
His blood-bought bride with Jesus
see;

Made by eternal union One,
Who was, and is, and is to be.

See Hymns 239, 298—300, 317, 335, 338.

(3.) THE CHURCH OF GOD.

446 Acts xx. 28. "*The church of God.*"

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. Or 315. DEPTFORD.
10 10, 10 10.

1 "**THE** Church of God," amazing, precious
thought!

That sinners, vile and outcast, should be
brought, [blood,
Renewed in heart, and cleansed by Jesu's
To form the body of the "Church of God."

2 The Church is one, it has one glorious
Head, [led;
And by one Spirit through this waste is
And nourishment from Christ, on high,
bestowed, [God."

Together binds in one the "Church of

(4.) THE TEMPLE OF

447 2 Cor. vi. 16. "*Ye are the temple of the living God.*"

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 8 7, 8 7, 4 7.

RISING on the one Foundation,
Planned and built by God alone,
See His chosen habitation,
Christ Himself the Corner-stone.

4 Everlasting life Thou givest,
Everlasting love to see;
They shall live because Thou livest,
And their life is hid with Thee.
Safe Thy members shall be found,
When their glorious Head is crowned!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

2 Thus He became her covenant Head;
Charged with her sin the Saviour stands,
To do and suffer, in her stead,
All that the righteous law demands.

3 A glorious church, from blemish free,
She shall appear before the throne,
Christ's everlasting love to be,
His everlasting love her own!

John Kent, 1803; v. 3, F. R. H.

3 United to her risen Head above,
Even now she knows the sweetness of His
love;

His power is hers to help her on the road—
Bride of the Lamb—Church of the living
God!

4 Soon will He come, and take His Church
away—

And oh, sweet thought! fast hastens on
the day,

When He will stand with all His saints.
avowed

Head of the Church—the purchased
"Church of God."

Albert Midlane, 1864.

THE HOLY GHOST.

Holy temple!

King Messiah's priestly throne.

2 While in Christ the building groweth,
Fits framed of polished stones,

All its matchless glory floweth
From the blood which there atones.

In this temple

God Himself our worship owns.



See Hymn 890.

3 Lo! the ark, the priest, the altar,
Incense, bread, and sacred fire,
Sacrifice for each defaulter,
Joyful praise and holy choir;
God's own temple,
Chosen rest, and His desire!

4 Are we living stones, united
To the temple of the Lord?
Then in us He hath delighted,
And His love we shall record.
In His temple
Be His holy name adored!
Joseph Irons, 1825. (a. 1871.)

(5.) THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

448 Eph. iii. 15. "*The whole family in heaven and earth.*"

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 The saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him:
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

6 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven!

*Charles Wesley, 1759;
(a.) v. 2, Isaac Watts, D.D.*

PART III.—Man,—and Things Provided for Man.

THEME I.—Man.

(1.) FALLEN.

449 Eph. ii. 3. "*By nature the children of wrath.*"

Tune 72. DUNDEE. C.M.

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power Divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.



- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh change these sinful hearts of ours,
And give them life Divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine!

Anne Steele, 1760.

450 Gen. vi. 5. "*Only evil continually.*"
Tune 73. ST. MARY. C.M.

- 1 **A** LAS! by nature how depraved!
How prone to every ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslaved!
How obstinate our will!

- 2 And can such sinners be restored,
Such rebels reconciled?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

- 3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

- 4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And died that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive!"

John Newton, 1779.

(2.) SINFUL.

451 Isa. liiii. 6. "*All we, like sheep have gone astray.*"

Tune 72. DUNDEE. C.M.

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY Father, God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound:
Alas! in thought, in word, in deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 Oh spare us, Lord, in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgression bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father, for His sake,
That we through all our days
A just and godly life may lead,
To Thine eternal praise!

T. Cotterill, 1812.

452 Ps. li. 5. "*I was shapen in iniquity.*"
Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.

- 1 **L** ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart;
We are defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 5 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.



- See Hymn 595.

453 Heb. xii. 1. "*The sin which doth so easily beset us.*"

Tune 208. ALTORF (repeating last two lines).
87, 887, 88.

- 1 **T**HAT cherished sin—'twill cost thee dear;
Each spring of comfort stealing;
Thy God in mery will not hear,
Nor wilt thou find His presence near,
While there is double dealing.
Reject the thought, that peace within
Can harmonise with Achan's sin.
- 2 That cherished sin will paralyse
Each effort grace is making;
The sickly plant of fervour dies,
If God withholds His rich supplies,
The wayward child forsaking.
In honesty approach the throne,
Or grapple with thy foes alone.
- 3 That cherished sin will close the gate
To realms of glory leading,
And leave thee to the hopeless fate
Of those who wake, alas! too late,
And die, on folly feeding.

455 Amos iv. 12. "*Prepare to meet thy God.*"

Tune 73. ST. MARY. C.M.

- 1 **B**ENEATH our feet, and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Oh! pause in time—and count the cost,
Before thy precious soul is lost!
From J. Groom's Leaflets, 1846.

454 Luke xv. 24. "*He was lost, and is found.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **H**OW lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole!
There is but one Physician
Can heal the sin-sick soul.
In sin and death He found us,
He snatched us from the grave:
To tell to all around us,
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And frees the soul from death.
How gracious this Physician!
His help He'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
He bids us look and live!

See Hymn 170.

John Newton, 1779.

(3.) MORTAL.

- 4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

- 5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones, that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

Bishop Heber, 1827.

456 Prov. xxvii. 1. "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*"

Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. OF 265. ST. GEORGE. S.M.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.



See Hymn 966.

* "Come unto Him."

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make Thy servants truly wise,
That we may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

457 Ps. xxxix. 4. "Make me to know mine end."

Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.

- 1 A Lmighty Maker of my frame!
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone!

See Hymns 735, 978. Anne Steele, 1760.

THEME II.—The Gospel Proclaimed.

FULL AND FREE SALVATION BY JESUS CHRIST.

(1.) ITS EXCELLENCE.

458 Isa. xlv. 22. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

Tune 244. CRESCENS. Or 317. IRISH.
11 8, 11 8.

- 1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved—
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;

On Him then, who shed it, believing at once,
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

- 3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?
- 4 We are healed by His stripes; wouldest thou add to the word?
And He is our Righteousness made:
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on:
Oh, couldst thou be better arrayed?



See Hymn 198.

5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He
appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

6 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives: [canst die,
And know, with assurance, thou never
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.

7 There is life for a look at the Crucified
One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be
saved,
And know thyself spotless as He!

Amelia Matilda Hull, 1860.

459 Isa. lxiii. 5. "Mine own arm
brought salvation."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

1 SALVATION is of God alone,
The glorious plan is all His own;
In love He formed the great design,
And here His grace and wisdom shine.

2 Salvation is of God alone;
One only Victim could atone
For human guilt; that victim He
Who claims with God equality.

3 Salvation is of God alone;
'Tis He who breaks the heart of stone,
Who makes self-righteousness to cease,
And gives the troubled conscience peace.

4 Salvation is of God alone;
'Tis He who leads His people on;
'Tis He who makes their burdens light,
And shields them in the day of fight.

5 Salvation is of God alone;
This truth let all His people own,
And to His name the praise be given
By saints on earth, and saints in heaven!

Thomas Kelly, 1851.

460 Ps. lxxxv. 10. "Mercy and truth
are met together; righteousness
and peace have kissed each other."

Tune 47. NAYLAND. Or 44. TALLIS. C.M.

1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan,
How suited to our need!
The grace, that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!

2 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy covenant sealed;
And truth, and power, both undertook
The whole should be fulfilled.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and love,
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save His own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and love,
Are equally displayed,
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate, our Head!

John Newton, 1779.

461 Heb. ii. 3. "So great salvation."

Tune 36. BETHER. C.M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.



3 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues !
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709 ;
Chorus and third stanza, Anon., 1774.

462 1 Cor. x. 4. "That Rock was
Christ."
Tune 158. SIHOR. Or 288. REDHEAD.
77, 77, 77.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
When mine eyes shall close in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

See Hymns 174—176, 232—243.

(2.) ITS PROMISES.

463 Ps. cxliv. 15. "Happy is that
people."
Tune 192. HAVILAH. Or 300. MAGDEBURG.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 **O** THE happiness arising
From the life of grace within,
When the soul is realizing
Conquests over hell and sin :
Happy moments !
Heavenly joys on earth begin.
- 2 On the Saviour's fulness living,
All His saints obtain delight ;
With the strength which He is giving,
They can wrestle, they can fight :
Happy moments !
When King Jesus is in sight.
- 3 Nearer, nearer, to Him clinging,
Let my helpless soul be found ;
All my sorrows to Him bringing,
May His grace in me abound ;
Happy moments !
With new covenant blessings crowned.

- 4 All the world has nothing charming ;
Foes and sorrows flee away :
Nor is death itself alarming,
Jesus took its sting away :
Happy moments !
Dawning of eternal day !

Joseph Irons, 1819.

464 Ps. lxxxix. 15. "Blessed is the
people that know the joyful sound."
Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound !
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Israel, thy God for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives !

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.



See Hymn 828.

(3.) INVITATIONS.

465 Rev. xxii. 17. "*Whosoever will.*"
Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA.

Or 222. BETHABARA II. 888, 6.

- 1 JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!
- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree!
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free:
O wretched sinner, come!
- 3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:
O weary sinner, come!
- 4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!
- 5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come!
- 6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come; [come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
Thy Saviour bids thee come!

Russell Sturgis Cook, 1850.

466 Jer. iii. 22. "*Behold, we come unto Thee.*"

Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. Or 222. BETHABARA I. 888, 6. Or 25. GALILEE. L.M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—(Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above, [prove,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

467 Luke xiv. 22. "*Yet there is room.*"

Tune 42. KEDAR.

Or 46. WINCHESTER. C.M.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
Oh! come without delay;
For there is room in Jesu's breast
For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul!
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal, and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the church redeemed
With blood of Christ Divine,
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
Oh! come, and welcome, to the Lord:
Yea, come this very hour!

F. D. Huntington, 1845.



468 Matt. xi. 29. "*Take My yoke upon you.*"

Tune 193. IDUMEA. Or 195. MEDIA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown.
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him;
Blessèd the ears that hear His voice:
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice!

Joseph Swain, 1792.

469 John vi. 37. "*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 COME, and welcome, to the Saviour,
He in mercy bids thee come:
Come, be happy in His favour,
Longer from Him do not roam;
Come, and welcome,
Come to Jesus, sinner, come!
- 2 Come, and welcome; rise to glory,
Leave this passing world behind:
Christ will spread His banner o'er thee,
Thou in Him a friend shalt find;
Come, and welcome,
To a Saviour good and kind.
- 3 Come, and welcome: do not linger,
Make thy happy choice to-day;
True, thou art a guilty sinner,
But He'll wash thy sins away:
Come, and welcome,
Time admits of no delay!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

470 Matt. xi. 28. "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

Tune 192. HAVILAH. Or 305. DISMISSAL. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same!

Joseph Hart, 1759.



See Hymn 367.

471 Mark x. 49. "Rise, He calleth thee."

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Come, thou laden, come to Me:
I have rest and peace to offer;
Rest, poor labouring one, for thee;
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be."
- 2 Yes, though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
"Come, thou laden, come to Me;
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be."
- 3 Soon that Voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message,
To the blood for refuge flee;
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be!
- 4 Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God sent free;
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

472 Isa lv. 1. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. Or 302. ORIEL.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 **H**O, ye thirsty! parched and fainting,
Here are waters, turn and see!
To the thirstiest, poorest, vilest,
Without money, all is free—
Thirsty sinner!
Drink and stay not, 'tis for thee.
- 2 Ho, ye weary! toiling, burdened;
With a world of woes oppressed;
Come! it is thy Lord invites thee,
Lay thy head upon My breast.
Weary sinner!
Come to Jesus, come and rest.

- 3 Ho, ye wounded! bruised, broken,
Come, and health Divine receive;
Look to Him who heals the wounded,
He alone can healing give.
Wounded sinner!
Look to Jesus, look and live!

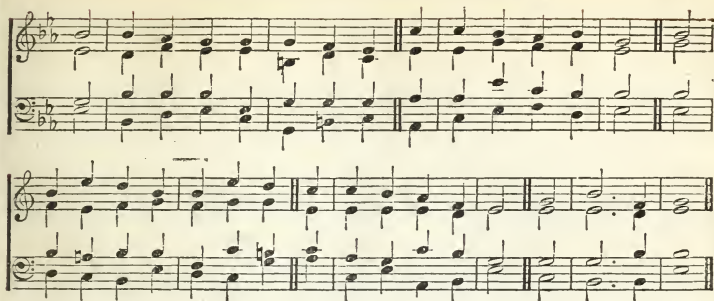
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.

473 Matt. xi. 23. "Come unto Me."

Tune 250. VENITE ADOREMUS.
12 10, 11 10.

- 1 **O**H come, ye that labour and are heavy laden,
Come ye to Jesus for rest and peace.
Lo! now He calls, and lovingly invites us.
Oh come and fall before Him, Christ the Lord.
- 2 Jesus is willing! waiting to be gracious;
And none that come will He cast out.
Dying—He proves His love, all love surpassing.
Oh come and fall before Him, Christ the Lord.
- 3 Jesus is able! from the grave arising,
Lo! He proclaimeth His power to save.
He that is with us is more than all against us,
Oh come and fall before Him, Christ the Lord.
- 4 Saviour of sinners. Chosen of the Father,
On Thee alone all our trust we build.
Thou art alone a Saviour all-sufficient,
Our hearts we bow before Thee, Christ the Lord.
- 5 Blessing and honour, glory and dominion,
Be to the Lamb once for sinners slain.
Oh! may we join the everlasting chorus,
And bow with them before Him, Christ the Lord!

Edward Harland, 1867.



See Hymn 478.

474 John xii. 32. "If I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Tune 155. NASSAU. Or 158. SIHOR.
77, 77, 77.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

See Hymns, 166, 193, 515.

- 2 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

- 3 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home.
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

(4.) EXPOSTULATIONS.

475 Rev. iii. 20. "Behold I stand at the door, and knock."

Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

- 1 BEHOLD! a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will: the very Friend you need:
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary
- 3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet depart, and ne'er return.
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- Yet know (nor of the terms complain)
Where Jesus comes He comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey,
Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace,
Oh, may Thy gentle reign increase:
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind!

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

476 Hos. xiv. 1. "Return unto the Lord thy God."

Tune 27. HERMON. Or 28. GETHSEMANE.
L.M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer! return!
And seek an injured Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer! return!
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer! return!
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer! return!
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer! return!
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
- 6 Return, O wanderer! return!
Regain thy lost, lamented rest;
Jehovah's love for thee doth yearn
To clasp His children to His breast!

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.



See Hymn 567.

477 Gen. xix. 17. "Escape for thy life."

Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA. 88, 88, 4.

1 HASTE, traveller, haste, the night comes on,

And many a shining hour is gone ;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest :
Haste, traveller, haste !

2 Oh, far from home thy footsteps stray ; Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way, And Christ the Light—yon setting sun Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun Haste, traveller, haste !

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky, The rain descends, the winds are high ; The waters swell, and death and fear Beset thy path—no refuge near : Haste, traveller, haste !

4 Oh yes, a shelter you may gain, A covert from the wind and rain, A hiding-place, a rest, a home, A refuge from the wrath to come : Haste, traveller, haste !

5 Then linger not in all the plain, Flee for thy life, the mountain gain ; Look not behind, make no delay, Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way : Haste, traveller, haste !

6 Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou Willing to find salvation now ? There yet is hope—hear mercy's call— Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all ! Haste to Him, haste !

William Bengo Collyer, 1829.

478 Isa. lv. 7. "Let him return unto the Lord."

Tune 175. MIDIAN. 86, 86, 4.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee ! No longer now an exile roam In guilt and misery ! Return, return !

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis Jesus calls for thee : The Spirit and the bride say, Come : Oh, now for refuge flee ! Return, return !

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis madness to delay : There are no pardons in the tomb, And brief is mercy's day. Return, return !

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

479 2 Cor. vi. 2. "Behold, now is the accepted time."

Tune 152. LUXEMBURG. 77, 77.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise, Stay not for the morrow's sun ; Longer wisdom yon despise, Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere the work of grace is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest perdition thee arrest Ere the morrow is begun.

5 Lord, do Thou the sinner turn ! Rouse him from his senseless state ; Let him not Thy counsel spurn, Rue his fatal choice too late ! Thomas Scott, 1773.

480 Jer. xxvii. 13. "Why will ye die?"

Tune 199. LUSATIA. 87, 87, 47.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above ? Every sentence, oh how tender ! Every line is full of love ! Listen to it, Every line is full of love.



2 Hear the heralds of the gospel :
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in His name;"

How important!
"Free forgiveness in His name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears:

Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?

Can you slight it,
Spoken to you by the Lord?

5 O ye angels! hovering round us,
Waiting spirits! speed your way;
Hasten to the court of Heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:

"Rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey!"

Jonathan Allen, 1801.

3 Buried powers of good unmeasured,
Hardly present did ye seem,
Yet I thought I should have treasured,
When ye vanished like a dream.
Crushing now my sinful soul,
All your weight upon it lies;
Jesu's blood must o'er you roll,
Fleeted opportunities.

4 Oh, my soul! no further lengthen,
Wilfully, this ghostly train;
Rise, and seek for grace to strengthen,
Where 'twas never sought in vain.
Lost, this hour but adds another
To those solemn witnesses:
Every living soul's thy brother—
Mark thine opportunities!

Ellen Ranyard, 1861.

482 Matt. xii. 43. "*Seeking rest, and
findeth none.*"

Tune 153. SILOAM. 77, 77.

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppressed?
Speaks not conscience in thy ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;
Tremble at the worldling's doom!

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurned,
Long delayed to love thy God,
Stifled conscience, nor hast turned,
Still refused the Saviour's blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end;
See the judgment-day appear,
Thither must thy spirit tend,
There thy solemn sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruined, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole,
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly!

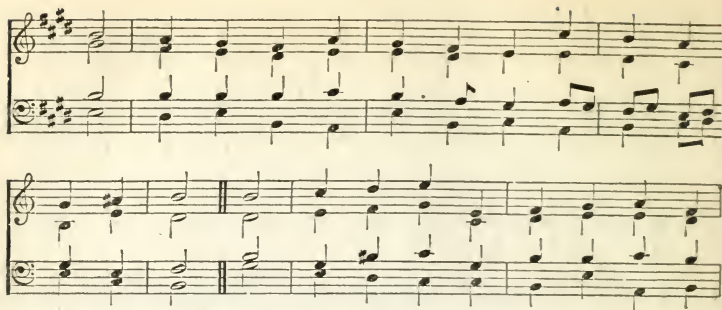
Jared Bell Waterbury, 1830.

481 Heb. xi. 15. "*They might have
had opportunity.*"

Tune 206. AUGSBURG. 87, 87, 77, 77.

1 MARK that long dark line of shadows
Stretching far into the past:
Every day it seems to lengthen;
Whither does it tend at last?
Each one added to the hosts
From the present moment flies:
These are time's forgotten ghosts—
Fleeted opportunities.

2 Characters of light or darkness
Gabriel's pen from each requires:
God records, if man forgets them,
Numbers each as each expires;
And the awful spectres all
At the day of doom will rise,
Witnesses at Heaven's call—
Fleeted opportunities.



See Hymn 832. Also 442, 563, 740.

483 Matt. xxiii. 37. *"How often would I have gathered thy children together!"*

Tune 75. OLD EIGHTY-FIRST.
Or 77. EVAN II. C.M.D.

- 1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned
once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth, thou
heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a
curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall
flow for thee.
- 2 Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
and flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine
own anointed King,
Then had the tribes of all the world gone
up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all
thy sons been free!
- 3 "And who art thou that mournest me?"
replied the ruin grey,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself may
prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch, my place
is given to thee!
But woe to every barren graft of thy wild
olive tree!
- 4 "Our day of grace is sunk in night, our
time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime, and
strange their punishment.
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner,
warned be,
Who spared not His chosen race may send
His wrath on thee!
- 5 "Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy
noon is in its prime;
Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour's face in
this accepted time! [to thee,
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for
ever be!" Bishop Heber, 1811.

484 Prov. xiv. 10. *"A stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."*

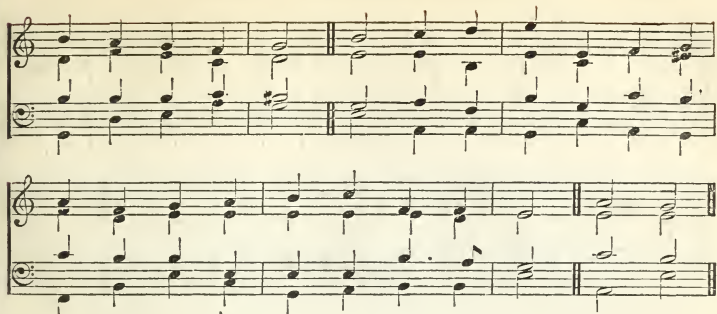
Tune 152. LUXEMBURG. Or 285. PLEYEL.
77, 77.

- 1 SINNER, what hast thou to show,
Like the joys believers know!
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
- 2 Doth a skilful, healing Friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempest roars on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh! can thy dying breath
Summon One more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?
Charlotte E. Tonna, 1820. (a.)

485 Rev. xx. 11. *"I saw a great white throne."*

Tune 214. CHAPEL ROYAL. SS 6. D.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
"Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert.
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And, trembling on the brink of fate,
Wake me to righteousness.



- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear,
To make my calling sure;

- Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love!

Charles Wesley, 1742. (a.)

THEME III.—The Gospel Welcomed and Embraced.

THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF A TRUE BELIEVER.

I.—His Character Portrayed.

(1.) GRACE GIVEN TO BELIEVE.

486 Cant. i. 4. *"Draw me, we will run after Thee."*

Tune 62. SALISBURY. C.M.

- 1 DRAW me, oh draw me, gracious Lord!
Thy love is all Divine:
All hearts obey Thy sovereign word;
Come, triumph over mine.
2 I've heard the thunders of Thy law;
I've felt Thy lifted rod:
But 'tis Thy dying love must draw
My wayward soul to God.
3 Amidst Thy thunders, Lord, I slept,
Against Thy rod rebelled:

I looked upon the cross, and wept
To see my sins revealed.

- 4 My melting heart its power confessed,
The stone to flesh was turned;
Repentance kindled in my breast:
I gazed, rejoiced, and mourned.
5 There I beheld a Saviour's love,
There saw my sins forgiven:
Thence sprang my soul to hopes above,
By faith laid up in heaven.
6 Now, Saviour, now I come to Thee,
Constrained by grace Divine:
I yield me to Thy will, to be
For ever, ever Thine.

Professor Scholefield, D.D., 1836.

(2.) SALVATION BY GRACE.

487 Rom. iv. 25. *"Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."*

Tune 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is Thine.
4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live!
5 All that I am while here on earth,
All that I hope to be—
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1845.



See Hymn 882.

488 Matt. xi. 28. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

Tune 77. EVAN II. C.M.D.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1850.

489 Col. iii. 11. "Christ is All, and in all."

Tune 37. IONA. C.M.

- 1 I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have—
Oh what a Christ have I!
- 2 Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man,
A King that rules with might.
- 3 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

- 4 My Christ, He is the Tree of life,
Who in God's garden grows,
Whose fruit does feed, whose leaves do heal:
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.
- 5 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine, and my health,
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.
- 6 Christ is my father, and my friend,
My brother, and my love,
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.
- 7 My Christ, He is the heaven of heavens,
My Christ what shall I call!
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All in all!

John Mason, 1683.

490 Isa. liii. 6. *The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*
Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or. 279. MUNICH.
76, 76. D.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.



See Hymn 205. Also 613.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1845.

491 Luke xv. 24. "*He was lost, and is found.*"

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 **WE** were lost, but we are found;
Dead, but now alive are we;
We were sore in bondage bound,
But our Jesus sets us free.

- 2 Strangers, and He takes us in!
Naked, He becomes our dress;
Sick, and He from stain of sin
Cleanses with His righteousness.

- 3 Therefore will we sing His praise,
Who His lost ones has restored,
Hearts and voices both shall raise
Hallelujahs to the Lord!

John S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1863.

492 John xv. 5. "*Without Me ye can do nothing.*"

Tune 213. KEDRON. Or 310. BRIDEHEAD.
886. D.

- 1 **CONTENT** and glad I'll ever be,
To have salvation, Lord, from Thee,
Even as a sinner poor:
I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.

- 2 The more through grace myself I know,
The more content I am to bow,
And sink beneath Thy cross;
To live by faith upon Thy blood,
To wait on Thee for every good,
And count my gain but loss!

William Batty, 1757.

493 Ps. lvii. 7. "*My heart is fixed, O God.*"

Tune 168. STEPHANAS. 83, 83, 888, 33.

- 1 **MY** heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing
Christ for me—Christ for me.

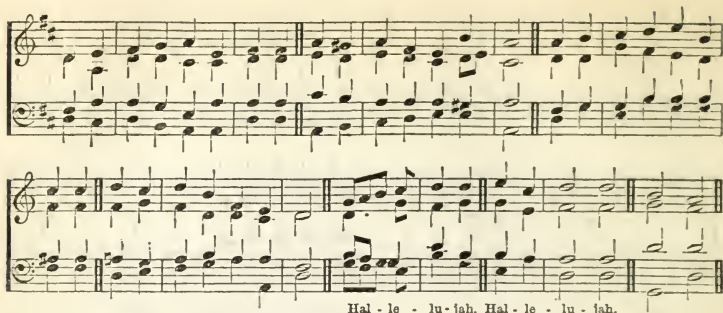
- 2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,
Christ for me;
He is the Majesty Divine,
Christ for me;
The Father's well-belovèd Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me—Christ for me.

- 3 To-day as yesterday the same,
Christ for me;
How precious is His balmy name,
Christ for me;
Christ as mere man may answer you,
Who error's winding path pursue;
But I with part can never do;
Christ for me—Christ for me.

- 4 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me;
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me—Christ for me.

- 5 In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me;
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me;
And in that all-important day
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me—Christ for me!

Richard Jukes, 1862.



See Hymn 285. Also 182, 205, 803, 816.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

(3.) FAITH.

494 Ps. xl. 2. "He set my feet upon a rock."

Tune 226. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His glorious face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, &c.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found,
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne:
On Christ, &c.

Edward Mote, 1825. (a.)

495 Eph. ii. 8. "Not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

1 'TIS not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.

3 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

3 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

4 Raised from the dead we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face!
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

496 Heb. xii. 2. "Looking unto Jesus."

Tune 110. STOBEL. 664, 666 4.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!
Ray Palmer, D.D., 1834.



See Hymn 1. Also 63, 351, 422, 433, 613, 681, 739, 863.

497 Eph. ii. 8. "It is the gift of God."

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

1 FAITH is the gift of God,
By His own Spirit wrought;
The eye that sees, the hand that takes
The blessings Christ hath bought.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To Him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
If faith direct our way.

5 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work this faith in me!
B. Beddome, 1796; v. 1. F. R. H.

498 Ps. lxxxiv. 6, "Passing through the valley of Baca make it a well."

Tune 243. SOSTHENES. 11 11, 11 11, 11 11.

1 WEEP, pilgrim, weep! yet 'tis not for
the sorrow
Which follows thy steps in this wilder-
ness way;
Not as the hopeless who darken to-morrow
With cares which might well be enough
for to-day;
The days of thy mourning an end soon
shall see,
There are songs in the valley of Baca for
thee!

2 Mourn, pilgrim, sadly and bitterly mourn!
For this is the valley of shadows and
tears;

Yet not for past pleasures which may not
return,

Nor childhood's decay with its young,
happy years.

There are causes of sorrow, more sad and
more true,

Yet songs in the valley of Baca for you!

3 Sigh, Christian pilgrim, for sins deeply
sigh,

Which crucify Jesus again and again!

Let rivers of water flow down from your
eye,

That He, the Beloved, is rejected of
men;

Yet healing is found in the blood of the
tree,

There are songs in the valley of Baca for
thee!

4 Joy, pilgrim, joy! 'mid thy bosom's deep
swelling,

Look up! there are fountains of life by
the way:

Springs from the rock in the wilderness
welling;

And comfort for thee, if that rock be thy
stay—

A sinner forgiven! a bondsman made free!

Who should sing in the valley of Baca like
thee?

5 Sing, pilgrim, sing! let the theme of thy
singing

Be Jesus the Conqueror, Jesus the
Lamb!

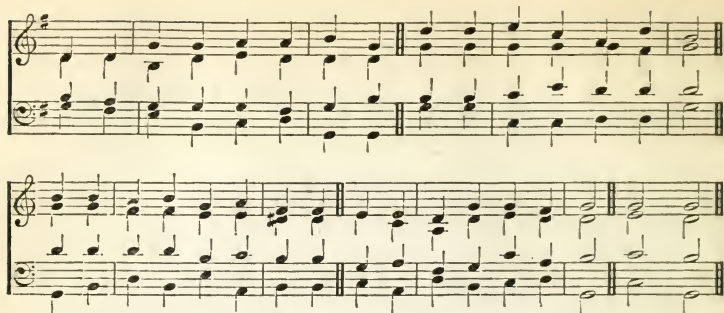
Let the wide earth with His glory be ring-
ing;

Let praises for ever ascend to His
name!

The journey is rough, but the way is not
long;

Through the valley of Baca let Christ be
thy song!

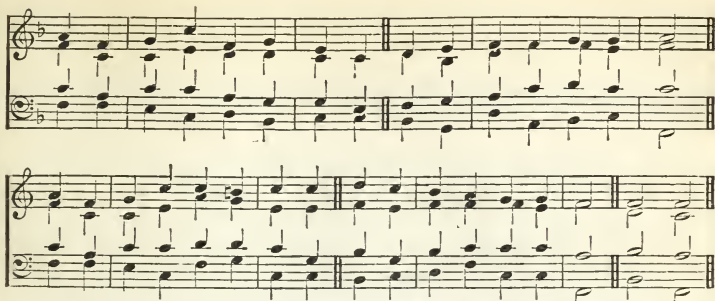
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.



See Hymn 803. Also 281, 681, 838, 927.

(4.) REPENTANCE.

- 499** Acts xi. 18. "*God....granted repentance unto life.*"
Tune 67. FAREANT. Or 73. ST. MARY. C.M.
- 1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord;
Thy power to us make known;
Come by Thy Spirit, and Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
 - 2 Oh that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!
 - 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
 - 4 That solemn sense of guilt impart;
Then, Lord, remove the load:
Comfort, and wash the troubled heart
In Thine atoning blood.
 - 5 Our lost estate through sin declare,
But speak our sins forgiven:
In faith, in holiness, prepare,
And call us home to heaven!
- Charles Wesley, 1746. (a.)*
- 500** Exod. xv. 26. "*I am the Lord that healeth thee.*"
Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.
- 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel! here we are,
Waiting to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
 - 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!
 - 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh! help my unbelief!"
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng
She would have shunned Thy view,
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
To touch Thee, if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away!
William Cowper, 1779.
- 501** Ps. li. 1. "*Have mercy upon me, O God.*"
Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. S.M.
- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
 - 2 Blot out, O Lord, my sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
 - 3 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.
 - 4 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul maintain!
Tate and Brady, 1696.
- 502** Ps. cxxx. 7. "*With the Lord there is mercy.*"
Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.
- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let the repenting sinner live;
Is not Thy mercy great and free?
May not the sinner trust in Thee?



See Hymn 785. Also 62, 150, 281, 309, 369, 646, 674, 679, 689, 709, 753, 790, 838, 893.

2 Wash us from all our sins, O God,
In Thy dear Son's atoning blood;
Hear those who come before Thy throne,
Pleading His merits, not their own.

3 Though we have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His gracious presence still afford;
And now salvation's joys impart,
To heal the broken, contrite heart.

4 A broken heart, O God our King,
Is all the sacrifice we bring;
Thou, God of grace, wilt not despise
A broken heart in sacrifice!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

503 Ps. cxxx. 2. "Lord, hear my voice."

Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. S.M.

1 IN sorrow and distress,
To Thee, O Lord, we fly;
In penitential lowliness
To Thee for mercy cry.

2 Mercy, O mercy, Lord!
From Thee we have our breath:
We read it written in Thy word,
"God willeth not your death:"

3 "God gave His only Son
Your sins to take away;
And God's dear Son to heaven is gone
On your behalf to pray."

(5.) RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

504 Heb. xi. 13. "Confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

Tune 102. BEULAH. 64, 64, 6664.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

4 By Thine own love we plead,
Oh hearken to our prayer;
By Him, who for our sins did bleed,
Spare us, O Father, spare.

5 Our drooping minds refresh
With showers of heavenly dew;
For hearts of stone give hearts of flesh—
Renew us, Lord, renew.

Part ii.

6 Comfort and make us whole
With Thy free Spirit's grace;
Lift up, O Lord, upon our soul
The lustre of Thy face.

7 With Jesu's white robe hide
Our manifold offence;
And cleanse with blood from Jesu's side
Our tears of penitence.

8 Constrain us to abhor
The sins that made Him grieve;
And ne'er to tempt the Spirit more
Our thankless hearts to leave.

9 Make us, O Lord, to tread
The path which Jesus trod;
Which Him from earth in triumph led
To the right hand of God.

10 So with the saints in heaven
May we sing praise to Thee,
For peace restored, and sins forgiven—
To all eternity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.



See Hymn 784. Also 98, 167, 309, 422, 721.

There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And where I too shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

- 4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home,
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home!

Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1836.

505 Jer. xxxi. 14. "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness."

Tune 65. FRENCH. C.M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt Thy will;
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still!

John Newton, 1779.

506 Gal. vi. 14. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Tune 205. HAMBURG. Or 202. ESDRAELON.
87, 87. D.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition;
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright!
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain!
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather.
All must work for good to me!

Part ii.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?



See Hymn 949. Also 586, 662, 673, 831, 902, 963.

6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there!
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!
Henry Francis Lyte, 1825.

507 Col. iii. 2. "Set your affection on things above."

Tune 77. EVAN IL. C.M.D.

1 OH 'tis not what we fancied it—
This world, this world of ours;
We thought its skies were sunshine all,
And all its fields were flowers.
But soon o'erclouded are its skies,
Its flowers they fade away:
Our youthful hopes are vanishing,
Our earthly joys decay.

2 Another light is breaking bright,
Which beams from heaven on high;
And other flowers are blossoming,
Which cannot fade or die.
Above us is a brighter land,
To which we seek to come:
Our sure and quiet resting-place,
Our everlasting home.

3 Its fields are ever beautiful,
Its skies are ever fair,
Its day is always clear and bright,
For Christ, its Sun, is there.
O Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Thy light upon us beam;
For all this life is but a sleep,
And all this world a dream!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.

508 Num. x. 29. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Tune 162. SAMARIA. 77. 77. D.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found!

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest!

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour,
"Follow Me!" I know the voice;
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light Thy burden now to me!

James Montgomery, 1819.

509 Heb. xi. 16. "Now they desire a better country."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

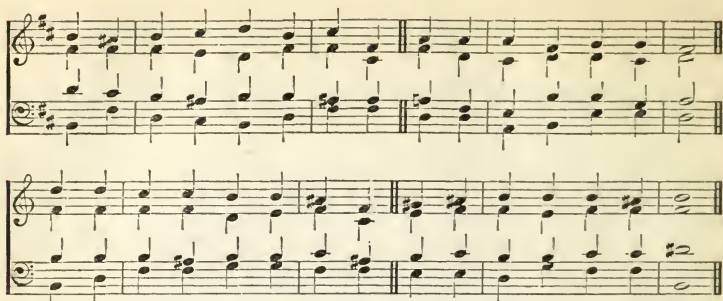
1 THOU vain, deceitful world, farewell!
Thine idle joys no more we love;
By faith in brighter worlds we dwell,
In spirit find our home above.

2 Jesus, we go with Thee, to taste
Of joy supreme that never dies!
Our feet shall press the weary waste,
Our heart, our home, are in the skies.

3 And oh! while unto heaven's high hill
The toilsome path of life we tread,
Around us, loving Father, still
Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

4 From day to day, from hour to hour,
Oh! may our rising spirits prove
The strength of Thine almighty power,
The sweetness of Thy saving love!

See Hymn 220. *Sir Edward Denny, 1838.*



See Hymn 639. Also 98, 861, 968.

(6.) CONFLICT.

510 1 Pet. i. 8. "*Believing, ye rejoice.*"
Tune 239. HANOVER. 1010, 1111.

1 **B**EGONE, unbelief, My Saviour is near,
And for my relief Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, And He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can He have taught me To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me To put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher And darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet Shall work for my good.
The bitter is sweet, The medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh! how pleasant The conqueror's song!
John Newton, 1779.

511 1 Pet. ii. 25. "*Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

1 **I** WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one!

3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my guilt away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace—
The long-sought wanderer!

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.



See Hymn 839. Also 120, 150, 167, 689, 721.

- 5 I was a wandering sheep,
I could not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1845.

512 Ps. cxxvii. 4. "*A strange land.*"
Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. S.M.

- 1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.
- 2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?
- 3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and mourns,
While I remember thee.
- 4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?
- 5 God of my life, be near,
On Thee my hopes I cast,
Oh guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.
Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

- 2 For Thee, my God—the living God—
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 4 Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring!
Tate and Brady, 1696.

514 Isa. xxx. 15. "*In quietness and in
confidence shall be your strength.*"
Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

- 1 BE still, my heart! These anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on the Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?
- 3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thine all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God:
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all!
John Newton, 1779.



See Hymn 557.

515 Heb. iv. 16. "*Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy.*"

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive."
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe!

John Newton, 1779.

516 Ps. xxxviii. 15. "*In Thee, O Lord, do I hope.*"

Tune 17. GENNESARET. L.M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee:
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God—my God—forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead!

William Cowper, 1779.

517 Isa. xlv. 21. "*Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me.*"

Tune 68. DUNFERMLINE. OR 67. FARRANT. C.M.

1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord! remember me.

2 When, on my groaning, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day:
For good remember me.

4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see:
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face for Thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.



5 And oh! when in the hour of death,
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!
Thomas Haweis, LL.D., 1790.

518 Rom. v. 11. "We also joy in God,
through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10-10, 10-10.

- 1 I THOUGHT upon my sins, and I was
sad,
My soul was troubled sore, and filled
with pain;
But then I thought on Jesus, and was
glad;
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.
- 2 I thought upon the law, the fiery law—
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That law fulfilled, its curse endured for
me.

3 I thought I saw an angry, frowning God,
Sitting as Judge upon the great white
throne; [showed
My soul was overwhelmed; then Jesus
His gracious face, and all my dread was
gone.

4 I saw my sad estate, condemned to die;
Then terror seized my heart, and dark
despair;
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness
there.

5 I saw that I was lost, far gone astray, [be;
No hope of safe return there seemed to
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,
A new and living way prepared for me.

6 Then in that way—so free, so safe, so sure—
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowship with God!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1843.

(7.) ENCOURAGEMENT.

519 Heb. xii. 2. "Looking unto Jesus."
Tune 189. SUCCOTH. OP 190. CASSEL.
87, 87, 77.

- 1 YES! He knows the way is dreary,
Knows "the weakness of our frame,"
Knows that hand and heart are weary—
He "in all points" felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.
- 2 Look to Him, who once was willing
All His glory to resign;
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All His merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where His footsteps mark the way.
- 3 Look to Him—the Lord of glory—
Tasting death to win thy life;

Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

4 Look to Him—who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own;
Seek, yea claim, the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne:
Will He not thy strength renew,
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

5 Look to Him—and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise! He calleth thee: return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1867.



See Hymn 153. Also 22, 313, 339, 387, 441, 519, 694, 865, 870, 881, 895, 1010.

520 2 Thess. iii. 13. "Be not weary."

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 15 15, 15 15.

- 1 "BE not weary," *toiling* Christian, good
the Master thou dost serve;
Let no disappointment move thee, from
thy service never swerve:
Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing; lack
not patience, faith, or prayer:
Seedtime passeth; harvest hasteneth;
precious sheaves thou *then* shalt bear.
- 2 "Be not weary," *praying* Christian, open
is thy Father's ear
To the fervent supplication and the agonis-
ing prayer;
Prayer the Holy Ghost begetteth—be it
words, or groans, or tears—
Is the prayer that's always answered;
banish then thy doubts and fears.
- 3 "Be not weary," *suffering* Christian,
scourged is each adopted child,
Else would grow in sad profusion nature's
fruit, perverse and wild;
Chastening's needful for the spirit, though
'tis painful for the flesh;
God designs a blessing for thee: let this
thought thy soul refresh.
- 4 "Be not weary," *tempted* Christian, sin
can only lure on earth;
Faith is tried by sore temptation; 'tis the
furnace proves its worth;
Bounds are set unto the tempter, which
beyond he cannot go;
Battle on, on God relying, faith will over-
come the foe.
- 5 "Be not weary," *weeping* Christian, tears
endure but for the night;
Joy, deep joy, thy spirit greeting, will
return with morning light;
Every tear thou shedd'st is numbered in
the register above!
*Heaven is tearless; sweet the prospect—
sighless, tearless land of love!*

Part ii.

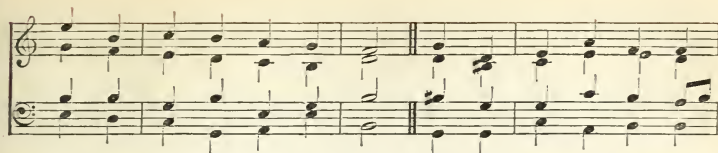
- 6 "Be not weary," *hoping* Christian, though
the vision tarry long;
Hope will bring the blessing nearer, change
thy sorrow into song:
Nought shall press thy spirit downwards,
if thy hopes all brightly shine;
Hold thy hope, whate'er thou loosest—
living, precious hopes are thine!
- 7 "Be not weary," *troubled* Christian, rest
remains for thee on high;
Dwell upon the untold glory of thy future
home of joy:
There nor sin nor sorrow entereth; there
thy soul attuned to praise
Shall, in strains of heavenly fulness, songs
of happy triumph raise.
- 8 "Be not weary," *loving* Christian, in this
heavenly grace abound;
Jesus, well thou knowest, loved *thee*, though
in mad rebellion found;
Drink, drink deeply of His Spirit—Jesus
love knows great nor small;
Nature loves but what is lovely—*grace*
embraceth one and all.
- 9 Christian, thus in grace unwearied pass thy
sojourn here below;
Spurn lukewarmness, let thy bosom ever
with true fervour glow!
Look to Christ, thy bright Exemplar, copy
Him in all His ways;
Let thy life and conversation tell to thy
Redeemer's praise!

Albert Milne, 1864.

521 2 Cor. iv. 1. "As we have received mercy, we faint not."

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77. 77.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode
Dirksome be, and dangerous too—
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.



2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod:
Smite He must with father's care,
That He may His love declare.

6 Faint not, Christian! Jesu's near;
Soon in glory He'll appear:
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the "crown of life!"

James Harington Evans, 1830.

522 Isa. xxxiii. 22. "The Lord is our
King; He will save us."

Tune 80. NARENZA. S.M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand?

5 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

7 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
Proclaiming, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

P. Gerhardt, 1659;

John Wesley (tr.), 1739. (a.)

523 2 Tim. i. 12. "I am not ashamed;
for I know whom I have believed."

Tune 3. CRASSELLIUS. L.M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of Light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

J. Grigg, 1765; B. Francis, 1787.



See Hymn 519. Also 303, 444, 693, 694, 745, 870, 895.

524 Heb. xii. 12. "*Lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.*"

Tune 125. GOSHEN. 76, 76.

- 1 O FAINT and feeble hearted!
Why thus cast down with fear?
Fresh aid shall be imparted,
Thy God unseen is near.
- 2 His eye can never slumber,
He marks thy cruel foes;
Observes their strength, their number,
And all thy weakness knows.
- 3 Though heavy clouds of sorrow
Make dark thy path to-day,
There may shine forth to-morrow
Once more a cheering ray.
- 4 Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,
Conceal heaven's fair abode;
Yet now faith's power prevailing
Should stay thy mind o' God!

Charlotte Euiott, 1836.

525 Matt. vi. 13. "*Thine is... the power.*"

Tune 256. TERTIUS. 11 11, 11 11, 11 11, 5.

- 1 O UR Father, our Father! who dwellest
in light, [night;
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy
In weakness and weariness joy shall
abound, [found;
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be
Our Refuge, our Helper, in conflict and
woe, [know
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to
That Thine is the power!

- 2 Our Father! Thy promise we earnestly
claim, [name.
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout
the wide world, [farred:
Be Thy name as a banner of glory un-
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and
guilt; [Thou wilt;
We know Thou canst do it, we know that
For Thine is the power!

- 3 Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee and all shall
obey!
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh show forth
Thy might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of
right:
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy
love,
And reign in all hearts as Thou reignest
above,
For Thine is the power!

- 4 Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be
done;
For full acquiescence is heaven begun.
Both in us and by us Thy purpose be
wrought,
In word and in action, in spirit and
thought.
And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
For Thine is the power!

- 5 Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy
reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee
again!
Yea, Thine is the kingdom, and Thine is
the might,
And Thine is the glory, transcendently
bright.
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the power!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

526 Exod. xiv. 15. "*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*"

Tune 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 88.

- 1 "FORWARD let the people go;"
Israel's God will have it so;
Though the path be through the sea-
Israel, what is that to thee?
He who bids thee pass the waters
Will be with His sons and daughters.



- 2 Deep and wide the sea appears,
Israel wonders, Israel fears;
Yet the word is "forward" still,
Israel, 'tis thy Master's will;
Though no way thou canst discover,
Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Israel, art thou sorely tried,
Art thou pressed on every side?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour?
Wherefore art thou thus disheartened?
Is the arm that saves thee shortened?
- 4 Forward go, and thou shalt see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more;
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
Thine to tell the wondrous story!

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

527 Ps. cxliii. 9. "*I flee unto Thee to hide me.*"

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll—
My fainting hope-relies.

- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art mine only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
Oh, may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet!
- See Hymns 436, 640. Anne Steele, 1760.*

(8.) DECLINE AND RECOVERY.

528 Ps. cxix. 25. "*Quicken Thou me according to Thy word.*"

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!
- 2 Oft we frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of Thy grace
Do our false hearts retain!

- 3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 4 Great God! Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success:
Write Thy salvation on our heart,
And make us learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
Where knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die!
- Isaac Watts, D.D., 1703.*

191 ZAANAIM. (PLAIN OF) (87, 87, 87; or, 87, 87, 447.)



See Hymn 14. Also 135, 164, 176, 210, 256, 288, 314, 320, 321, 322, 471, 607, 612, 650, 671, 677, 713, 810, 878, 919, 1024.

529 Hos. xiv. 7. "They that dwell under His shadow shall return."

Tune 63. KENT. Or 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. C.M.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!

But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

William Cowper, 1773.

(9.) DESIRES AFTER HOLINESS.

530 Heb. viii. 10. "I will put My laws into their mind."

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved Thy love.

- 6 Oh, may the least omission pain
My ever watchful soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

531 Ps. xlv. 13. "The King's daughter is all glorious within."

Tune 317. IRISH.

Or Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. SS, 11 S.

- 1 I WANT that adorning Divine
Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household below.
- 2 I want every moment to feel
That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.
- 3 I want, oh! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee;
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain;
Thy comeliness put upon me.



- 4 I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that "new name" on the mystic
white stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.
- 5 I want in Thee so to abide, [praise!
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy
The branch which Thou prunest, though
feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.

Part ii.

- 6 I want Thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things,—
Too tenderly cherished, too closely en-
twined,
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.
- 7 I want by my aspect serene,
My actions and words, to declare,
That my treasure is placed in a country
unseen,— [there,
That my heart's best affections are
- 8 I want, as a traveller, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way,
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance,
to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.
- 9 I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy
care,—
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh!

Charlotte Elliott, 1846.

532 Phil. i. 27. "*Let your conversation
be as it becometh the gospel of
Christ.*"

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all Divine:

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 The gospel bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709. (a.)

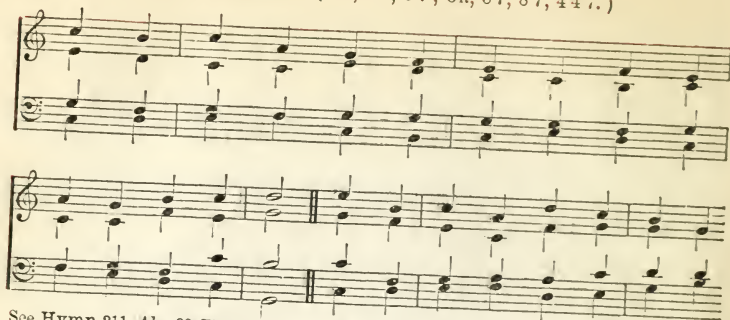
533 John xiv. 23. "*We will come unto
him, and make our abode with
him.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. 87, 87. D.

- 1 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every waiting heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see our great salvation
Perfectly secured in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Charles Wesley, 1746. (a.)

See Hymns 216, 217, 425, 687.



See Hymn 211. Also 33, 35, 176, 203, 302, 327, 400, 405, 407, 414, 447, 463, 470, 733, 809, 810, 837, 984

(10.) GROWTH IN GRACE.

534 Isa. xxxviii. 16. "In all these things is the life of my spirit."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

2 I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once He'd answer my request;
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

5 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in Me!"

John Newton, 1774.

535 Isa. ix. 1. "Arise, shine."

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE.
886. D.

1 CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes, are all Divine;
Your home is in the skies;
Oh! then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh! what is all the world to you?
What is it all but loss?
Come on, then; cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross.

3 The cross is ours; we bear it now;
But did not He beneath it bow,
And suffer there at last?
All that we feel can Jesus tell;
His gracious soul remembers well
The sorrows of the past.

4 O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with Thee in white.
We suffer now, but oh! at last
We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past,
And own our cross was light!

Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

536 Phil. iii. 13. "Reaching forth unto those things which are before."

Tune 98. ST. SILAS. 5510. D.

1 UPWARD and onward,
Heavenward and sunward,
Rises the lark, as he joyously sings;
With music thrilling,
All the air filling,
Bearing a message of praise on his wings.

2 Like this sweet singer,
Let us not linger,
Clinging and cleaving to earth's weary sod;
But upward springing,
Our tribute bringing,
Strive to draw nearer and nearer to God.

3 Upward and onward,
Heavenward and sunward, [on;
Soars the strong eagle, his flight speeding
With heart that quails not,
With eye that fails not,
Steadily fixing his gaze on the sun.

4 So our hearts raising,
Singing and praising,
Looking to Jesus, the Sun of the soul;
Our strength renewing,
Our way pursuing, [goal!
Let us press on till we reach the bright

Richard Massie, 1864.



(11.) PRAYER.

537 Esther vii. 2. "What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee."

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

John Newton, 1779.

538 Phil. iii. 10. "That I may know Him."

Tune 229. MAON. Or 313. EATON.
88, 88, 88.

- 1 O JESUS, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality;
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie!

Charlotte Elliott, 1830.

539 Heb. x. 22. "Let us draw near."

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine!

John Newton, 1779.

540 Acts iii. 1. "The hour of prayer."

Tune 220. JEZEEL.

Or Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. 88, 84.

- 1 MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

IDUMEA. (87, 87, 87; OR, 87, 87, 447.)



See Hymn 469. Also 177, 202, 293, 304, 322, 336, 405, 463, 470, 472, 605, 650, 654, 805, 837, 871, 884, 948.

- 5 Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.

- 6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

- 7 Oh! till I reach yon peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee!
Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

541 Luke xi. 1. "Lord, teach us to pray."

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh, grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way!
James Montgomery, 1819.

542 Matt. vii. 7. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 3 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee: Pray!

- 4 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; His merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt; it shall be done!
Joseph Hart, 1765.

543 Ps. lxxii. 8. "Pour out your heart before Him."

Tune 65. FRENCH. OR 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Part ii.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod!
Lord, teach us how to pray!
James Montgomery, 1819.



544 1 Kings iii. 5. "*Ask what I shall give thee.*"

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 **AND** dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"

Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
To have Thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine.
John Newton, 1779.

545 Heb. iv. 16. "*The throne of grace.*"

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10 10 10, 4.

1 **THERE** is a spot of consecrated ground,
Where brightest hopes and holiest
joys are found;
'Tis named (and Christians love the well-
known sound)

The throne of grace.

2 'Tis here a calm retreat is always found;
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground;
Pure airs and heavenly odours breathe
around

The throne of grace.

3 While on this vantage-ground the Christian
stands,
His quickened eye a boundless view com-
mands;
Discovers fair abodes not made with
hands—

Abodes of peace.

4 Terrestrial objects, disenchanted there,
Lose all their power to dazzle or ensnare;
One only object then seems worth our care,
To win the race!

Part ii.

5 This is the mount where Christ's disciples
see

The glory of the incarnate Deity;
'Tis here they find it good indeed to be,
And view His face.

6 A new creation here begins to rise:
Fruits of the Spirit, flowers of paradise,
Watered from heaven, in full and sure
supplies,

By streams of grace.

7 Towards this blest spot the Saviour bends
His ear,

The fervent prayer, the contrite sigh to
hear;

To bid the mourner banish every fear,
And go in peace.

8 Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the
mind,
One who delights the broken heart to
bind—

The Prince of Peace.

9 Saviour! the sinner's Friend, our hope,
our all!

Here teach us humbly at Thy feet to
fall;

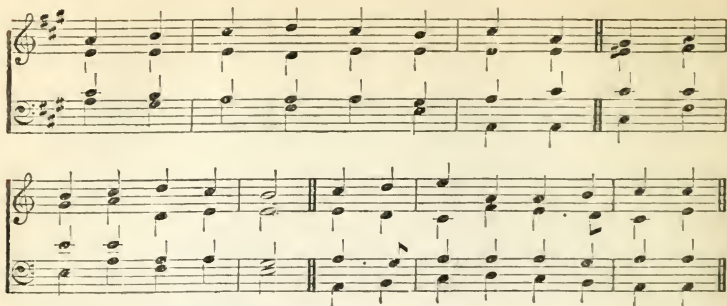
Here on Thy name, with love and faith, to
call

For pardoning grace.

10 Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till numbered with Thy ransomed flock
above,

We cease to want, but never cease to love,
The throne of grace!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.



See Hymn 164. Also 336, 1014.

546 Heb. iv. 16. "Let us therefore
come boldly unto the throne of
grace."

Tune 26. CYPRUS. Or 23. GETHSEMANE.
L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Annalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah; think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

William Cowper, 1779.

547 Ps. lxi. 1. "Hear my cry."

Tune 104. CLAUDIA. 65, 65.

- 1 **J**ESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour
Hear Thy children's cry.

- 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

- 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry!

George Rundle Pryorne, 1856.

548 Ps. li. 17. "A broken and a con-
trite heart, O God, Thou wilt
not despise."

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
And let a brightening ray from Thee
Beam peace upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies!

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1805.

See Hymns 829-836.



(12.) WATCHFULNESS.

549 Matt. xxvi. 41. "Watch and pray."

Tune 135. SAMOS. 7.7, 7.3.

1 "CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose;"
Hear thy guardian angel say,
"Thou art in the midst of foes—
"Watch and pray!"

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours—
"Watch and pray!"

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one—
"Watch and pray!"

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All, with one sweet voice, exclaim—
"Watch and pray!"

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word—
"Watch and pray!"

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down—
"Watch and pray!"
Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

550 Luke xii. 37. "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

Tune 83. MORAVIA. S.M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For holy is His name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command:
And while we speak He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band!

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

551 Prov. viii. 34. "Watching daily."

Tune 73. ST. MARY. C.M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things above the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
The warm affections thither move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.



See Hymn 711. Also 302, 468, 805, 871.

(13.) FASTING.

- 552** Joel ii. 12. *"Turn ye even to Me with all your heart, and with fasting."*
- Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10 10, 10 10.
- 1 **MAN** fell from grace by carnal appetite,
And forfeited the garden of delight;
To fast for us our Second Adam deigns,
These forty days, and paradise regains.
 - 2 So Moses fasted, and received the law;
Elias fasted, and God's glory saw;
Moses, Elias, joined with Christ our Head,
Upon the mountain were transfigured.
 - 3 Oh give us grace our appetites to tame,
To love Thy law, and glorify Thy name;
That we may, Lord, with all Thy saints
and Thee,
Upon Thy heavenly hill transfigured be.
 - 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be praise;
Blest Three in One, to Thee our hearts we
raise;
On wings of prayer and fasting may we
soar,
Through Christ to dwell with Thee for
evermore!
- Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.*

(14.) SELF DISCIPLINE.

- 553** 1 Kings xvii. 2. *"The word of the Lord came unto him."*
- Hymn Chant III. SMYRNA. C.M.
- 1 **NOT** gifts of prophecy can save,
Nor courage be our stay;
Lord, make us doers of Thy word,
Oh teach us to obey.
 - 2 If God command thee to abstain
From royal Bethel's fare,
Taste not its food, though angel hands
Should spread a table there.
 - 3 The obedient seer from Jordan's stream
To trickling Cherith fled;
Him there the brook, in time of drought,
And hungry ravens fed.
 - 4 Go to Zidonian Zarephath,
To Jezebel's domain;
Though Zidon's queen may seek thy life,
A widow shall sustain.
 - 5 O widow, fear not, but God's seer
With thy last morsel feed;
Who in His prophets gives to God
Shall never suffer need.
 - 6 Thy meal exhaustless is; to thee
Rivers of oil shall flow;
Obedience is thine olive yard,
Faith harvests can bestow.
 - 7 By faith and by obedience
God's best rewards are won;
Thou dost a prophet feed, and he
Restores to thee a son.
 - 8 Thy pious service is approved
And blessed by love Divine;
O Zarephath, thy widow's name
Shall in Christ's gospel shine.
 - 9 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
For faith and love we pray;
Thee ever may our voices praise,
And may our hearts obey!
- Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.*



554 Luke ix. 23. "*Let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily.*"

Tune 27. HERMON. Or 19. LEIPSIC. L.M.

- 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly, meekly, follow Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
And let not carnal pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross in Jesu's strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he, who bears the cross
On earth, will wear the heavenly crown.
- 6 To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
Oh grant us by Thy grace to see
The life above that knows no end.

Amen.

Charles William Everest, 1833. (a.)

555 Phil. i. 27. "*Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.*"

Tune 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise, [strife,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

- 4 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon Thy care,
And ask Thy Spirit for our Guide!

Anne Steele, 1760.

556 Luke xxii. 61. "*The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.*"

Tune 151. SHENIR II. Or 146. OLDENBURG.
77, 77.

- 1 JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.
- 2 Weanèd from my lordly self,
Weanèd from the miser's pelf,
Weanèd from the scorner's ways,
Weanèd from the lust of praise.
- 3 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.
- 4 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.
- 5 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood!
- 6 In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry!

C. Wesley, 1762; John Berridge, 1785.

See Hymn 532.



See Hymn 301. Also 85, 205, 304, 342.

(15.) RESIGNATION.

557 Ps. cvii. 7. "*He led them forth by the right way.*"

Tune 183. BADEN I. 87, 87, 44, 88.

- 1 WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
Holy His will abideth;
I will be still whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth.
He is my God,
Though dark my road;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.
- 2 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive me:
He leads me by the proper path,
I know He will not leave me,
And take content
What He hath sent:
His hand can turn my grief away,
And patiently I wait His day.
- 3 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it all unshrinking:
Tears pass away
With dawn of day:
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.
- 4 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here shall my stand be taken:
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken:
My Father's care
Is round me there:
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all!

S. Rodigast, 1675;

C. Winkworth (tr.), 1853.

558 Matt. xxvi. 42. "*Thy will be done.*"

Tune 220. JEZREEL.

Or Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 888, 4.

- 1 MY GOD, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"
- 3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy will be done!"
- 4 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"
- 5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"
- 6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

559 Matt. xxvi. 39. "*Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*"

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.



2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway,
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

William Cowper, 1779.

560 Lam. iii. 24. "*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.*"

Tune 51. BESOR. Or 67. FARRANT. C.M.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world was gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my All in all!

Benjamin Beddome, 1787. (a.)

561 Luke xxii. 42. "*Not My will, but Thine, be done.*"

Tune 78. OLD NUNC DIMITTIS. C.M.D.

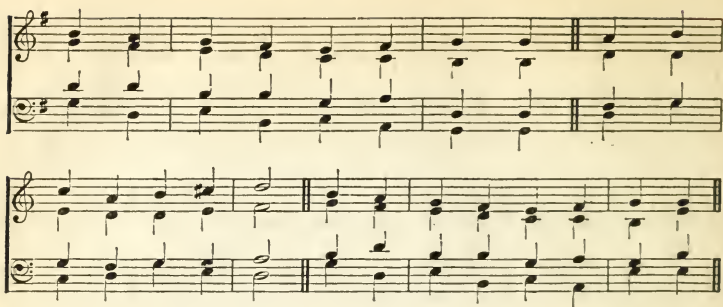
1 ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine,
All-wise, all-mighty, and all-good!
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

2 Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around?
Lord, in my time of wealth
May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude to Thee,
May all Thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.
And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
The Lord is gracious still.

4 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.
Is but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above?
Then heart, and mind, and strength, and soul
Shall love Thee for Thy love!

James Montgomery, 1825.



See Hymn 27. Also 233, 480, 711.

562 Ps. xxxi. 15. "My times are in Thy hand."

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

- 1 "MY times are in Thy hand,"
Their best and fittest place;
I would not have them at command
Without Thy guiding grace.
- 2 "My times," and yet not mine;
I cannot them ordain;
Not one e'er waits from me a sign,
Nor can I one detain.
- 3 "My times," O Lord, are Thine,
And Thine their oversight:
Thy wisdom, love, and power combine
To make them dark or bright.
- 4 I know not what shall be,
When passing times are fled;
But all events I leave with Thee,
And calmly bow my head.
- 5 Hence, Lord, in Thee I rest,
And wait Thy holy will;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast,
Or gladly go on still.
- 6 And when my "times" shall cease,
And life shall fade away,
Then bid me, Lord, depart in peace,
To realms of endless day!

William Henry Havergal, 1860.

While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, "Arise and shine!"
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But His of boundless joy and light.

- 3 Thy Father reigns supreme above;
The glory of His name
Is grace and wisdom, truth and love—
His will must be the same,
And thou hast asked all joys in one,
In whispering forth, "Thy will be done."
- 4 His will—each soul to sanctify
Redeeming might hath won;
His will—that thou shouldst never die,
Believing on His Son;
His will—that thou, through earthly strife,
Shouldst rise to everlasting life.
- 5 That one unchanging song of praise
Should from our hearts arise;
That we should know His wondrous ways,
Though hidden from the wise;
That we, so sinful and so base,
Should show the glory of His grace.
- 6 His will—to grant the yearning prayer
For dear ones far away,
That Thy His peace and love may share,
And tread His pleasant way;
That in the Father and the Son
All perfect we may be in one.

563 Eph. v. 17. "Understanding what the will of the Lord is."

Tune 177. LEBANON. Or Hymn Chant VIII.
LAODICEA. 86, 86, 88.

- 1 WITH quivering heart and trembling will
The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,
Of some fair joy's eclipse,
"Thy will be done!" Thy God hath heard,
And He will crown that faith-framed word.
- 2 The prayer shall be fulfilled—but how?
His thoughts are not as thine;

- 7 His will—the little flock to bring
Into His royal fold,
To reign for ever with their King,
His beauty to behold;
Sin's fell dominion crushed for aye,
Sorrow and sighing fled away.
- 8 This thou hast asked! And shall the prayer
Float upward on a sigh?
No song were sweet enough to bear
Such glad desires on high,
But God Thy Father shall fulfil,
In thee and for thee, all His will!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1866.

See Hymn 109.



(16.) PATIENCE.

564 Ps. lxii. 5. "Wait thou only upon God."

Tune 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. Or 63. KENT. C.M.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!"

Anne Steele, 1760.

Trust Him to tune thy voice
To blend with seraphim;
His "Wait" shall issue in "Rejoice!"
"Wait patiently for Him."

3 He doth not bid thee wait,
Like driftwood on the wave,
For fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save,
Thine eyes shall surely see,
No distant hope or dim,
The Lord Thy God arise for thee:
"Wait patiently for Him!"

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1868.

565 Ps. xxxvii. 7. "Wait patiently for Him."

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

1 GOD doth not bid thee wait,
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mould is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon rim;
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled;
"Wait patiently for Him."

2 The weary waiting-times
Are but the muffled peals,
Low preluding celestial chimes
That hail His chariot-wheels.

566 Cant. viii. 5. "Leaning upon her Beloved."

Tune 147. PATMOS. Or 145. CHIOS. 77, 77.

1 LORD! a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life Divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

2 Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright,
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

3 O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep:
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep!

Anna L. Waring, 1850.

(17.) TRUST.

567 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. "Ordered in all things."

Tune 176. SILVANUS. 86, 86, 86.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;

But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.



See Hymn 857. Also 989, 996.

- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7 There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me:
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty!
- Anna L. Waring, 1850.
- 568** Phil. i. 22. "What I shall choose
I wot not."
Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.
- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet, [meet
What will Thy glory be?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.
Richard Baxter, 1651. (a.)
- 569** Ps. lv. 23. "I will trust in Thee."
Tune 104. CLAUDIA.
Or 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D.
- 1 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee
with my soul; [make me whole.
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
There is none in heaven or on earth like
Thee: [Lord, for me.
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore,
- 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, name of match-
less worth [birth:
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of
shame, [name.
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that
- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy
ways, [days:
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought
Thy face— [grace.
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's



- 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word.
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.
- 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out,"
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God!

Mary Jane Walker, 1864.

570 1 Pet. v. 7. "*He careth for you.*"
Tune 158. SIHOR. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child,

From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love!

John Newton, 1779.

See Hymns 99—103, 892.

(18.) HOPE.

571 Ps. lxxi. 5. "*Thou art my hope.*"
Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new mercies seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.
- 4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

572 Rom. xv. 13. "*Abound in hope.*"
Tune 219. CARPUS. 888, 4.

- 1 HOPE, Christian soul; in every stage
Of this thine earthly pilgrimage
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage:
Abound in hope.
- 2 Hope! though thy lot be want and woe,
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow,
Thy Saviour's lot was such before:
Abound in hope.
- 3 Hope! for to all who meekly bear
His cross, He gives His crown to wear.
Abasement here is glory there:
Abound in hope.
- 4 Hope! though thy dear ones round thee
Behold with faith's illumined eye [die,
Their blissful home beyond the sky:
Abound in hope.



* For 12 lines 87, repeat 1st, 2nd, 7th, and 8th strains.
See Hymn 254. Also 16, 20, 47, 264, 328, 398, 406.

5 Hope! for upon that happy shore
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,
And saints shall meet to part no more:
Abound in hope.

6 Hope through the watches of the night;
Hope till the morrow bring the light;
Hope till thy faith be lost in sight:
Abound in hope.

Benjamin H. Kennedy, D.D., 1867.

573 Rom xiii. 11. "*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*"

Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. 66, 88.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith:
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;

6 Feel Thee near, when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

Phæbe Carey, 1854.

(19.) FULL ASSURANCE.

574 1 John iv. 8. "*God is love.*"

Tune 54. EVAN I.

Or 46. WINCHESTER. C.M.

1 SINCE my Redeemer's name is Love,
Why should I doubt His grace?
He will not let my soul remove,
Or start from His embrace.

2 Guided by Him, with strength Divine
I gladly urge my way,
And more and more my path shall shine
Unto the perfect day.

3 I cannot from the fold depart,
For Jesus is my guide;
His law is graven on my heart,
Nor shall my footsteps slide.

4 He loved me not for my desert;
(I merited His hate!)
Nor shall the love a period know,
Which never knew a date.

5 By grace a free partaker made
Of His immortal root,
I know my branch shall never fade,
Nor cease from yielding fruit.

6 Glory and grace to them He gives,
For whom He gave His Son:
And God must cease from being love,
Ere He can hate His own!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1777.

575 Jude 24. "*Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.



2 His tried almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

See Hymns 721, 723—729, 732, 734.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

(20.) SUPPORT AND COMFORT.

576 Matt. xiv. 27. "*It is I; be not afraid.*"

Tune 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

1 **W**HEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well—
"Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillise each fear,
"Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
"Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"Tis I; be not afraid!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might!

William Cowper, 1774.

578 Ps. xxvii. 9. "*Thou hast been my help.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW.

Or Hymn Chant III. SMYRNA. C.M.

1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

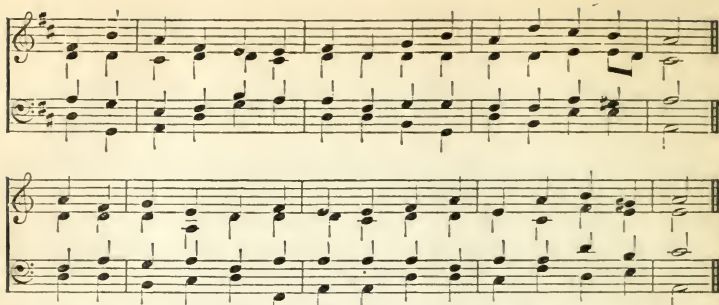
2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

577 Heb. xii. 10. "*He for our profit.*"

Tune 161. SEIR. Or 162. SAMARIA.
77, 77. D.

1 **T**IS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.



See Hymn 734. Also 130, 146, 282, 349, 395, 416, 438, 506, 533, 608, 636, 784, 867, 970.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

579 Mark iv. 39. "Peace, be still."

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS, 888, 3.

1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep;
Watch did Thine anxious servants
keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish!" was their cry,
"Oh save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still!"

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows cease to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

Godfrey Thring, 1858.

580 Ps. xlii. 11. "The God of Jacob is our refuge."

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud let the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

581 Ps. cvi. 9. "He led them through the depths."

Tune 241. PARAN. Or 239. HANOVER.
11 11, 11 11.

1 PRESS forward and fear not! the billows
may roll,
The power of Jesus their rage will control;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumults
shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them
to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not! though trial
be near,
The Lord is our refuge; whom then shall
we fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His
rod;
Then let us be steadfast and trust in our
God.

3 Press forward and fear not! be strong in
the Lord,
The power of His promise, the truth of His
word;
Through sea and through desert our path-
way may tend,
But He who hath saved us will save to the
end.

4 Then forward and fear not! we'll speed on
our way;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path
in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader
hath trod;
Then let us press forward, and trust in our
God!

Edward Wakefield, 1842.



582 Ps. civ. 34. "*My meditation of Him shall be sweet.*"
Tune 54. EVAN I. Or 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

- 1 **WHEN** languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.
 - 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
 - 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.
 - 4 Sweet to reflect how grace Divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid.
 - 5 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
 - 6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
 - 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.
 - 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
 - 9 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
 - 10 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!
- Augustus M. Toplady, 1778.*

583 Gen. xxii. 14. "*Jehovah-Jireh.*"
Tune 239. HANOVER. 10 10, 11 11.

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail, And dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail, And foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will
provide."
 - 2 The birds without barn Or storehouse are
fed;
From them let us learn To trust for our
bread:
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be
denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will
provide."
 - 3 We may, like the ships, By tempest be
tossed
On perilous deeps, But cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages The wind and the
tide,
The promise engages, "The Lord will pro-
vide."
 - 4 His call we obey, Like Abra'm of old;
We know not the way, But faith makes us
bold;
For, though we are strangers, We have a
sure Guide,
And trust in all dangers, "The Lord will
provide."
 - 5 No strength of our own, No goodness we
claim;
Our trust is all placed In Jesu's great
name;
In this, our strong tower, For safety we
The Lord is our power: "The Lord will
provide."
 - 6 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,
The word of His grace Shall comfort us
through;
No fearing or doubting, With Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will
provide!"
- John Newton, 1777.*



* Wrongly called BENEDICTION OF ST. WERBERGH.

See Hymn 403. Also 7, 17, 20, 21, 237, 361, 375, 415, 520, 600, 734, 753, 784, 790, 813, 818, 866, 921, 970.

584 Matt. xv. 25. "Lord, help me."

Tune 66. BEDFORD.
Or 72. DUNDEE. C.M.

- 1 OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!
- 2 Oh help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 Oh help us through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh help us, Jesus, from on high!
We know no help but Thee;
Oh help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

Dean Henry Hart Milman, D.D., 1827.

585 1 Sam. vii. 12. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

- 1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

- 5 'Tis even so, Thy faithful love
Doth thus Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in all!

John Fawcett, 1782.

586 Ps. xxx. 5. "Weeping may endure in the evening, but singing cometh in the morning." [Margin.]

Tune 185. GODESBERG. 87, 87.

- 1 IN the evening there is weeping,
Lengthening shadows, failing sight:
Silent darkness, slowly creeping
Over all things dear and bright.
- 2 In the evening there is weeping,
Lasting all the twilight through;
Phantom shadows, never sleeping,
Wakening slumbers of the true.
- 3 In the morning cometh singing,
Cometh joy and cometh sight,
When the sun ariseth, bringing
Healing on his wings of light.
- 4 In the morning cometh singing,
Songs that ne'er in silence end,
Angel minstrels ever bringing
Praises new with thine to blend.
- 5 Are the twilight shadows casting
Heavy glooms upon thy heart?
Soon in radiance everlasting
Night for ever shall depart.
- 6 Art thou weeping, sad and lonely,
Through the evening of thy days?
All thy sighing shall be only
Prelude of more perfect praise.
- 7 Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
Solemn herald of the day;
Singing cometh in the morning,
God shall wipe thy tears away!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1869.

See Hymns 360, 433.



(21.) HUMILITY.

587 1 Pet. v. 5. "Be clothed with humility."

Tune 148. GIBBONS. 77, 77.

- 1 LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Clothed with humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.
- 4 Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

Charles Wesley, 1741.

588 Phil. ii. 5. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven.
- 2 Jesus! who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame.
- 3 Oh, may that mind in us be formed
Which shone so bright in Thee;
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
- 4 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above!

Thomas Cotterill, 1812.

See Hymns 217, 555, 556, 570, 745.

(22.) LOVE.

589 1 Cor. xiii. 13. "The greatest of these is charity."

Tune 136. SHENIR I. 777, 5.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain—if love I need;
Therefore, give me love.
- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

- 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.
- 6 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.
- 7 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand and hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.
- 8 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.



See Hymn 234. Also 146, 348.

590 John xxi. 16. "Yea, Lord; *Thou knowest that I love Thee.*"

Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 **D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each earthly idol out
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of Thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 7 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

591 Eph. v. 2. "Walk in love."

Tune 213. KEDRON.
Or 310. BRIDEHEAD. 886. D.

- 1 **M**AY we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,
To do on earth our Father's will
As angels do above;
To walk in Christ, the living Way,
With all Thy children, and obey
The law of Christian love.

- 2 Spirit of life, of love and peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
Thy gracious help supply;
To every soul the blessing give,
In Christian fellowship to live;
In joyful hope to die!
Edward Osler, 1836.

592 John xv. 12. "Love one another, as I have loved you."

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 "LITTLE children, dwell in love
New begotten from above;
Ye by this your birth may know,
That ye dwell in love below.
- 2 "God your Father reigns on high,
Unbeheld by mortal eye;
Him ye see not; love Him then
In His types, your fellow-men.
- 3 "Not in semblance nor in word,
But in holy thoughts unheard,
And in very truth and deed,
Share their joy, and help their need."
- 4 Thus the saint whom Jesus loved
Spoke in word, in action proved:
Lord, may Thy disciples be
Like to him, and like to Thee!
Dean Henry Alford, D.D., 1844.

593 John xxi. 15. "Lovest thou Me?"

Tune 152. LUXEMBURG.
Or 151. SHENIR II. 77, 77.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know—
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild!
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?



4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do :
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

6 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

7 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art Thy people's Sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray :
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day !

John Newton, 1779.

594 1 John iv. 7. "*Love is of God.*"

Tune 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

1 **HAPPY** the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1707.

595 John xiii. 15. "*I have given you an example.*"

Tune 171. PRAGUE. 85, 85.

1 **THOU** who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st Thy face to die,
By Thy holy meek example
Teach us Charity !

2 Thou who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee,
O most Loving of the loving,
Give us Charity !

3 Thou who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us Charity !

4 Send us Faith, that trusts Thy promise ;
Hope, with upward eye ;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us Charity !

Dean Henry Alford, D.D., 1867.

596 1 John iii. 14. "*We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.*"

Tune 47. NAYLAND. C.M.

1 **OUR** God is love ; and all His saints
His image bear below :
The heart, with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Oh may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee :
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love !"

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.



See Hymn 506. Also 130, 236, 282, 361, 981.

(23.) ALMSGIVING.

597 1 Chr. xxix. 2. "I have prepared
with all my might."

Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. 610, 1010.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord thy heart!
Bring joyfully the silver and the gold:
The rich are they who keep not back a
part; [withhold.
The glad, the full, are those who ne'er
- 2 Give to the Lord thy heart!
Its morning fragrance and its noontide
might,
And evening dews—all that thou hast and
art, [right.
Are but the Lord's by purchase and by
- 3 Give to the Lord thy heart!
Bring a whole offering, worthless though
it be; [smart,
The love which took thy cross, and bore it
Paid the full price, O ransomed one, for
thee! Jane Crewdson, 1860.

598 2 Cor. v. 14. "The love of Christ
constraineth us."

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of good! to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.
- 3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered.
- 4 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see,
For while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thee!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755. (a.)
See Hymns 589, 633, 691, 739.

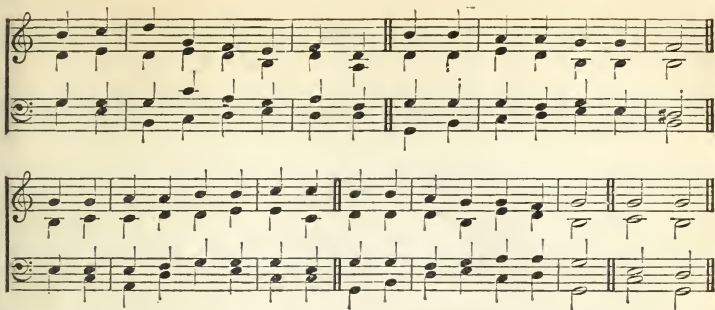
(24.) PRAISE.

599 Mark xi. 10. "Hosanna in the
highest."

Tune 225. BADEN II. SS, SS, 47.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King.
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry:
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.

- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Be with us in Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
While we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.
Bishop Heber, 1811.



600 Rev. v. 12. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

Tune 253. ST. PAUL. 87, 8 87, 77, 77.

1 "WORTHY of all adoration
Is the Lamb that once was slain,"
Cry, in raptured exultation,
His redeemed from every nation;
Angel myriads join the strain;
Sounding from their sinless strings
Glory to the King of kings:
Harping with their harps of gold,
Praise which never can be told.

2 Hallelujahs full and swelling
Rise around His throne of might.
All our highest laud excelling,
Holy and Immortal, dwelling
In the unapproached light,
He is worthy to receive
All that heaven and earth can give.
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
All are His by glorious right.

3 As the sound of many waters
Let the full Amen arise!
HALLELUJAH! Ceasing never,
Sounding through the great For Ever,
Linking all its harmonies;
Through eternities of bliss,
Lord, our rapture shall be this;
And our endless life shall be
One AMEN of praise to THEE!
Frances Kidley Havergal, 1867.

601 Ps. xciv. 1. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

Tune 35. CHESALON. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

602 Ps. cl. 6. "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

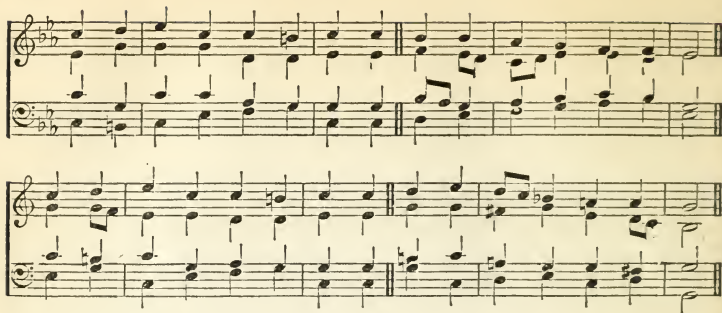
603 Ps. lxxix. 16. "The multitude of Thy tender mercies."

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.



See Hymn 236. Also 232, 481, 861, 981.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I should owe Him most!

John Newton, 1779.

604 Ps. cxlv. 11. "*They shall speak
of the glory of Thy kingdom,
and talk of Thy power.*"

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. 886. D.

1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey!
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven, and earth, and sea, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound;
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou glorious orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise Him in the shade.

4 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air or decks the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye tempests, sound His awful name;
And widely roar your loud acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the
The general burst of joy! [sound,
John Ogilvie, 1776.

605 Ps. cl. 1. "*Hallelujah! Praise
God in His sanctuary.*"

Tune 193. IDUMEA. Or 302. ORIEL.
87, 87, 87.

1 **A**LLELUIA! Song of gladness,
Voice of everlasting joy;
Alleluia! sound the sweetest
Heard among the choirs on high,
Hymning in God's blissful mansion
Day and night incessantly.

2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain,
Alleluia! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train.
Faint and feeble are our praises
While in exile we remain.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn.
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
'Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow,
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Praises with our prayers uniting,
Hear us, blessed Trinity;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see,
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.
J. M. Neale, D.D. (tr.), 1851.

606 Ps. xlviii. 14. "*This God is our
God for ever and ever.*"

Tune 251. "NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT."
67, 67, 6666.

1 **N**OW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.



2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us ;
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us :
And help us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed :
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven :
The one eternal God
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

*Martin Rinckart, 1586-1649 ;
C. Winkworth (tr.), 1858.*

607 Rev. iv. 11. "*Thou art worthy,
O Lord, to receive glory.*"

Tune 191. ZAAAIM. 87, 87, 47.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross !
Who redeemed our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us ;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend :
Praise the Saviour !
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we " Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb : "
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name !

Thomas Kelly, 1800.

608 Eph. i. 6. "*To the praise of the
glory of His grace.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. 87, 87. D.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming hosts above :
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming Love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thine help I'm come :
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

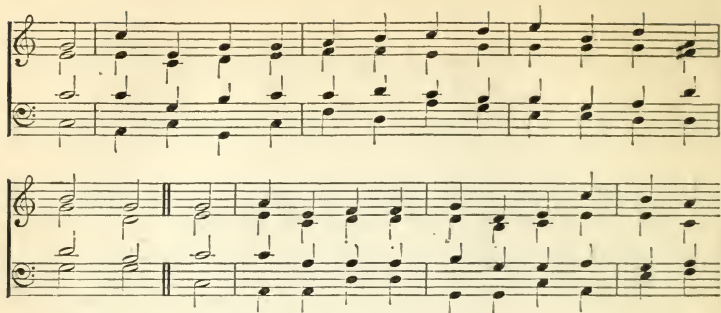
3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it !
Seal it from Thy courts above !

*Attributed to Robert Robinson, 1758 ; also
Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1749 ;
and C. Wesley.*

609 Ps. lxxvii. 3. "*Let all the people
praise Thee.*"

Tune 153. SIHOR. Or 157. RATISBON.
77, 77, 77.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy church with light Divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.



See Hymn 995. Also 622.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

610 Ps. ciii. 22. "Bless the Lord, all
His works in all places of His
dominion."

Tune 137. PISGAH. Or 139. LUBECK.
77, 77.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
- 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth :
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.
- 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace !
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son :
- 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him ! praise Him, evermore !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

611 Rom. xvi. 27. "To God only wise,
be glory through Jesus Christ for
ever."

Tune 120. MIZPEH. 6666, 88.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here
And better hopes above ;

He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man hath done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy Divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores !

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

612 Ps. ciii. 1. "Bless the Lord, O my
soul."

Tune 191. ZAAZAIM.

Or 297. CORFE MULLEN. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring !
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress !
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless !
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Widely as His mercy flows !



4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone:
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the High Eternal One!

5 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him:
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

613 Ps. lxxxix. 1. "*I will make known
Thy faithfulness.*"

Tune 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore
Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

John Kemphthorne, 1810.

614 Ps. cxlix. 1. "*Praise ye the Lord.*"

Tune 319. GATCS. 11 10, 11 10.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord
most Holy,

Who cheers the contrite, girds with
strength the weak;

Praise Him who will, with glory, crown
the lowly,

And, with salvation, beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving-
kindness,
And all the tender mercies He hath
shown;

Praise Him who pardons all our sin and
blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His
own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our bless-
ing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons
are dim;

Resting in Him, His peace and joy pos-
sessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in
Him.

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord who
gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save
us!

Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in
One!

Lady M. C. Campbell, 1838.

615 Ps. cl. 1. "*Praise God in His
sanctuary.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELIOUS. L.M.

1 OH praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence His goodness largely
flows!

Praise Him in heaven, where He His face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows!

2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He on our behalf has done!

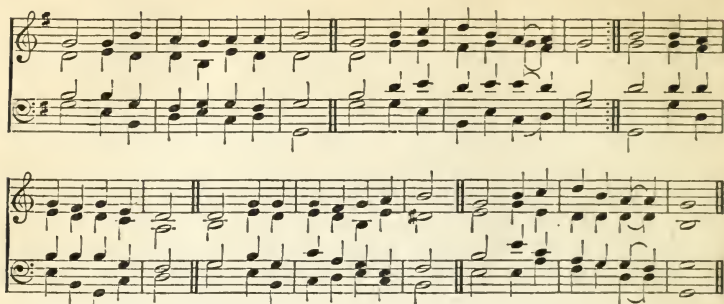
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford

In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

Tate and Brady, 1696.

208 ALTORF; OR LUTHER'S HYMN. (87, 87, 887; OR, 88, 888.)



See Hymn 988. Also 453, 1021.

616 Dan. iv. 34, 35. *"I praised and honoured Him that doeth according to His will."*

Tune 312. ZION. Or 226. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, the eternal King,
Who reigns by right, and rules by love;

Let all the saints His glory sing,
The saints below and saints above.
To Him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, power, and praise. Amen.

2 Praise Him who sits upon His throne,
His throne of glory and of grace;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns alone,
Unlimited by time or place.

To Him that lives, &c.

3 No hand against His will can rise,
No heart against His love can stand;
No place is secret from His eyes,
Not heaven, nor hell, nor sea, nor land.

To Him that lives, &c.

4 What He desires to do is done:
The awful mandate of His will,
That moves the universe alone,
Can make the universe stand still.

To Him that lives, &c.

5 His smile is heaven, His frown is hell,
His dreadful vengeance breaks His foes;
His favour is the living well,
From which complete salvation flows.

To Him that lives, &c.
Joseph Swain, 1792.

617 Rev. i. 5, 6. *"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, be glory and dominion for ever."*

Tune 312. ZION. Or 226. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

1 PRAISE your Redeemer, praise His name,

Ye saints who live upon His grace;
Praise Him whose love remains the same,
Through every change of time and place.
Praise ye the Lord, the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of grace.

2 Praise Him who came from heaven to bring

Glad tidings of salvation down;
Praise Him, for you have cause to sing,
Who hope for an immortal crown.
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

3 Praise Him who loved you on the cross,
Praise Him who loves you on His throne,
Praise Him who turns to gain your loss,
And makes your crosses prove your crown.

Praise ye the Lord, &c.

4 Praise Him who loved you long before
The wheels of time began to move;
Whose love, when time shall be no more,
Will still be everlasting love.

Praise ye the Lord, &c.
Joseph Swain, 1792.

618 Ps. cxxx. 7. *"Plenteous redemption."*

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name!
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears!
See your curse and guilt remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest,
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.



See Hymn 286. Also 368.

- 6 When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love!
Martin Madan's Collection, 1763

619 Ps. cvi. 2. "Who can show forth
all His praise?"

Tune 4. WALDECK. L.M.

- 1 OH! render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 Oh! may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine!
Tate and Brady, 1696.

620 Ps. cv. 3. "Glory ye in His holy
Name."

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

- 1 OH! render thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke His sacred name,
Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to His praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in His almighty name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord!
Tate and Brady, 1696.

621 Zech. ix. 9. "Rejoice greatly . . .
thy King cometh."

Tune 213. SOSTHENES. 1011, 1111, 12 11.

- 1 SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing:
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Zion the marvellous story is telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon
earth. Shout the glad tidings, &c.
- 2 Tell how He cometh from nation to nation;
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are
crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-
ing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise!
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and
the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.
W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., 1827.

622 Ps. cvii. 21. "Oh that men would
praise the Lord for His goodness."

Tune 207. ZOHELETH. 88, 87, 887.

- 1 SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills:
To God all praise and glory.
- 2 The angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory.



See Hymn 259. Also 84, 113, 133, 136, 201, 289, 535, 604.

- 3 What God's almighty power hath made:
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth:
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right:
To God all praise and glory.

Part ii.

- 4 The Lord is never far away;
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever present help and stay.
Our peace and joy and blessing:
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads His own, His chosen band:
To God all praise and glory.
- 5 When every earthly hope has flown
From sorrow's sons and daughters,
Our Father from His heavenly throne
Beholds the troubled waters;
And at His word the storm is stayed
Which made His children's hearts afraid:
To God all praise and glory.
- 6 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body, bear your part:
To God all praise and glory!

*Johann Jacob Schütz, 1673;
F. E. Cox (tr.), 1841.*

623 Ps. cxlix. 5. "*Let the saints . . .
sing aloud.*"

Tune 252. "EIN* FESTE BURG IST UNSER
GOTT." 87, 87, 6666, 7.

- 1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name:
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!

- 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh! trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"Oh, praise our God away;"
Let all His saints adore Him!

- 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name:
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown!
Let all His saints adore Him!

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1800.

624 Ps. c. 2. "*Serve the Lord with
gladness.*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure!

William Kethe, 1562.



625 Ps. c. 4. "Enter into His
courts with praise."

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure!
Tate and Brady, 1696.

626 Job xxxviii. 7. "The morning
stars sang together, and all
the sons of God shouted for
joy."

Tune 137. PISGAH. 77, 77.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ!

James Montgomery, 1819.

627 Rev. xv. 3. "The song of the
Lamb."

Tune 79. AVEN. S.M.

- 1 A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our joy be full,
And love a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

*Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709;
William Hammond, 1745.*



See Hymn 683. Also 128, 147, 408, 418, 436, 811, 922.

628 Rev. xix. 1. "*Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.*"

Tune 240. RIFON. Or 239. HANOVER.
10 10, 11 11.

- 1 YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious And reigns over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, And give Him His right,
All glory and power, And wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, With angels
And thanks never ceasing, For infinite love!
Charles Wesley, 1744.

629 Ps. cxxxvi. 1. "*His mercy endureth for ever.*"

Tune 139. LUBECK. Or 284. HARTS. 77, 77.

- 1 LET us, with a glad some mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He, with all commanding might,
Filled the new made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 7 Let us then, with glad some mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure!

John Milton, 1628.

630 Ps. ix. 1. "*I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.*"

Tune 45. YORK. Or 40. GLOUCESTER.
C.M.

- 1 TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy name, O Thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have His goodness proved
Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.
- 4 His suffering saints, when most distressed,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crowned,
Though for a time delayed.
- 5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord
From Zion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God!

Tate and Brady, 1696.



631 Ps. cxxxvii. 3. "*Sing us one of the songs of Zion.*"

Tune 59. ARRAN. C.M.

- 1 SING them, my children, sing them still,
Those sweet and holy songs!
Oh! let the psalms of Zion's hill
Be heard from youthful tongues.
- 2 Oh! sing them at the cheerful dawn,
The rising morn to cheer;
And sing them round the evening hearth,
When fires are blazing clear.
- 3 Sing them when Sabbath schools are met,
And your young voices raise
Their Sabbath evening melodies,
To their Redeemer's praise.
- 4 So shall each unforgotten word,
When distant far you roam,
Call back your hearts which once it stirred,
To childhood's blessed home!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.

632 Ps. xxviii. 7. "*With my song will I praise Him.*"

Tune 125. GOSHEN. 7/6, 7/6.

- 1 SING to the little children,
And they will listen well;

Sing grand and holy music,
For they can feel its spell.

- 2 Sing at the cottage bedside;
They have no music there,
And the voice of praise is silent,
After the voice of prayer.
- 3 Sing of the gentle Saviour
In the simplest hymns you know,
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten
As the soothing verses flow.
- 4 When you long to bear the Message
Home to some troubled breast,
Then sing with loving fervour,
"Come unto Me, and rest."
- 5 Sing when His mighty mercies
And marvellous love you feel,
And the deep joy of gratitude
Springs freshly as you kneel.
- 6 Sing on in grateful gladness!
Rejoice in this good thing
Which the Lord thy God hath given thee:
The happy power to sing!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1867.

*See Hymns 1—16, 24—26, 30, 88—92, 133—136,
191, 192, 286, 368, 430, 432, 1022—1024.*

(25.) ZEAL.

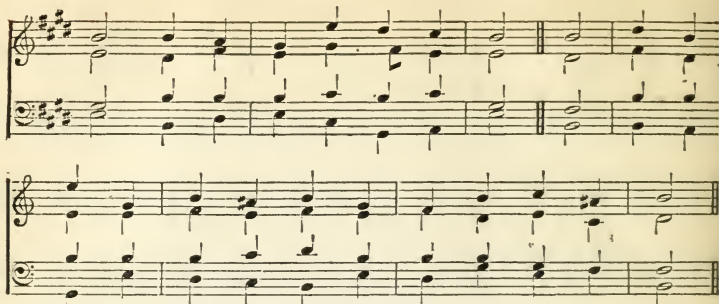
633 1 Sam. xii. 24. "*Consider how great things He hath done for you.*"

Tune 116. BACA. 6/6 6/6, 6/6.

- 1 I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee:
What hast thou given for Me?
- 2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.

I spent long years for thee:
Hast thou spent one for Me?

- 3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?
- 4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell,
Of bitterest agony
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me?



See Hymn 715. Also 36, 74, 121, 201, 289, 374, 492, 591, 758, 905.

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 Oh! let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1859.

634 2 Tim. ii. 3. "*Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*"

Tune 57. EPHRON. C.M.

1 **ARE** we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Now we must fight, if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord;
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1721.

635 Phil. iii. 14. "*I press toward the mark.*"

Tune 281. OLYMPAS. 76, 76, 77, 76.

1 **RISE**, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies!
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven!

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

636 Deut. xxxii. 12. "*The Lord alone did lead him.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. 87, 87. D.

1 **RISE**, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Strauger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on; His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

2 Light Divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way;
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.

3 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace, from high descending;
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle-strength He'll still renew:
Garments fresh and feet unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.



When to Canaan's long loved dwelling
Love Divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing—
There no stranger-God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee
Greets thee with a well-known love!
J. N. Darby, 1837.

37 Heb. xii. 1. "*Let us run.*"
Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.
AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1775.

38 Eph. vi. 11. "*Put on the whole
armour of God.*"
Tune 80. NARENZA. S.M.
SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
5 In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the power of prayer:
6 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!
Charles Wesley, 1749.

639 John ix. 4. "*I must work the
works of Him that sent Me,
while it is day.*"
Tune 186. BREMEN. 87, 87.

1 SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And this soul remain unfilled?
2 Shall the God-given hours be scattered,
Like the leaves upon the plain?
Shall the blossoms die unwatered
By the drops of heavenly rain?
3 Shall this heart still spend its treasures
On the things that fade and die?
Shall it court the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?
4 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin!
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!
5 Swiftly moving, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne,
Calmly gazing—skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!
6 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free;
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.



See Hymn 183. Also 316.

- 7 Then no longer, idly dreaming,
Shall I fling my years away;
But each precious hour redeeming,
Wait for the eternal day!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1857.

640 2 Tim. ii. 3. "A good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe;
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened by the Bread of Life.
 - 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.
 - 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
 - 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.
 - 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if grent your need.
 - 6 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!
- H. Kirke White, 1806; F. F. Maitland, 1827.*
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life!
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.
 - 3 Teach me to live!—Thy purpose to fulfil:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, remould my stubborn will:
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.
 - 4 Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet,
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before—
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.
 - 5 Teach me to live! no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.
 - 6 Teach me to live!—my daily cross to bear;
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me; let me feel Thee near:
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.
 - 7 Teach me to live!—and find my life in Thee—
Looking from earth and earthly things [away]
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on; and gain new strength and power each day.
 - 8 Teach me to live!—with kindly words for all—
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of [gloom]
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly [home]!

641 Gal. ii. 20. "I live by the faith of the Son of God."

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10, 10, 10 10.

- 1 TEACH me to live! 'tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
One earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.
- Ellen Elizabeth Burman, 1860.*
See Hymns 765—773, 956, 970.



(26.) COURAGE.

642 Ps. lxxi. 16. "*I will go in the strength of the Lord God.*"

Tune 232. AQUILA. 9998,8888.

- 1 I WILL go in the strength of the Lord,
In the path He hath marked for my feet;
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend;
His fulness my wants shall supply;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.
- 2 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile shall afford,
My soul shall her vigour renew.
His wisdom will guard me from harm,
His power my sufficiency prove:
I trust His omnipotent arm;
I rest in His covenant love.
- 3 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To each conflict which faith may require;
And His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.
If He give the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
With sling and with stone in my hand,
In the strength of the Lord I will go!

Church Missionary Gleaner, January, 1861.

643 Josh. i. 9. "*Be strong and of a good courage.*"

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love Divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark Divine.
- 4 The people of His choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.
- 5 When we in darkness walk
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 6 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 7 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour,
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals His sovereign power.
- 8 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay,
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.
- 9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

644 1 Tim. vi. 12. "*Fight the good fight of faith.*"

Tune 98. ST. SILAS. 5555,6565.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's
longest;
Onward, and onward still, be thine en-
deavour;
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.



See Hymn 252. Also 742.

2 Fight the fight, Christian—Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian—heaven is before thee,
He who hath promised faltereth never;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done—praise Him for ever.

Joseph Stammers, 1830.

645 Eph. vi. 10. "Be strong in the Lord."

Tune 272. ST. JOHN. Or 119. MORIAN.
6666, 88.

- 1 HARK, 'tis a martial sound!
To arms, ye saints, to arms!
Your foes are gathering round,
And peace has lost its charms;
Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield;
The trumpet calls you to the field.
- 2 No common foes appear
To dare you to the fight,
But such as own no fear
And glory in their might:
The powers of darkness are at hand;
Resist, or bow to their command.
- 3 An arm of flesh must fail
In such a strife as this;
He only can prevail
Whose arm is immortal:
'Tis Heaven itself the strength must yield,
And weapons fit for such a field.
- 4 And Heaven supplies them too!
The Lord, who never faints,
Is greater than the foe,
And He is with His saints:
Thus armed, they venture to the fight;
Thus armed, they put their foes to flight.

And, when the conflicts' past,
On yonder peaceful shore
They shall repose at last,
And see their foes no more;
The fruits of victory enjoy,
And never more their arms employ!
Thomas Kelly, 1809.

646 Heb. xii. 11. "Nevertheless, afterward."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

- 1 NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.
- 2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
- 3 Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind faint gropings in the sea;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.
- 4 Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.
- 5 Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.
- 6 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.
- 7 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.
See Hymn 149.



(27.) PEACE AND JOY.

647 Isa. xxvi. 3. "Perfect peace."
Tune 63. KENT. Or 54. EVAN L. C.M.

1 **A** MIND at "perfect peace" with God!
Oh! what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood—
This, this indeed is peace.

2 By nature and by practice far—
How very far from God!
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesu's blood.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as He.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves His Son,
Such is His love for me.

5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, "Mine is thine!"
Catesby Paget, 1855.

648 John xiv. 27. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you."
Tune 246. EIRENE. 11 10, 11 10.

1 **C**HILD of My love; ere from the cross
uplifted,
The heavens receive Me to My kingly
throne,
My peace I leave thee—not as earth be-
stoweth
Her fading gifts, I give unto Mine own.

2 Child of My purchase! heir of fadeless
glory,
In tribulation great thou shalt be tried;
Yet in My peace, which passeth under-
standing,
Thy steadfast soul for ever shall abide.

3 My peace I give thee—though to thy dim
vision
The narrow path in darkness fade away;
Strengthen thy faltering faith, the morn-
shall show thee
My bleeding footprints on the rugged way.

4 Peace shall be thine—though bitter
memories thronging,
Of countless sins, across thy spirit roll,
Although the accuser of the holy brethren
With darkest doubts assail thy weary
soul.

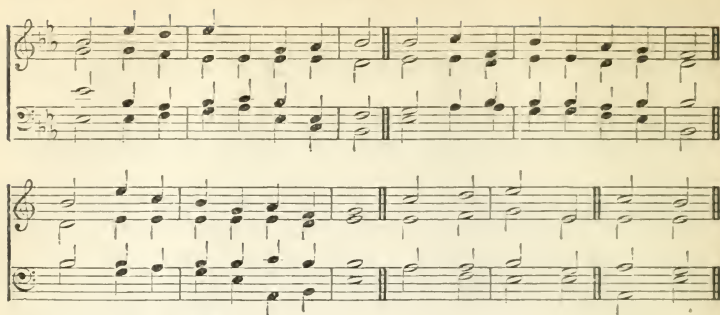
5 Peace, in the lonely hours of weary waiting,
In valley twilight, cold, and sad, and
grey;
Behold the mountain tops already rosy
With the bright flush of the long looked-
for day!

6 Peace, in the day when death's cold waters
swelling
Around thy feet thy trembling soul
affright;
The Hand that in the wilderness hath led
thee
By the right way shall guide thee into
light.

7 Peace, when the strange new sound of
angel hymnings
Breaks in wild music on thy wondering
ear;
Peace, when thy human soul, unclothed
and lonely,
Before My throne in judgment shall
appear.

8 Peace perfected, when from the din of
battle
The everlasting doors shall close thee in:
When thou shalt know, upon My throne
beside Me,
Victorious calm, freedom from strife and
sin!

Isabella I. Bird, 1860.



See Hymn 251. Also 261.

649 John xvi. 27. "The Father Himself loveth thee."

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA.
Or 246. EIRENE. 10 10, 10 10, 10 12.

- 1 **B**E still, my soul, Jehovah loveth thee!
Fret not, nor murmur at thy weary lot;
Though dark and lone thy journey seems to be,
Be sure that thou art ne'er by Him forgot.
He ever loves; then trust Him, trust Him still:
Let all thy care be this—the doing of His will.
- 2 Thy hand in His, like fondest, happiest child.
Place thou, nor draw it for a moment thence;
Walk thou with Him, a Father reconciled,
Till in His own good time He calls thee hence.
Walk with Him now; so shall thy way be bright,
And all thy soul be filled with His most glorious light.
- 3 Take courage, faint not, though the foe be strong,
Christ is thy strength! He fighteth on thy side;
Swift be thy race; remember 'tis not long,
The goal is near; the prize He will provide.
And then from earthly toil thou restest ever;
Never again to toil, or fight, or fear—Oh!
- 4 He comes, with His reward; 'tis just at hand;
He comes in glory to His promised throne;
My soul, rejoice! ere long thy feet shall stand
Within the city of the Blessed One.
Thy perils past, thy heritage secure,
Thy tears all wiped away, thy joy for ever sure!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1867.

650 Ps. xvi. 11. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87. 87. 47.

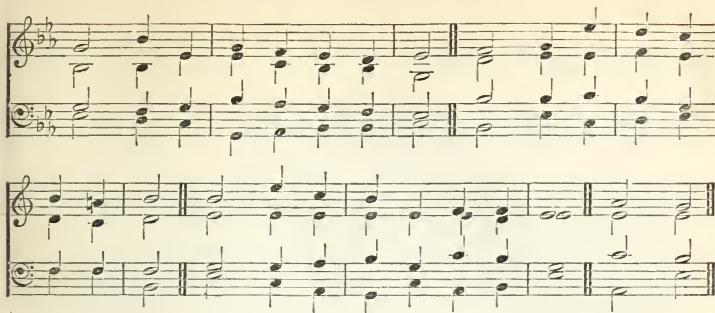
- 1 **F**AITHFUL pilgrim, homeward wending,
Toward the city sure and fair;
Hopeful pilgrim, heavenward tending.
Knowest thou what awaits thee there?
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.
- 2 Here—the fierceness of temptation,
Frequent tears for frequent sin,
Strife of secret tribulation:
But when once thou'rt entered in,
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.
- 3 Here—the broken voice of weeping
For thine own or others' care;
Wave of stormy sorrow sweeping
O'er thy troubled heart: but there,
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.
- 4 Here—the shade of death's dark portal,
Widowed grief and orphan cries,
Dust to dust, as vile and mortal:
But when thou hast gained the prize,
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.
- 5 Keep my soul, O loving Saviour,
From the world and Satan's snare;
Guard me by Thy gracious favour:
Make me meet with Thee to share
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore!

Benjamin Hearlett, 1860.

651 Mark vi. 31. "Come ye yourselves apart."

Tune 63. KENT. C.M.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.



See Hymn 725.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life;
Sweet Source of life Divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

William Cowper, 1765.

652 Col. i. 13. "He hath translated us
into the kingdom of His dear Son."

Tune 38. EDEN. Or 39. NOTTINGHAM C.M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies!

Charles Wesley, 1745.

653 Phil. iv. 4. "Rejoice in the Lord
alway."

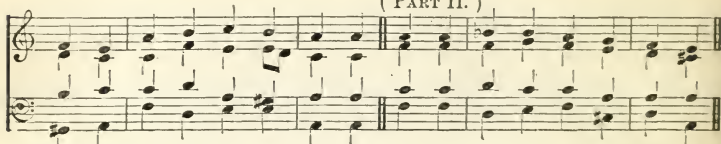
Tune 248. HOBAB. 12 11, 12 11.

- 1 **R**EJOICE in the Lord! there is light in
the dwelling,
And peace in the spirit, where Christ is
the Guest;
And surely the chorus might always be
swelling
Around the glad threshold which Jesus
has blessed.
- 2 Rejoice in the Lord! He will scatter the
sadness
That broods o'er the sanctified home of
His friends;
And days as they pass will be radiant with
gladness, [cends.
Where prayer from the family altar as-
- 3 Rejoice in the Lord! the fresh flowerets
are springing [way:
In fragrance and beauty to gladden thy
The Father of mercies His largess is fling-
ing— [day.
New tokens of love for each newly born
- 4 Rejoice in the Lord! He is tenderly lead-
ing [to take;
Each step that His wisdom requires thee
And He will supply all the strength thou
art needing, [sake.
Who loveth for ever, and will not for-
- 5 Rejoice in the Lord! There is joy for thee
ever,
If thou in thy lifetime belongest to Him;
A bond—all of love—which no change can
e'er sever, [cloud can dim.
A sun o'er thy head which no storm-
- 6 Rejoice in the Lord! He awaits thee in
heaven, [vice their choice;
With myriads who make His light ser-
And shortly the robe and the crown will
be given [joice!
To thee! Then, believer, oh! always re-
Marianne Farningham Hearn, 1860.

(PART I.)



(PART II.)



See Hymn 994.

654 Ps. xci. 4. "Under His wings shalt thou trust."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 **HAPPY** they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is and sure;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep His own secure;
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor.
- 2 Ye whom God has saved from error,
Ye "who know the joyful sound,"
Fear ye not the nightly terror;
Arms of mercy close you round;
Dread no evil;
God will all your foes confound.
- 3 Since His love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in His sight;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But His presence
Keeps you safe, by day and night.
- 4 Lo! your Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His ear;
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure ye are;
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.
- 5 As a bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

655 Rom. xv. 13. "Joy and peace in believing."

Tune 46. WINCHESTER. Or 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

- 1 **JOY** is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail—
Unspeakable, Divine!

- 5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind!

John Newton, 1779.

656 Deut. xxxiii. 29. "Happy art thou."

Tune 148. GIBBONS. Or 147. PATMOS. 77. 77.

- 1 **HAPPY** Christian! God's own child,
Chosen, called, and reconciled;
Once a rebel far from God,
Now brought nigh by Jesu's blood.
- 2 Happy Christian! look on high,
See thy portion in the sky:
Fixed by everlasting love,
Who that portion can remove?
- 3 Happy Christian! though the earth
Knows not now thy heavenly birth,
Yet thy God shall soon proclaim,
Through all worlds, thy favoured name.
- 4 Happy Christian! hear Him say.
"Turn thy heart from earth away,
Leave the world and all its woes,
Seek in Me thy full repose."
- 5 Happy Christian! look on high,
Christ, thy Lord, thy life, is nigh!
Soon thou shalt His glory see—
Learn His wondrous love to thee!

John Harrington Evans' Collection, 1833.



(PART III.)



657 Job xxii. 21. "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 ART thou acquainted, O my soul!
With such a Saviour, such a Friend?
Whose power can all events control,
And from all evils can defend?

2 Why art thou then oppressed with fears?
Knowledge of Him should give thee peace;
Should check these often-flowing tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.

3 Is it the past that gives thee pain?
Transgressions, falls, dost thou deplore?
The atoning blood pleads not in vain,
Thy God remembers them no more.

Do present troubles vex thy mind?
Sufferings of body, mental care?
In God a refuge thou wilt find;
And oh! what sweet relief in prayer.

Dost thou o'er friends much valued weep,
Who seem in hopeless fetters bound?
Christ will seek out His wandering sheep,
Those who seem lost will then be found.

Dost thou the unknown future dread?
Thy passage through death's awful vale?
E'en there shall light around be shed;
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

Dost thou with dread still greater shrink
From pain for those on earth most dear?
And oft with sickening anguish think
On all they yet may suffer here?

O faithless, unbelieving heart,
So slow to trust that tenderest Friend:
Who then will needful strength impart,
Who "loving, loves unto the end!"

No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell:
Past, present, future calmly leave
To Him who will do all things well!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

658 Ps. xxiii. 5. "My cup runneth over."

Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.

1 O THOU whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

3 I thank Thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest,
And for the stormy clouds that drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy!

Jane Crewdson, 1860.

659 Cant. ii. 16. "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA.

10 10, 10 10, 10 10.

1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast, [come:]

Who opes His arms, and bids the weary
With Him I found a home, a rest Divine;
And I, since then, am His, and He is mine.

2 Yes! He is mine! and nought of earthly things, [or power,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an
hour, [thine!]

Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.



3 The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

4 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

5 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

6 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir Divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

660 John xiv. 27. "My peace I give unto you."

Tune 203. SALZBURG. S7, S7. D.

- 1 PEACE in Jesus! blessed promise,
Covenant word of changeless love,
Sealed in blood, and daily witnessed
By Thy grace, Eternal Dove,
Peace in Jesus! oh what blessing.
Calm and pure, our spirits know;
When, the ties of earth forgotten,
All our joys from Jesus flow.
- 2 Softly glides Siloah's fountain
Through this wide and howling waste
Surest, sweetest peace affording
All, its hallowed streams who taste.
From the conflict, faint and thirsty,
Deep we drain the cup of love;
Oh that deeper still our spirits
Might its endless blessings prove.
- 3 Peace in Jesus! though around us
Rage the tempest's angry strife;
Though the deep her fountains open,
O'er them floats the ark of life
There the weary dove, returning
From that dark and trackless sea,
Folds in peace her drooping pinions,
Sheltered from the storm in Thee.
- 4 Though on earth we've scorn and trouble,
In ourselves but shame and sin;
All without, the reign of darkness,
Fearful conflict oft within;
He who died, and lives for ever,
Saves and guards from every ill;
Jesus walks upon the waters,
And commands death, "Peace, be still!"
Hymns of the Household of Faith, 1861.

661 Ps. iv. 6. "Lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance."

Tune 47. NAYLAND. Or 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. C.M.

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams Divine,
And cause the glory of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.



See Hymn 572.

2 Light, in Thy light, oh may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived and comforted by Thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

4 Thy peace, with holiness, bestow
On me through grace forgiven;
My wish, to serve Thee here below,
Then reign with Thee in heaven!
Charles Wesley, 1741. (a.)

662 Luke x. 5. "Peace be to this house!"

Tune 185. GODESBERG. 87, 87. D.

1 **P**EACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace Divine, that lasts for ever;
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy gracious presence cheer us,
Let Thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our ransomed souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation
In the realms of bliss above!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

663 Ps. cxii. 4. "There ariseth light in the darkness."

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it, after rain.

2 In holy contemplation

We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruits should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice!

William Cowper, 1779.

664 Isa. xxxv. 10. "Come to Zion with songs."

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.



See Hymn 540. Also 102, 262, 558, 823, 962.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only 'Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !
John Cennick, 1742.

665 John xvi. 22. "*Your joy no man
taketh from you.*"

Tune 79. AVEN. S.M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place :
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The sons of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Emmanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high !
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1703.

666 1 Pet. i. 8. "*Believing, ye re-
joice.*"

Tune 245. STERNBERG. 10 10, 10 10. D.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above ;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says—"Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home."
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Home to the land of delight will we go ;
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

- 2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on
before ;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore ;
Singing to cheer us through death's chill-
ing gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear.
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome ;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
- 3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow :
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn.
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be
gone ;
Joyfully then shall we witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home !
William Hunter, D.D., 1851. (a.)

667 Luke i. 47. "*My Spirit hath
rejoiced in God my Saviour.*"

Tune 33. CHESALON. Or 59. ARKAN.
C.M.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free :
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me !
Charles Wesley, 1740.

See Hymns 38, 39, 63, 134, 281, 697, 701, 730.



See Hymn 110. Also 279.

II.—Privileges Enjoyed.

(1.) UNION WITH CHRIST.

668 John vi. 56. "*He . . . dwelleth in Me, and I in him.*"

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

1 ONE with Christ! O blissful thought!
We are by His Spirit taught;
On His fulness now we live,
Grace for grace we thence receive.

2 One with Christ! ye saints, rejoice,
As the objects of His choice;
He will every want supply,
While He lives we cannot die.

3 One with Christ! for ever one!
Debts are paid, and work is done:
Grace and glory both are given,
We are on our way to heaven!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

669 1 John v. 20. "*We are in Him.*"

Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.

1 AND is my soul with Jesus one?
Is He my covenant Head?
Was it for me He left His throne,
Obeyed the law, and bled?

2 And is my soul with Jesus one
In everlasting ties?
Oh! matchless mercy—grace unknown,
And love that never dies!

3 And is my soul with Jesus one!
Betrothed to Him in love?
Will He so vile a sinner own,
And faithful to me prove?

4 And is my soul with Jesus one?
Does He possess my heart?
Then He will take me to His throne,
For we can never part!

Joseph Irons, 1825.

670 Col. i. 27. "*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

1 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Oh! teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee!

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one!

James George Deck, 1837.



See Hymn 466.

671 John x. 29. "*My Father.... gave them Me.... and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.*"

Tune 301. CIVITAS REGIS. Or 191. ZAANAIM.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding
Ransomed souls the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell.
- 2 What from Christ my soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever;
Thus the eternal covenant stands;
None shall pluck me
From the Strength of Israel's hands.
- 3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race begun;
To His name eternal praises!
Oh, what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.
- 4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
Sav, whilst lost in holy wonder.
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally!

John Kent, 1827.

672 Gal. ii. 20. "*Christ liveth in me.*"
Tune 54. EVAN. I. C.M.

- 1 OH, what a happy lot is mine,
Since God my portion is!
How blest am I, whate'er betide,
Since He has made me His!
- 2 Here in the gloomiest, darkest hour,
Is cause for ceaseless joy;
Well may my heart enraptured sing,
And praise my tongue employ!

- 3 By Him my cup is daily filled
With mercies rich and free;
Whate'er I want in Him I find,
He's all in all to me.
- 4 He watches o'er me day by day,
In Him I rest each night;
And soft and sweet the sleep He gives
Until the morning light.
- 5 Or, if He bids my sleep depart,
'Tis but to let me hear,
While all around is still and calm,
His voice, like music clear,
- 6 Inviting my poor weary soul
To find upon His breast
Repose more tranquillising o'en
Than nature's sweetest rest.
- 7 Upon His arm of faithful love
My soul doth lean each hour;
His hand upholds me lest I fall;
He shields me by His power.
- 8 His word of covenant truth is pledged
To keep me to the end,
And through eternity He'll be
My never failing Friend!

Christina Forsyth, 1858.

673 John xv. 4. "*Abide in Me, and I in you.*"

Tune 315. DEPTFORD.
Or Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. 10 10, 10 10.

- 1 "ABIDE in Me!" Most loving counsel
this, [bliss]
Nearest approach on earth to heavenly
With the command, O Saviour, give Me
power [hour].
To live by faith on Thee, from hour to
- 2 "Abide in Me!" For I have strength to
give [heavenward live];
The grace to make thee henceforth
Eternal things My Spirit can reveal.
And thy heart's earthly dark diseases
heal.

BETHABARA II. (888, 6.) (MAJOR.)



See Hymn 465.

3 "Abide in Me!" All else must pass away,—
This earth so fair, these idols formed of clay;
Its riches, pleasures, friendships, pomp and fame,
All evanescent are—all but a name!

4 "Abide in Me!" For changeless is My love;
Its depth unmeasured, as its height above;
Not all thy feelings can its power repel:
Wilt thou not trust the love that loves so well?

5 "Abide in Me!" No ill can hurt thee there;
In Me thou'rt safe e'en from the tempter's snare:
Before his fiery darts o'er thee prevail
My life must end, My faithfulness must fail!

Part ii.

6 "Abide in Me!" if thou wouldst fruitful be:
The branch bears not when severed from the tree;
Without My Spirit's power, the sapless bough
No fruit can bear, for it can nothing do.

7 "Abide in Me!" All grace is Mine to give:
My voice the dead shall hear, and hearing live!
My Spirit can thy strongest sins subdue,
Softens thine heart, and all thy thoughts renew.

8 "Abide in Me!" Live only on My love,
And thou shalt taste the bliss of saints above;
In Me thou shalt have peace; in Me find rest,
Though storms should rage around, or cares molest.

9 "Abide in Me!" Then safe within the veil,
Death cannot hurt, though heart and flesh may fail;
One with Myself, who vanquished death and hell,
It only breaks the bondage of thy cell!

10 "Abide in Me!" Then thou may'st calmly smile
On ruined hopes, or ruined worlds the while:
Even the trumpet's awful sound shall be
The sweetest music ever heard by thee!
Charlotte H. Inglis, 1860.

674 Gen. xxii. 17. "In blessing I will bless thee."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

1 MAY the Lord of glory bless thee
With His deepest, sweetest love;
May His Spirit's breath caress thee
With a glimpse of joys above.

2 May the God of grace protect thee
Wheresoe'er 'tis thine to go;
Angel-hosts befriending, direct thee,
While a pilgrim here below.

3 May the Lord who died to save thee,
Turning crimson sins to wool—
Quench the fears that still enslave thee,
Whispering pardon free and full.

4 May the blood of Christ restore thee,
When thou feel'st the weight of guilt;
May His Spirit then empower thee
To believe for thee 'twas spilt.

5 May the God of love, who chose thee
Ere this lower world began,
Prove He seeks, and loves, and knows thee,
Saved in Christ the glory-man.

6 May thy Sire reveal His glory,
Christ the Lamb—O matchless sight!—
Scattering mists and clouds before thee
With a blaze of heavenly light!



See Hymn 197. Also 892, 907, 1005.

Part ii.

- 7 May'st thou find, when griefs oppress
Sweet relief from Jesu's smile; [thee,
May the Bridegroom haste to bless thee,
Weary days and nights beguile.
- 8 If, without a kinsman near thee,
Lone, unfriended, thou shouldst stand,
May His Spirit kindly cheer thee,
Whispering comfort, soft and bland.
- 9 Yea—thou'lt find, when He doth lure thee
To some desert drear and lone,
'Tis that He may more assure thee
Thou art more and more His own.

- 10 E'en when fiery serpents sting thee
This shall prove a cause of weal,
Christ His blood will fondly bring thee—
Balm of life, thy wounds to heal.
- 11 Thus to glory's eline He'll lead thee,
Intertwining joy and woe—
Clond, by day, shall still precede thee,
Fire, by night, before thee go.
- 12 Bright the spousal that awaits thee
When the school of time is o'er,—
To His Son Jehovah gives thee,
Bride of Christ for evermore!

See Hymns 419, 420, 445, 446. Zenas, 1700.

(2.) ADOPTION.

675 Isa. lxi. 9. "*The seed which the Lord hath blessed.*"

Tune 158. SIBOR. Or 157. RATISBON.
77, 77, 77.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now, and through eternity.
- 2 God did love them in His Son,
Long ere the world began;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.
With, &c.
- 3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within.
With, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;

One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun!—With, &c.
Joseph Humphreys, 1743.

676 1 John iii. 1. "*Behold, what manner of love.*"

Tune 92. CYRENE. S.M.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 It doth not yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And Thou the kindred own!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.



See Hymn 906. Also 724, 1017.

677 Eph. i. 5. "*Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ.*"

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 **S**ONS we are through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By His own predestination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
Lord, Thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But Thy love, without beginning,
Has restored Thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul! adore, and wonder!
"Ask, "Oh! why such love to me?"
Grace has put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family;
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee.
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;
Keep, oh! keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Safely treading
All the paths of holiness!

Part ii.

- 5 When I quit this earthly mansion,
And my soul returns to Thee,
Let the power of Thy ascension
Manifest itself in me:
Through Thy Spirit
Give the final victory!
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet,
When my soul and body join,
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty Divine;
Let me triumph
In Thy righteousness as mine.

- 7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has foreordained;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound through Canaan's land!
S. P. R., 1777.

678 Eph. i. 11. "*Being predestinated.*"
Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 **A**MAZING love! transcendent grace!
Redemption's scheme displays,
In God's predestinated race;
To His eternal praise.
- 2 His sons, by Him, were all foreknown,
And registered above;
Predestinated to a crown,
By everlasting love.
- 3 On this eternal, fixed decree,
All things in time depend;
Salvation, perfect, full, and free,
And glory without end.
- 4 'Tis God's predestinating love
Transforms the chosen race;
Prepares the church for joys above,
And crowns triumphant grace!
Joseph Irons, 1825.

679 Rom. viii. 17. "*If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.*"
Tune 185. GODESBERG. Or 183. FRANKFORT.
87, 87.

- 1 **H**EIR of glory, art thou weeping?
Why should tears bedim thine eyes?
Is there not a time of reaping
Endless joys beyond the skies?
- 2 Are not all thy sins forgiven?
Hast thou not the Spirit's seal?
Is not thine a home in heaven?
Dost thou not the earnest feel?
- 3 What now passing, heir of glory,
Should thy blissful hopes obscure?
When the clouds of earth come o'er thee,
Look to Jesus! and endure.



See Hymn 599.

4 See Him there—for thee He's pleading;
See thy name upon His breast;
He the grace that thou art needing
Will supply, and give thee rest.

5 Hail of glory, rise o'er sadness;
What of earth is worth thy care?
Think upon the songs of gladness
Thou shalt soon with angels share!
See Hymns 20, 21.

6 Jesus says, He'll never leave thee,
Heavenward He will safely guide;
Let not passing shadows grieve thee;
Thou art safe when by His side.

7 Fix thine eyes on coming glory—
Short the space that lies between;
For the joy that's set before thee,
Slight the things that now are seen!
Charlotte H. Inglis, 1858.

(3.) PARDON.

680 Col. i. 20. "*Peace through the blood of His cross.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. Or 12. HEBRON. L.M.

- 1 **I**N types and shadows, we are told,
Jesus was seen in days of old,
Before the gospel dawn came in,
A glorious Sacrifice for sin.
- 2 The Paschal Lamb which Israel slew,
Ye seed of Jacob, speaks to you;
Sets Jesus forth, from blemish free,
His blood the sign of peace to thee.
- 3 If sprinkled o'er thy conscience now,
How greatly loved and blest art thou;
Thousands there are, who never see
His sign of peace made known to thee.
- 4 Art thou a son for sin distressed?
Doth guilt lie heavy on thy breast?
In Christ the Lamb deliverance see;
His blood the sign of peace to thee.
- 5 Once Jesus as thy Surety bled,
Was crowned with thorns, to Calvary led,
From Sinai's curse to set thee free;
His blood the sign of peace to thee.
- 6 Then why, my soul, shouldst thou despair,
And doubt the Saviour's constant care?
Torn from Himself thou canst not be;
His blood the sign of peace to thee.
- 7 And when thy God shall bid thee rise
To join the chorus of the skies,
This thy support in death shall be,
His blood the sign of peace to thee!

John Kent, 1803.

681 Col. ii. 13. "*Having forgiven you all trespasses.*"

Tune 182. STUTTGARD. Or 181. ULBA CH.
87, 87.

- 1 **N**OW, O joy! my sins are pardoned,
Now I can and do believe;
All I have, and am, and shall be,
To my precious Lord I give;
He aroused my deathly slumbers,
He dispersed my soul's dark night;
Whispered peace, and drew me to Him—
Made Himself my chief delight.
- 2 Let the babe forget its mother,
Let the bridegroom slight his bride;
True to Him, I'll love none other,
Clinging closely to His side,
Jesus, hear my soul's confession:
Weak am I, but strength is Thine;
On Thine arms for strength and succour,
Calmly may my soul recline!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

682 Rom. viii. 1. "*No condemnation.*"
Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **T**HERE is no condemnation,
But peace and joy unpriced,
And full and free salvation
To all that are in Christ;
The sinner broken-hearted,
In penitential tears,
Has joy and peace imparted
As soon as Christ appears.



2 The law of life in Jesus,
The Spirit's power within,
This only can release us,
And break and cancel sin;
The Saviour and the Spirit
Received by simple faith:
And then we rise renewed,
And conquer sin and death.

3 Made free from condemnation,
And Jesus all our own,
In Him we have salvation,
We trust in Him alone;
And walking in the Spirit,
Into new life we rise,
And, heirs with Christ, inherit
A mansion in the skies!
Benjamin Gough, 1805.

683 1 John i. 7. "*The blood of Jesus
Christ His Son cleanseth us
from all sin.*"

Tune 211. JORDAN. 88 6. D.

1 LET Zion in her songs record
The honours of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin:
How sweet the song there's none can say,
But those whose sins are washed away,
Who feel the same within.

2 We claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemned, before Thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place;
Though once in heart and life depraved,
We now can sing as sinners saved,
And praise redeeming grace.

3 We'll sing the same while life shall last;
And when, at the archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then in a song for ever new
The glorious theme we'll still pursue
Throughout the azure skies.

4 Prepared of old, at God's right hand
Bright everlasting mansions stand
For all the blood-bought race;
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no sweeter song than this—
Salvation all of grace!

John Kent, 1803. (a.)

684 Mark ii. 5. "*Thy sins be forgiven
thee.*"

Tune 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

1 WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and
shame,
To Jesu's cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love I ventured near,
I pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich atoning blood.

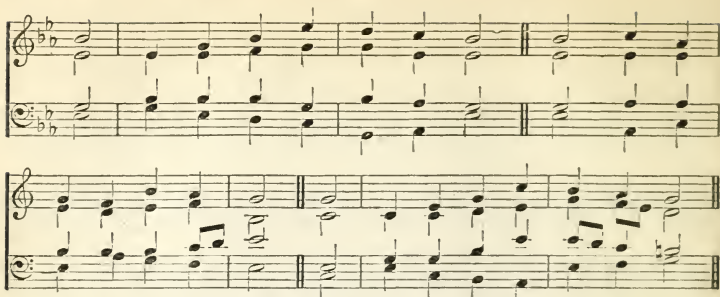
2 My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun His presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face;
For sprinkled on the throne of God
I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Before His face my Priest appears,
My advocate the Father hears;
That precious blood before His eyes,
Both day and night, for mercy cries;
It speaks, it ever speaks, to God—
The voice of that atoning blood.

4 By faith that voice I also hear;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear:
The accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of Him whose name is love;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by the atoning blood.

5 Here I can rest without a fear;
By this to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean:
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich atoning blood!

See Hymn 53. James George Deek, 1847.



* For Hymn 960 repeat last note of 1st and 3rd strains.

See Hymn 987. Also 104, 377, 494, 792.

(4.) JUSTIFICATION.

685 Isa. lxi. 10. "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

Tune 28. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness!

Count Zinzendorf, 1739;
J. Wesley (tr.), 1740. (a.)

686 Gal. vi. 14. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And only glory in His cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesu's sake:
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne,
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

See Hymns 173, 416, 417.

(5.) SANCTIFICATION.

687 Dent. xxx. 6. "The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart.... to love the Lord thy God."

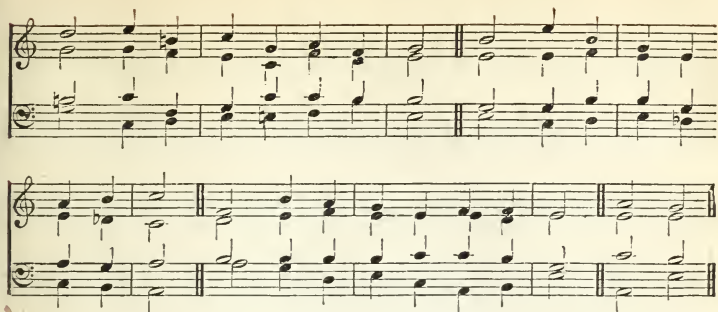
Tune 66. BEDFORD. Or 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. C.M.

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart—
Believing, true, and clean—
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

See Hymns 346—378, 529—535.



(6.) FELLOWSHIP WITH THE FATHER AND WITH THE SON.

688 Gen. v. 24. "Enoch walked with God."

Tune 65. FRENCH. C.M.

- 1 WALK with thy God—a sinner walk
With the almighty God!
Yes, this may be my happy state,
Brought nigh by Jesu's blood.
- 2 Walk then with God—in Christ's He's
And I His own dear child; [mine,
By faith I see the Father near,
Holy, yet reconciled.
- 3 Walk then with God—be this each hour
My privileged employ;
O Holy Ghost, within me dwell,
And ever give this joy.
- 4 Walk then with God, and patient wait,
Till faith be changed for sight;
Then shall I see God face to face,
My portion, praise, delight!

Edward Bickersteth, 1833.

689 1 John i. 3. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. Or 187. PERSIS.
87, 87.

- 1 ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
- 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.
- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down!

Thomas Mackellar, 1823.

690 Cant. i. 4. "Draw me, we will run after Thee."

Tune 227. ANGELS' SONG. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 OH draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin shall come, if Thou art near.
- 2 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died!

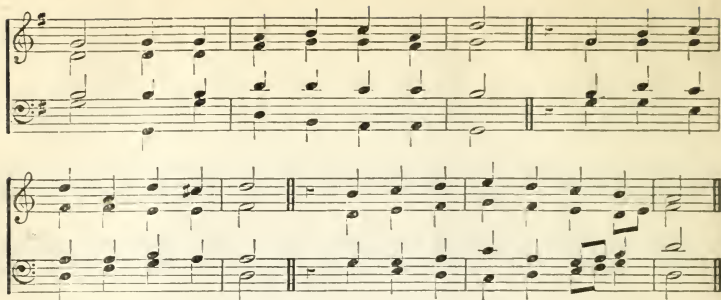
P. Gerhard, 1666; J. Wesley (tr.), 1730.

691 Col. iii. 2. "Set your affection on things above."

Tune 112. BASHAN. 66, 66.

- 1 GO up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.
- 2 Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifter here:
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.
- 3 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go on to heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.
- 4 Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1856.



See Hymn 343. Also 31, 690, 759, 775.

692 John vi. 68. "*Lord, to whom shall we go?*"

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA. 6666, 88.

- 1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.
- 2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
- 3 To Thee I bring my ears,
The ears I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

Part ii.

- 4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.
- 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
- 6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour, and my King!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.

693 1 Sam. iii. 9. "*Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.*"

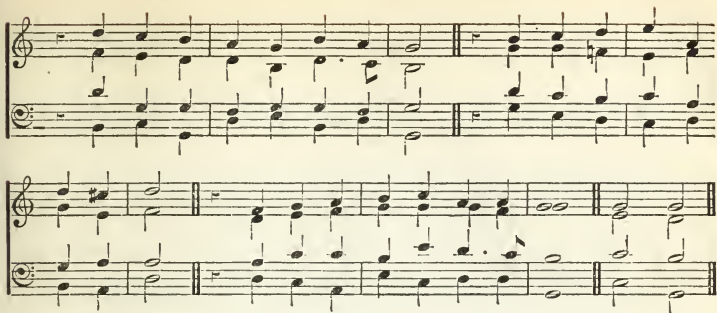
Tune 190. CASSEL. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thon to say to me?
- 2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilling echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Let Thy longed for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.
- 3 Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.
- 4 Master, speak! I kneel before Thee,
Listening, longing, waiting still;
Oh! how long shall I implore Thee
This petition to fulfil!
Hast Thon not one word for me?
Must my prayer unanswered be?
- 5 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1867.

694 Matt. xvii. 8. "*Jesus only.*"
Tune 189. SUCCOTH. Or 190. CASSEL.
87, 87, 77.

- 1 "JESUS only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting.
He with us, and we with Him;
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only!"—all our cry.



- 2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
May we join His ransomed throng,
"Jesus only"—all our song!
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.

695 Phil. i. 21. "To me to live is Christ."

Tune 257. ONESIMUS. 7 4, 7 4. D.

- 1 PRECIOUS Saviour, may I live
Only for Thee!
Spend the powers Thou dost give
Only for Thee!
Be my spirit's deep desire
Only for Thee!
May my intellect aspire
Only for Thee!
- 2 In my joys may I rejoice
Only for Thee!
In my choices make my choice
Only for Thee!
Meekly may I suffer grief
Only for Thee!
Gratefully accept relief
Only for Thee!
- 3 Be my smiles and be my tears
Only for Thee!
Be my young and riper years
Only for Thee!
Be my peace and be my strife
Only for Thee!
Be my love and be my life
Only for Thee!
- 4 Be my singing and my sighing
Only for Thee!
Be my sickness and my dying
Only for Thee!
Be my rising, be my glory
Only for Thee!
Be my whole eternity
Only for Thee!
Eliza Ann Walker, 1864.

696 Acts xi. 23. "Exhorted them all, that.....they would cleave unto the Lord."

Tune 245. STERNBERG. Or 316. PYRMONT
6 4, 6 4. D.

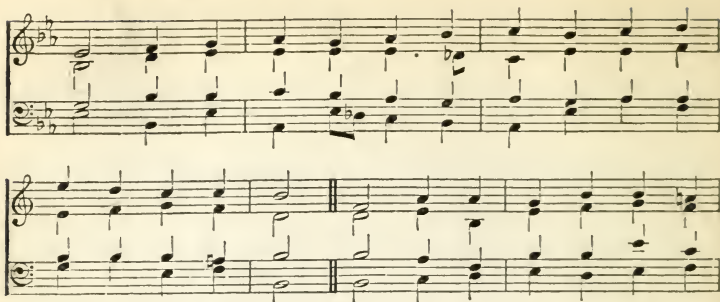
- 1 CLING to the Mighty One,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.
- 2 Cling to the Living One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the Loving One,
Through all below;
Cling to the Pardoning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.
- 3 Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the Risen One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes!

Henry Bennett, 1864.

697 Ps. civ. 34. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

Tune 236. EBRONAH. Or Hymn Chant V.
THYATIRA. 10 10, 10 10.

- 1 I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.



See Hymn 718. Also 729.

- 2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every
 grace [place;
 Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling—
 The sunshine of my soul, than day more
 bright,
 And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of
 tears—
 The tale of love unfolded in those years
 Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
 I love again, and yet again, to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
 And there behold its sad yet healing rays;
 Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dim-
 med eye.
- 5 Thoughts of His coming; for that joyful
 day
 In patient hope I watch, and wait, and
 pray; [flee;
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows
 Oh, what a sunrise will that Advent be!
- 6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
 Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my
 Stay,
 I can forget the sorrows of the way!

Mary Jane Deck, 1846.

698 John xxi. 17. "Lord, Thou knowest
 all things; Thou knowest that
 I love Thee."

Tune 241. PARAN. 11 11, 11 11.

- 1 MY Saviour, I love Thee, I know Thou
 art mine!
 For Thee all the follies of sin I resign:
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
 Thou:
 If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now!
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved
 me,
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
 tree;

- I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
 brow;
 If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now!
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in
 death,
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest
 me breath;
 And say, when the death dew lies cold on
 my brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
 brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now!

London Hymn Book, 1864.

699 John vi. 68. "Lord, to whom shall
 we go?"

Tune 23. CYPRUS. Or 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
 Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood:
 Thou savest those that on Thee call:
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, All in all!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still:
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

*St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140;
 Ray Palmer, D.D. (tr.), 1834.*



700 John xvii. 24. "With Me, where I am."

Tune 11. GILBOA. Or 23. PENIEL. L.M.

- 1 LET me be with Thee, where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold!
- 3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,—
Where none can die,—where none re-
move;
Where life nor death my soul can part,
From Thy blest presence and Thy love!
Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

701 Luke i. 47. "My spirit hath re-
joiced in God my Saviour."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH I. 76, 76.

- 1 TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest:
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast.
- 2 Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine!
- 3 O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee,
- 4 Oh for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought.

- 5 Oh for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

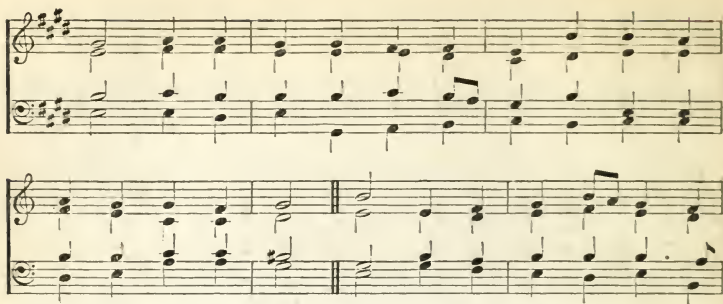
John S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1863.

702 Ps. xci. 2. "I will say of the
Lord, He is my Refuge in
Him will I trust."

Tune 161. SEIR. Or 159. KADESH. 77, 77. D.

- 1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none!
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley, 1740.



See Hymn 291. Also 58, 104, 181, 273, 280, 377, 385, 394, 684, 720, 864.

703 John xv. 5. "Without Me ye can do nothing."

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 76. D.

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!
Frederick Whitfield, 1861.

704 Cant. i. 7. "O Thou, whom my soul loveth."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

- 1 IS it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so weak and sinful,
Oh shall I thus be blessed?

Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in endless rapture
On Thy beloved Face?

- 2 Is it for me to listen
To Thy beloved Voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?
Is it for me, Thy welcome,
Thy gracious "Enter in?"
For me, Thy "Come, ye blessed!"
For me, so full of sin?

- 3 O Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet,
I bless Thee and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art;
- 4 Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace,
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I must praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

705 Phil. iii. 10. "That I may know Him."

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10 10, 10 10.

- 1 ONE fervent wish, my God! it speaks
the whole,
And every longing of my weary soul;
To know my Saviour is my one desire—
The great high prize to which I most
aspire.
- 2 To know Him in His depth of love to me,
The poorest, weakest, vilest though I be,
His lost one, whom He came to seek and
save, [grave,
His loved one, for whose life Himself He



- 3 To know Him as my chiefest, dearest friend,
Who loveth, and will love me to the end;
Who feels my every pain, my griefs, my fears,
Who tasted of the bitterness of tears.
- 4 To know Him as my wise and skilful guide;
A pilgrim I, yet safe with Him beside;
The path to me untrodden heretofore,
He knoweth well, who traced each step before.
- 5 To know Him as the "All in all" to me,
All mine for time, all for eternity;
And in each gift of providence and grace,
Himself in all His loveliness to trace.
- 6 To know Him as He sits at God's right hand, [command;
All things in heaven and earth at His
All, all are His, and what are His are
mine; [shine!
Oh, what shall ever such rich grace out-
- 7 To know Him as earth's rightful King and Lord, [reward;
Who soon shall claim His great and full
The travail of His soul He then shall see,
And at His feet creation bow the knee!
Mary Shekleton, 1867.

706 Ps. cxlviii. 14. "A people near unto Him."

Tune 100. NIMRIM. Or 101. OLIVET.
64, 64, 664.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

- 3 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-El I'll raise:
So through my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

- 5 Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine;
Joint-heir He maketh me
Of the Divine:
In Christ my soul shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!
*Sarah Fuller Adams, 1841;
Last verse by A. T. Russell, 1856.*

707 Cant. i. 3. "Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast!
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! thus
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.



See Hymn 432.

5 Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity!
St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1141.

708 John xv. 10. "*Ye shall abide in My love.*"

Tune 246. EIRENE. Or Hymn Chant VI.
SARDIS. 11 10, 11 10.

1 FATHER, abide with us! the storm-
clouds gather

In gloomy vengeance o'er the sinking
head;

Go with us through our pilgrimage, dear
Father,

Cheer with Thy smile the stormy path
we tread.

2 Shepherd, abide with us! our souls are
thirsting [flow;

For life's pure waters that around Thee
Pity the spirits that with woe are bursting;

Oh! lead us where the heavenly pastures
grow.

3 Saviour, abide with us! we have been
clinging [away!

To fragile reeds that droop and pass
But now our souls, their clasping tendrils
flinging [their stay.

Around Thy strength, ask Thee to be

4 Jesus, abide with us! our hearts are
weary,

And those who blessed us with their
love are gone; [weary,

Thou, always kind to the distressed and
Love us, O Jesus, as we journey on!

E. Clay's Collection, 1864.

709 Matt. x. 27. "*What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.*"

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

1 HE hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of the night,

Spoken sweetly of the Father,
Words of life and love and light.

Floating through the sombre stillness
Came the loved and loving Voice,
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
That His children might rejoice.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Songs He giveth in the night—
Rise and speak it in the morning,
Rise and sing them in the light!

2 He hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of thy grief,

Sympathy so deep and tender,
Mighty for thy heart relief.

Speaking in thy night of sorrow
Words of comfort and of calm,

Gently on thy wounded spirit
Pouring true and healing balm.

What He tells thee in the darkness,
Weary watcher for the day,

Grateful lip and life should utter
When the shadows flee away.

3 He is speaking in the darkness,
Though thou canst not see His face,

More than angels ever needed,
Mercy, pardon, love, and grace.

Speaking of the many mansions,
Where, in safe and holy rest,

Thou shalt be with Him for ever,
Perfectly and always blest.

What He tells thee in the darkness,
Whispers through Time's lonely night,

Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,
In the everlasting light!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1869.

710 Cant. ii. 16. "*My Beloved is mine.*"
Tune 102. BEULAH. 64, 64, 66 64.

1 PASS away earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every mortal tie,

Jesus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting place;

Jesus alone can bless—
Jesus is mine!



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah !

2 Tempt not my soul away—
 Jesus is mine!
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away—
 Jesus is mine!

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine!
 Mine is a dawning bright,
 Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied—
 Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell mortality,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine!

Welcome ye scenes of rest,
 Welcome ye mansions blest,
 Welcome a Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine!
Jane Bonar, 1844.

(7.) DIRECTION AND GUIDANCE.

711 Ps. lxxiii. 24. "*Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.*"

Tune 195. MEDIA. Or 199. LUSATIA.
 87, 87, 87.

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth flow,
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.
- 4 Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heavenly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longings:
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
 Vanity is all I see;
 Lord, I long to be with Thee!

William Williams, 1773.

712 Ps. cxix. 105. "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **O** WORD of God Incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchange'd, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky;
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift Divine,
 And still that light she lifeth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored:
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled,
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.



See Hymn 789.

- 4 Oh make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.
William Walsham How, 1867.

713 Ps. xlviii. 14. "*This God is our
God for ever and ever; He will be
our guide even unto death.*"

Tune 191. ZAAAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 **W**HY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
- 3 Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last!
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

- 4 Oh! what pleasures there await us,
There the tempests cease to roar:
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore!
Thomas Kelly, 1809.

714 Matt. xxviii. 20 "*Lo, I am with
you alway.*"

Tune 64. DIMON. C.M.

- 1 **O**H! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in Thee.
- 2 But Thou art near and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears
To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall Thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, Thy saints, rejoice to find
That all Thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on His heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see;
While we the blest associates there
Of all His joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss!
Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

See Hymns 27, 733.

(8.) EVERLASTING LOVE.

715 Rom v. 5. "*The love of God is
shed abroad in our hearts by
the Holy Ghost.*"

Tune 213. KEDRON. 886. D.

- 1 **O** LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!
2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.



See Hymn 1022.

N.B. Tunes 232 and 233 are reversed in order to avoid turning over in the middle of a tune.

3 God only knows the love of God :
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part !

4 Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
Charles Wesley, 1746.

716 Eph. iii. 19. "*The love of Christ,
which passeth knowledge.*"

Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA.
10 10, 10 10 4.

1 **I**T passeth knowledge, that dear love of
Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and
length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting
strength,

Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and
near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so
free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

4 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring ;
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill,

5 I am an empty vessel—not one thought,
Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought ;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this, the empty sinner's only plea,
Thou lovest me.

6 O fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love !
Lead, lead me to the living fount above ;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

7 And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee ;
Then of His love, in all its breadth and
length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting
strength, My soul shall sing !
Mary Shekleton, 1863.

717 John xv. 9. "*As the Father hath
loved Me, so have I loved you.*"

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

1 **S**WEET the theme of Jesu's love !
Sweet the theme all themes above ;
Love unmerited and free
Our triumphant song shall be.

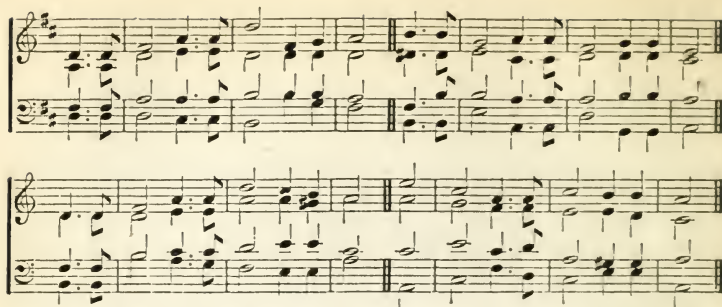
2 Love so vast that nought can bound ;
Love too deep for thought to sound ;
Love which made the Lord of all
Drink the wormwood and the gall.

3 Love which led Him to the cross,
Bearing there unuttered loss ;
Love which brought Him to the gloom
Of the cold and darksome tomb.

4 Love which made Him hence arise
Far above the starry skies ;
There with tender, loving care,
All His people's griefs to share.

5 Love which will not let Him rest
Till His chosen all are blest ;
Till they all for whom He died
Live rejoicing by His side !

Albert Midlane, 1864. (a.)



See Hymn 642. Also 724, 1094.

718 1 John iv. 16. "God is love."

Tune 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to
share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

G. Tersteegen, 1731; J. Wesley (tr.), 1739.

719 John xv. 16. "I have chosen you."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76, D.

- 1 'TIS not that I did choose Thee;
For, Lord, that could not be,
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me:
Thou from the sin that stained me
Washed me and made me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.
- 2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first!

Joshiah Conder, 1856.

720 Heb. xiii. 5. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Tune 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

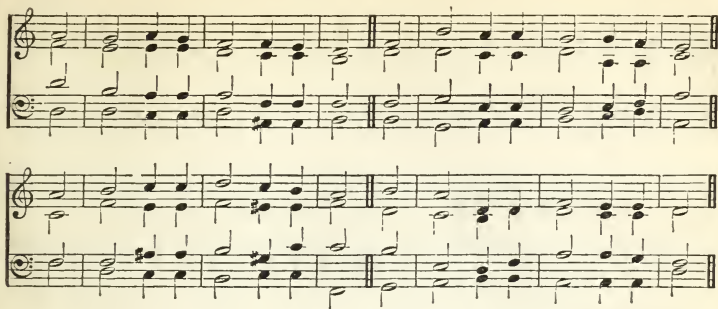
- 1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour,
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power;
Still be Thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 2 What in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day;
My spring of life, when parched with
drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God!
- 3 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued—
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.
- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died!

P. Gerhardt, after J. Arndt, 1666;
J. Wesley (tr.), 1739; v. 1, C. Wesley, 1739.

721 1 Pet. v. 7. "He careth for you."

Tune 184. SOREK. Or 187. PERSIS.
87, 87.

- 1 YES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care:
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth—
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day:
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.



3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.

722 Mal. i. 2. "*I have loved you, saith
the Lord.*"
Tune 151. SHENIR II. Or 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

1 **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word;
Jesus speaks and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee and adore—
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1771.

*See Hymns 14, 17, 23, 117, 121—127, 189—194,
404, 407.*

(9.) SECURITY IN CHRIST.

723 1 John ii. 25. "*This is the promise
that He hath promised us, even
eternal life.*"

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. PART I. 76, 76.

1 **L**ORD Jesus! we believing
In Thee have peace with God;
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of Thy blood.

2 Our curse and condemnation
Thou barest in our stead;
Secure is our salvation
In Thee, our risen Head.

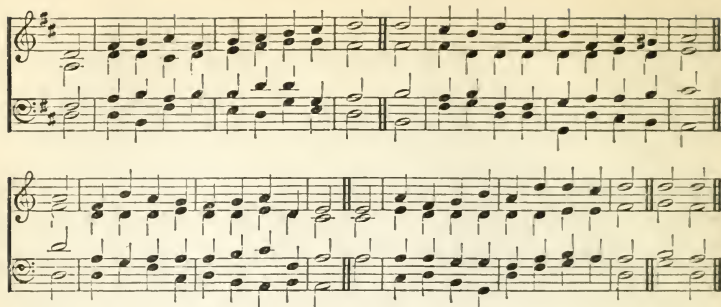
3 The Holy Ghost, revealing
Thy grace, hath given us rest,
Thy stripes have been our healing,
Thy love doth make us blest.

4 In Thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete;
The blood from sin which frees us
For glory makes us meet!
Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, D.D., 1861.

724 Isa. xlv. 17. "*Saved in the Lord
with an everlasting salvation.*"

Tune 224. ARISTARCHUS. 88, 88.

1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do:
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view



See Hymn 64. Also 345.

2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771.

725 Eph. i. 6. "Accepted in the Beloved,"
Col. i. 28. "Perfect in Christ Jesus."
Col. ii. 10. "Complete in Him."

Tune 217. TRYPHENA. 888.

1 **A**CCCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet!
How true, how glorious, and how sweet!
2 In the Belovèd—by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.
3 And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid,
We in His righteousness arrayed.
4 Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raised from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led!
5 O blessèd Lord, is this for me?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee!

Francis Ridley Havergal, 1870.

726 1 Pet. i. 5. "Kept by the power of
God."

Tune 123. TROPHIMUS. 669.

1 **S**PARED a little longer,
May our souls grow stronger,
To maintain the arduous fight of faith.

2 Many foes surround us,
Hoping to confound us,
But the Lord Himself is our defence.
3 We have hearts deceitful,
And of truth forgetful,
Yet our gracious Lord His people spares.
4 Pilgrims here, and strangers,
Who can tell our dangers?
But our Lord will save us from them all.
5 He has dearly bought us,
Hitherto has brought us,
And will lead us to Himself at last.
6 By His eye directed,
By His arm protected,
We shall gain the presence of our God!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

727 Phil i. 6. "He which hath begun
.... will perform."

Tune 120. MIZPEH. 6666, 88.

1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, Thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
2 Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.
3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work Thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.
4 Thy rich and sovereign grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see Thy face,
And feel that God is love:
My soul into Thine arms I cast,
I know I shall be saved at last!

*William Hammond, 1745;
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.*



See Hymn 697. Also 446.

728 Ps. xci. 1. "*The secret place of the Most High.*"
Tune 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. Or 40. GLOUCESTER.
C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings Divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
Oh! be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least, the feeblest there may hide
Uninjured and unawed!
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

See Hymns 11, 12, 410, 411, 419—423.

- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth Divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

(10.) FINAL PERSEVERANCE.

729 John xiii. 1. "*He loved them unto the end.*"
Tune 228. MERIBAH. Or 229. MAON.
88, 88, 88.

- 1 **I**F ever it could come to pass
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day;
Were not Thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on Thy promises depend
(At least I to depend desire)
That Thou wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire,
Wilt for me work, and in me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall:
I look to Thee to be supplied
With life, with will, with power, with all:
Rich souls may glory in their store,
But Jesus will relieve the poor!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

730 Rom. viii. 37. "*More than conquerors, through Him that loved us.*"
Tune 262. WINTON. Or 39. NOTTINGHAM.
C.M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint;
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too!

John Newton, 1779.



See Hymn 914.

731 Josh. i. 5. *"I will not fail thee,
nor forsake thee."*

Tune 245. STERNBERG. 11 10, 11 10.

1 PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying
to heaven!

Heir of eternal life! child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, beloved and for-
given,

Art thou discouraged because of the way?

2 Cared for, watched over, though often thou
seemest

Justly forsaken, nor counted "a child"—
Loved and forgiven, though rightly thou
deemest

Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

3 Weary and thirsty, no waterbrook near
thee,

Press on, nor faint at the length of the
way;

God in His grace will assuredly hear thee;
He will provide thee with strength for
the day.

4 Break through the brambles and briers
that obstruct thee;

Dread not the gloom or the blackness of
night;

Lean on the Hand that will safely conduct
thee;

Trust to His eye to whom darkness is
light!

5 Trustful, and steadfast, whatever betide
thee,

"One" thing alone do thou ask of the
Lord—

"Grace" to go forward, wherever He guide
thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word!

6 Still on thy spirit deep anguish is press-
ing—

Not for the yoke that His wisdom
bestows;

A heavier burden thy soul is distressing,
A heart that is slow in His love to repose.

7 Earthliness, coldness, unthankful be-
haviour;

Oh! thou may'st sorrow, but do not
despair:

Even this grief thou may'st bring to thy
Saviour,

Cast upon Him e'en this burden and
care.

8 Bring all thy hardness; His power can
subdue it; [free!]

Full is the promise! the blessing how
"All that ye ask in My name, I will do it;"

"Rest in My love, and be joyful in Me!"

Ryle's *"Hymns for the Church on Earth,"*
1860. (a.)

732 Ps. lvi. 3. *"What time I am afraid,
I will trust in Thee."*

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

1 IS God for me? I fear not, though all
against me rise; [evil flies:]

I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of
My Friend—the Lord Almighty, and He
who loves me—God.

What enemy shall harm me, though
coming as a flood?

I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the Highest, Mightiest, for
ever loveth me!

At all times, in all places, He standeth at
my side! [and the tide,

He rules the battle fury, the tempest,

2 There is no condemnation, there is no hell
for me, [never see:]

The torment and the fire my eyes shall
For me there is no sentence, for me has
Death no sting

Because the Lord who loves me shall
shield me with His wing!

Above my soul's dark waters His Spirit
hovers still, [terror and from ill:]

He guards me from all sorrow, from
In me He works, and blesses the life seed

He has sown; [prayer of faith alone,
From Him I learn the "Abba," that



3 No angel and no heaven, no throne nor
power nor might, [nor fight,
No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear
No height, no depth, no creature that has
been or can be,
Can drive me from Thy bosom, can sever
me from Thee.
My heart in joy upheaveth, grief cannot
linger there, [sunshine fair;
While singing high in glory amidst the
The sun that shines upon me is Jesus and
His love; [heaven above!
The fountain of my singing is deep in
Paul Gerhardt, 1659;
Frances Shuttleworth (tr.), 1854.

733 Ps. lxxviii. 53. "He led them on
safely."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

1 SAVIOUR! through the desert lead us;
Without Thee we cannot go:
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price Thy love has bought us;
Saviour! what a love is Thine!
Hitherto Thy power has brought us—
Power and love in Thee combine!
Lord of glory!
Ever on Thy household shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless
Though our destined journey lie,
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy:
Nought shall move us,
While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt (no track discovering),
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path Thy pillar hovering,
Fire by night and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:

Thus we shall not miss our way.

5 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
Streams shall from the rock abound:
Happy Israel!

What a Saviour thou hast found!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

(11.) EVERLASTING SALVATION.

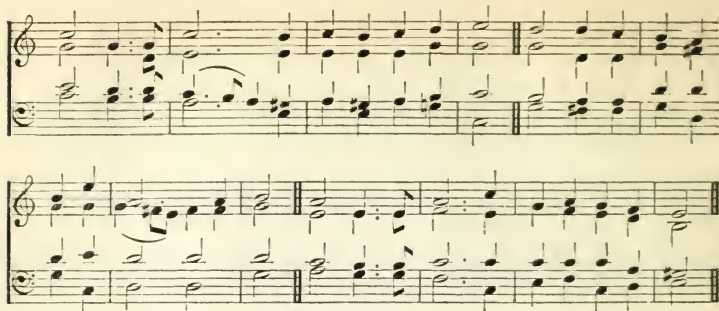
734 Isa. xlv. 17. "Saved in the Lord
with an everlasting salvation."
Tune 202. ESDRAELON. Or 203. SALZBURG.
15 15, 15 15.

1 OH what everlasting blessings God out-
poureth on His own!
Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken
from the eternal throne;
Ours by His eternal purpose ere the uni-
verse had place; [and royal grace.
Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free
2 With salvation everlasting He shall save
us, He shall bless [righteousness;
With the largess of Messiah, everlasting
Ours the everlasting mercy all His
wondrous dealings prove;
Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of
everlasting love.

3 In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting
strength have we;
He Himself, our Sun, our Glory, Ever-
lasting Light shall be;
Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The
Life laid down;
And our heads, oft bowed and weary,
everlasting joy shall crown.

4 We shall dwell with Christ for ever, when
the shadows flee away,
In the everlasting glory of the everlasting
day.
Unto Thee, beloved Saviour, everlasting
thanks belong,
Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and
song!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.



See Hymn 196.

III.—Talents Improbed.

(1.) TIME.

735 Eccles. ix. 10. "*There is no work
....in the grave, whither thou
goest.*"

Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA. 66, 8 66.

1 **MAKE** haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze—
How swift its moments fly!
Make haste, O man, to live.

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done!
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone :
Make haste, O man, to live.

3 Up then, with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away ;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray !
Make haste, O man, to live.

4 The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost :
Set these before thine eyes :
Make haste, O man, to live.

5 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er ;
Oh sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door :
Make haste, O man, to live !
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1857.

(2.) TONGUE.

736 Ps. cxli. 3. "*Keep the door of my
lips.*"

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 **GUARD** well thy lips; none, none can know
What evil from the tongue may flow;
What guilt, what grief may be incurred,
By one incautious, hasty word.

2 Be "slow to speak;" look well within,
To check what there may lend to sin;
And pray unceasingly for aid,
Lest unawares thou be betrayed.

3 "Condemn not, judge not"—not to man
Is given his brother's faults to scan;
One task is thine, and one alone—
To search out and subdue thine own.

4 Indulge no murmurings; oh! restrain
Those lips so ready to complain;
And, if they can be numbered, count
Of one day's mercies the amount.

5 Shun vain discussions, trifling themes;
Dwell not on earthly hopes or schemes;
Let words of wisdom, meekness, love,
Thy heart's true renovation prove.

6 Set God before thee; every word
Thy lips pronounce, by Him is heard;
Oh! couldst thou realise this thought,
What care, what caution would be taught!

7 Think on thy parting hour: ere long
The approach of death may chain thy
tongue,
And powerless all attempts be found
To articulate one meaning sound.

8 "The time is short"—this day may be
The very last assigned to thee:
So speak, that shouldst thou ne'er speak
more,

Thou may'st not this day's words deplore !

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.



737 2 Cor. x. 1. "*I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ.*"

Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 **S**PEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let not harsh word mar
The good we might do here.
- 2 Speak gently, love should whisper low
To friends when faults we find;
Gently let truthful accents flow:
Affection's voice is kind.
- 3 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

See Hymns 547, 556, 587, 970.

- 4 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.
- 5 Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
- 6 Speak gently to the erring, know
That thou thyself art vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.
- 7 Speak gently, for 'tis like the Lord,
Whose accents, meek and mild,
Bespoke Him as the Son of God,
The gracious Holy Child!
George Washington Hargford, 1847.

(3.) INFLUENCE.

738 Rom. xiv. 7. "*None of us liveth to himself.*"

Tune 43. BRISTOL. C.M.

- 1 **T**HE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound,
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 God, in creation, thus displays
His wisdom and His might!
While all His works with all His ways
Harmoniously unite.

See Hymn 970.

- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song:
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole:
Derive its pulse from Thee the heart,
Its life from Thee the soul!

James Montgomery, 1825.

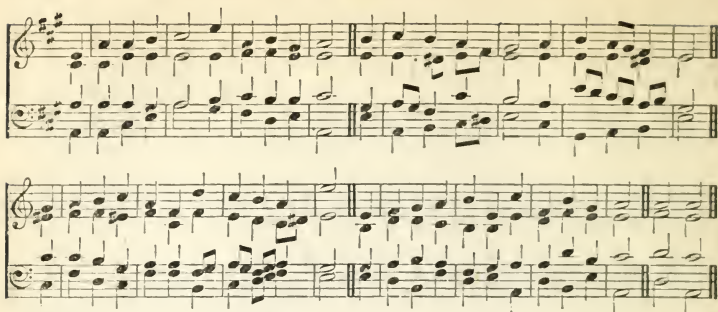
(4.) WEALTH.

739 1 Chron. xxix. 14. "*All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.*"

Tune 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

- 1 **W**ITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,

- Let His friends of every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.
- 3 Be His kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to Him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise Him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His Divine, victorious love!
Benjamin Francis, 1787.



See Hymn 510. Also 73, 581, 583

740 Luke vi. 40. "The disciple is not above his Master."

Tune 177. LEBANON. 86, 86, 88.

- 1 AS much have I of worldly good
As ere my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.
- 2 The manger was His infant bed,
His home the mountain cave:
He had not where to lay His head,
He borrowed e'en His grave:

See Hymns 597, 598; also "Missions."

Earth yielded Him no resting spot—
Her Maker! but she knew Him not.

- 3 As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favour and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause,
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.
- 4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joy at God's right hand!

Josiah Conder, 1824.

IV.—Duties Fulfilled.

(1.) SOCIAL AND RELATIVE.

741 Ps. cxxxiii. 1. "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Tune 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and kind esteem
In every action glows.

- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love!

Joseph Swain, 1792.

742 Rom. xiii. 7. "Render therefore to all their dues."

Tune 215. MEROM. 887. D.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, in your several stations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due;
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour;
Be His word the rule for you!
- 2 Parents, be to children tender;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents in the Lord;
Never slight nor disrespect them;
Nor, through pride, when old, reject them:
'Tis the precept of His word.



See Hymn 628. Also 423.

3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection;
Husbands, with a kind affection,
Cherish as yourselves your wives;
Masters, rule with moderation,
Swayed by justice, not by passion:
By the Scriptures guide your lives.

4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
Not unfaithful nor unruly,
To the good, nor to the bad;

See Hymns, 589, 592.

Not replying when corrected,
Nor refusing aught suggested:
'Tis the ordinance of God.

5 Thus you solve the important question,
"Am I now indeed a Christian?"
Better far than fancy's dream;
Better far than lip expression,
Lofly words, and great profession:
Thus you prove your love to Him!

Joseph Hart, 1759. (a.)

(2.) CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

743 Luke xxiv. 15. "While they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near."

Tune 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

1 IT is a practice greatly blessed
To speak, Lord Jesu Christ, of Thee;
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it, though we cannot see:
We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

2 How quickly strife and envy end,
How soon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counsel thus with friend,
When soul meets soul and heart meets
We have so many things to say, [heart;
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas! so soon away,
We cannot half we would express.

3 How fain would we repeat again
The touching tale of God's dear Son,
His faithfulness and love to men,
And the great things which He hath
done;
How He first touched our heart and
feelings
By joy and grief's alternate sway,
And led us by His gracious dealings
In safety to this very day.

4 Oh let us then, dear Lord, be blest
With Thy sweet presence every day,
Be with us as our daily guest,
And our companion on the way;
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us press on to things before,
Bring us together in Thy name,
Until we meet to part no more!

C. J. P. Spitta, 1833;

R. Massie (tr.), 1860.

(3.) MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

744 Rom. xii. 5. "One body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

Tune 46. WINCHESTER. Or 44. TALLIS. C.M.

1 LET party names no more be known
Among the ransomed throng;
For Jesus claims them for His own,
To Him they all belong.

2 One in their covenant Head and King,
They should be one in heart;

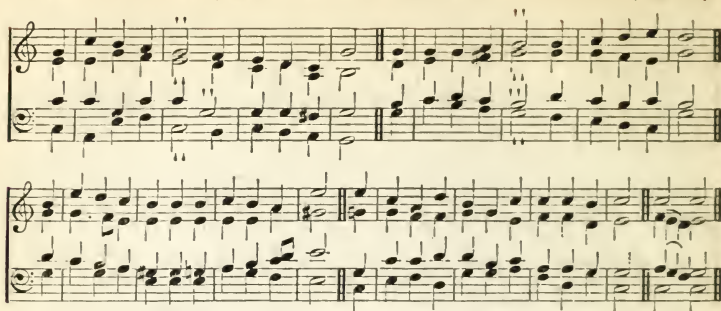
Of one salvation all should sing,
Each claiming his own part.

3 One bread, one family, one rock,
One building, formed by love,
One fold, one Shepherd, yea, one flock,
They shall be one above.

4 One city, ruled by laws Divine,
"Peace be within her walls;"
Zion shall in full glory shine,
When Satan's empire falls!

Joseph Irons, 1823.

241 PARAN. (WILDERNESS OF) (10 10, 11 11; OR, 11 11, 11 11.)



See Hymn 50. Also 59, 173, 299, 308, 411, 423, 698, 976, 992, 993.

745 1 John iv. 7. "Beloved, let us love one another."

Tune 190. CASSEL. Or 189. SUCCOTH.
87, 87, 77.

1 BRETHREN, called by one vocation,
Members of one family,
Heirs through Christ of one salvation,
Let us live in harmony;
Nor by strife Embitter life,
Journeying to eternity.

2 In a land where all are strangers,
And our sojourning so short,
In the midst of common dangers,
Concord is our best support:
Heart with heart Divides the smart,
Lightens grief of every sort.
See Hymn 214.

3 Let us shun all vain contention
Touching words and outward things,
Whence, alas! so much dissension
And such bitter rancour springs;
Troubles cease, Where Christ brings peace
And sweet healing on His wings.

4 Judge not hastily of others,
But thine own salvation mind;
Nor be lynx-eyed to thy brother's,
To thine own offences blind;
God alone Discerns thine own,
And the hearts of all mankind.

5 Let it be our chief endeavour,
That we may the Lord obey,
Then shall envy cease for ever,
And all hate be done away;
Free from strife Shall be his life
Who serves God both night and day.

C. J. P. Spitta, 1833; R. Massie (tr.), 1860.

(4.) SAINTS AND MARTYRS—THEIR HOLY EXAMPLE.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

746 Luke xi. 28. "Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 AGE after age has called thee blessed,
Yet none have fathomed all thy bliss:
Mothers, who read the secret best,
Or angels—yet its depths must miss.

2 To dwell at home with Him for years,
And prove His filial love thine own;
In all a mother's tender cares
To serve thy Saviour in thy Son:

3 To see before thee day by day
That perfect light expand and shine,
And learn by sight, as angels may,
All that is holy and Divine:

4 The measure of a blessedness,
Yet by that measure unexpressed;
Sealing the mother's joy with "Yes,"
The Christian's with His "rather blessed."
Elizabeth Charles, 1860.

SAINTS.

747 Rev. xv. 3. "Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76, D.

1 FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all
Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be
addressed.

Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they
might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with
rays from Thee.

(Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day
to be celebrated.)

Saint Andrew.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first
to welcome Thee,
The first to lend his brother the very
Christ to see.

With hearts for Thee made ready, watch
we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own
Thine Advent near.



See Hymn 208. Also 318, 992, 993.

Saint Thomas.

- 3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect two-fold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

- 4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

- 5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed;
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

The Innocents' Day.

- 6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest from pains and cares;
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

- 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe, [tor saw;
Praise for the glorious vision the persecu-
Thee, Lord, for his conversion we glorify to-day; [Spirit's ray.
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true

Saint Matthias.

- 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice:
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

Saint Mark.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

Saint Philip and Saint James.

- 10 All praise for Thine apostle, blessed guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true:
And grant the grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptation till victors in the strife.

Saint Barnabas.

- 11 The son of consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

- 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word, [Lord.
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy
dawning ray, [glorious day.
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy



See Hymn 621. Also 424, 498.

Saint Peter.

- 13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager
and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice
charged to feed Thy fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard
their flocks from ill:
And grant them dauntless courage, with
humble earnest will.

Saint James.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who,
slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling
thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy
veiled decree!
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought
nearer Thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

- 15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful,
pure, and true,
Whom, underneath the fig-tree, Thine
eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true
Israelites indeed:
That Thine abiding presence our longing
souls may feed.

Saint Matthew.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy
human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path
of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, oh! give
us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise
and follow Thee.

Saint Luke.

- 17 For that beloved physician, all praise,
whose Gospel shows [our woes,
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised
hearts deign to pour, [evermore.
And with true balm of Gilad anoint us

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who
sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread
the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of
Christ maintain, [Thy rest attain.
And, bound in love as brethren, at length

General Ending.

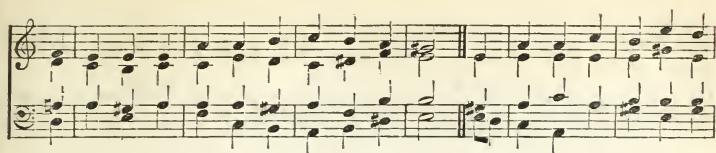
- 19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the
sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise
the ceaseless song! [we Thee adore,
For these passed on before us, Saviour,
And, walking in their footsteps, would
serve Thee more and more.
20 Then praise we God the Father, and
praise we God the Son, [in One;
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three
Till all the ransomed number fall down
before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to
God alone! Amen.

Earl Nelson, 1867.

748 Eph. iii. 15. "The whole family
in heaven and earth."

Tune 3. CRASSELIOUS. L.M.

- 1 FOR all Thy saints in heaven and earth,
One hallowed day is set apart
For deep communion, holy mirth,
And mystic unity of heart:
One brotherhood of love unites,
Which neither time nor death can sever;
One song is sung, one joy delights
The family of God for ever.
2 What shining ranks around God's throne!
Confessors, martyrs, patriarchs, seers,
Gathered from every clime and zone,
Since the world's infancy of years:
Blood-bought, and clothed in robes of white,
Victors who sing the victor's song;
For ever with the saints in light,
Their bliss ineffable prolong.



3 Earth's myriads join their song to-day,
And earth and heaven in concert meet;
O grand and universal lay!
O heavenly song of songs complete!
Salvation, honour, glory, praise,
From saints below, and saints on high:
The Alleluia chorus raise
To Christ through all eternity.

4 One throbbing heart, one burning love,
Cements Christ's lovers to each other;
All have their common home above,
And all in Christ an elder Brother:
And soon—no more to weep or roam,
No wanderer lost—with palm and crown,
God's family shall meet at home,
And in their Father's home sit down!
Benjamin Gough, 1865.

749 Heb. xii. 1. "*So great a cloud of witnesses.*"

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS. 10 10 10, 4.

1 **F**OR all Thy saints, who from their
labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world con-
fessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and
their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true
light.
Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of
gold.
Alleluia!

4 O pure communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.
Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious
day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

William Walsham How, 1867.

See Hymns 437—440.

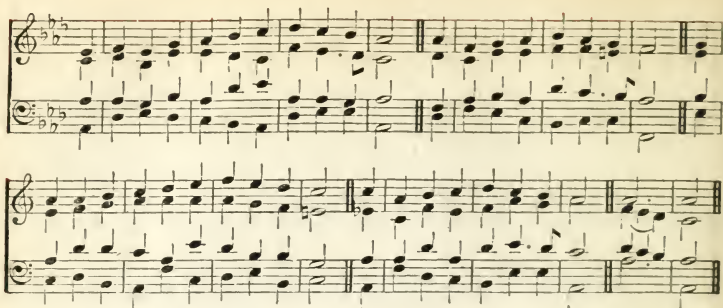
THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

750 Rev. xiv. 4. "*The first-fruits unto
God and to the Lamb.*"

Tune 162. SAMARIA. 77, 77. D.

1 **H**OLY Jesus, mighty Lord,
Light of light, incarnate Word,
Who didst take our fleshly dress
In an infant's helplessness,
And didst pass to manhood's stage,
Consecrating every age;
Thou from whom all graces fall;
Be Thou worshipped, Lord, by all.

2 Planets, as their race they run,
Drink their radiance from the sun;
Saints derive their holiness
From the Sun of Righteousness;
He lit up Saint Stephen's face,
Crowned Saint John's old age with grace,
Gilded life's first lineaments
In the Holy Innocents.



See Hymn 79. Also 81, 458.

- 3 At Thy birth, incarnate Lord,
They were slain by Herod's sword;
But they, Lord, who for Thee died,
By Thy birth were glorified;
Thou, an infant born, didst give
Life by which they dying live;
Thou didst love them as Thine own,
Thou didst set them near Thy throne.
- 4 Some, like Stephen, for Thee bleed,
Martyrs both in will and deed!
Some, like John, Thy law fulfil
By the martyrdom of will;
Others yield their life-blood's price
An unconscionable sacrifice!
Thou, the Fountain of all lights,
Shinest in all Thy satellites.
- 5 Thou, who givest infants breath,
Didst them beautify by death;
Thou hast woven in Thy crown
These sweet flowers of spring unblown:
Mortify in us and kill
Whatsoever resists Thy will;
Make us, blessed Lord, to be
Infants in simplicity!
- Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.*

751 Rev. xiv. 5. "*They are without fault before the throne of God.*"

Tune S7. FRANCONIA. S.M.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, O Lord!
Who from this world of sin,
By the fierce Herod's ruthless sword,
Those precious ones didst win!
- 2 Glory to Thee, O Lord!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown!
- 3 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.
- 4 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band
Who since that hour have heard Thy call
And reached the quiet land!
- 5 Oh that our hearts within
Were innocent and bright:
Oh that, as free from wilful sin,
We shrunk not from Thy sight!
- 6 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to share;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death Thy praise declare.
- 7 All praise, while ages run,
To Father ever blest,
To Spirit, and eternal Son,
In flesh made manifest!
- Emma Toke, 1853.*

752 Rev. xii. 11. "*They loved not their lives unto the death.*"

Tune 75. OLD SIST. C.M.D.

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save,
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame,
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?



See Hymn 42. Also 208, 666, 696, 731, 938, 939, 967.

- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

(5.) ANGELS—MINISTERING SPIRITS.

753 Heb. i. 14. "*Are they not all ministering spirits?*"

Tune 203. SALZBURG. Or 308. EVERTON.
87, 87. D.

- 1 **THEY** are evermore around us,
Though unseen to mortal sight,
In the golden hour of sunshine,
And in sorrow's starless night.
Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures
With the peace of sin forgiven,
Whispering to the lonely mourner
Of the painless joys of heaven.

- 2 Lovingly they come to help us
When our faith is cold and weak,
Guiding us along the pathway
To the blessed home we seek.
In our hearts we hear their voices,
Breathing sympathy and love:
Echoes of the spirit language
In the sinless world above.

- 3 They are with us in the conflict,
With their words of hope and cheer,
When the foe of our salvation
And his armed hosts draw near.
And a greater One is with us,
And we shrink not from the strife,
While the Lord of angels leads us
On the battle-field of life!

James Drummond Burns, 1858.

754 Ps. xci. 11. "*He shall give His angels charge over thee.*"

Tune 62. SALISBURY. Or 53. ST. CHREYSOSTOM.
C.M.

- 1 **INCARNATE** God, the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

- They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Bishop Heber, 1827.

- 2 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

- 3 The angels' Lord Himself is nigh
To them that love His name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

John Newton, 1779.

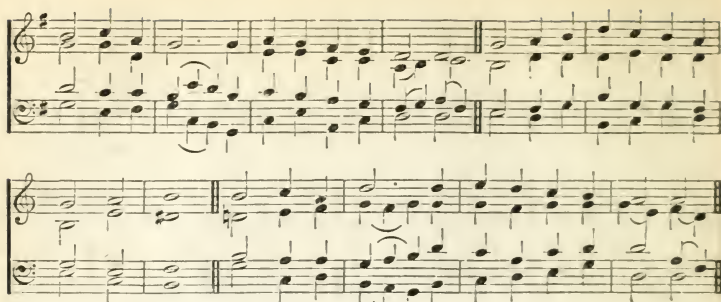
755 Luke xv. 10. "*Joy in the presence of the angels of God.*"

Tune 99. ZOPHIM. 55, 77, 77, 6.

- 1 **THERE** was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
"Glory to God in heaven!"

- 2 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spoke of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven!

- 3 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang, "On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven!"



See Hymn 29. Also 202, 614, 618, 649, 708, 971.

- 4 There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven!

See Hymns 223, 224.

- 5 There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the worn and panting soul
Outstrips death and gains the goal:
When he views, with rapturous eyes,
Christ, his own eternal prize,
Then is all joy in heaven!

Bishop Heber, 1827; last verse by W. H. Havergal, 1853.

THEME IV.—Ambassadors for Christ.

(1.) CONSECRATION AND ORDINATION.

756 John xx. 22. "He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Tune 22. CRETE. Or 21. DORTMUND. L.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One.

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

From Latin Hymn of 4th Century;
Bishop John Cosin (tr.), 1627.

757 Acts i. 8. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Tune 4. WALDECK. Or 11. GILBOA. L.M.

1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high.
Lord, Thine ordained servants bless:
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

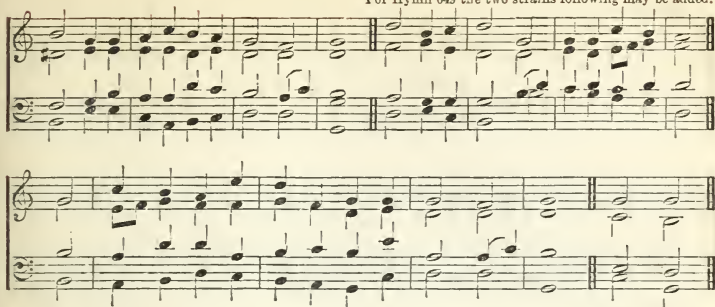
2 Within Thy temple as they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness with meekness from above.
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love:

4 To love and pray and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep.
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep

5 Then, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign:
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
May they, O God, in glory shine!

James Montgomery, 1835.



(2.) MINISTERS OF CHRIST AND STEWARDS OF THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

758 2 Thess. iii. 1. "Brethren, pray for us."

Tune 213. KEDRON. 88 G. D.

- 1 LORD of the church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy word;
With love Divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful grace impart.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let Thy Spirit cease
On all the church its gifts to shower;
To them, a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone; [done,"
Then hear the welcome word — "Well
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise and bliss and love!

Edward Osler, 1836.

759 Col. iv. 7. "A faithful minister in the Lord."

Tune 227. ANGELS' SONG. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 O THOU, who didst at Pentecost [Ghost,
Send down from heaven the Holy
That He might with Thy church abide
For ever to defend and guide;
Illuminate and strengthen, Lord,
The preachers of Thy holy word.
- 2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,
Not labouring for themselves, but Thee;
And may they feed with wholesome food
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood;
And tending Thy dear flock, may prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love!
- 3 That which the Holy Scriptures teach,
That, and that only, may they preach;
May they the true foundation lay,
Build gold thereon, not wood or hay;
And meekly preach, in days of strife,
The sermon of a holy life.

4 As ever in Thy holy eyes,
And stewards of Thy mysteries,
May they the people teach to see
Not, Lord, Thy ministers, but Thee;
To see a loving Saviour's face
Revealed in all Thy means of grace.

5 May they Thy word with boldness speak,
And bear with tenderness the weak;
Not seeking their own things as best,
But what may edify the rest;
With wisdom and simplicity,
And most of all with charity.

6 Oh, may Thy people faithful be,
And in Thy pastors honour Thee,
And, labouring with them, for them pray,
And gladly Thee in them obey;
And love the prophet of the Lord,
And gain the prophet's own reward!

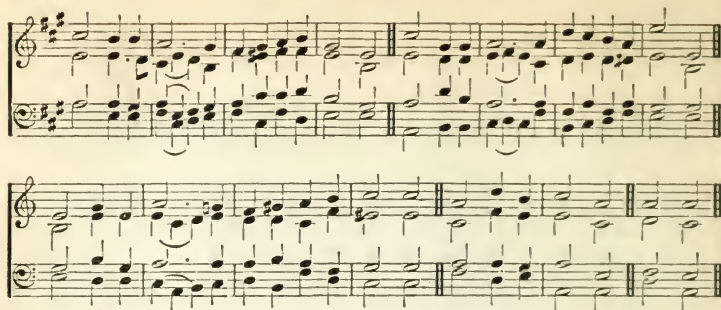
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

760 Rom. x. 15. "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace."

Tune 80. NARENZA. S.M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!
- 5 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.



See Hymn 847.

761 Rev. ii. 10. "*Be thou faithful unto death.*"
Tune 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

ILLNESS OF MINISTERS.

762 2 Cor. i. 10. "*We trust that He will yet deliver.*"

Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down!
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 With power benign, Thy servant spare;
Nor turn aside Thy people's prayer;
Avert Thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock!
- 3 Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out Thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Be Thon his strength, be Thon his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day!
J. K., 1787.

DEATH OF MINISTERS.

763 Rev. xiv. 13. "*Rest from their labours.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

- 1 REST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.
- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Marked thee till life's last hour.
- 3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place;
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.
- 4 Saviour, into Thy hands
Our pastor we resign:
And now we wait Thine own commands—
We were not his, but Thine.
- 5 Thou art Thy church's Head;
And, when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To Thee we lift our eye;
- 6 On Thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock!
James Montgomery, 1851.

764 Matt. xxv. 23. "*Well done, good and faithful servant.*"

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 3 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.
James Montgomery, 1816.



See Hymn 653. Also 846.

(3.) FELLOW HELPERS.

765 Matt. xxi. 28. "Go, work to-day
in My vineyard."

Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA.
4, 10 10, 10 4.

- 1 COME, labour on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest
plain?
While all around him waves the golden
grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day!"
- 2 Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time: its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.
- 3 Come, labour on!
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks
supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come!"
- 4 Come, labour on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless
fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.
- 5 Come, labour on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway
lie, [sun—
And a glad sound comes with the setting
"Servants, well done!"
- 6 Come, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest
shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

See Hymn 689. Jane Borthwick, 1859.

766 2 Cor. xii. 15. "I will very gladly
spend and be spent."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 GO labour on! spend and be spent—
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go labour on! 'tis not for nought,
All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not;
The Master praises! what are men?
- 3 Go labour on! enough, enough,
If Jesus praise thee, if He deign
To notice e'en thy willing mind,
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go labour on! thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not—the prize is near,
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown!
- 5 Go labour on—while it is day,
The long dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth—
It is not thus that souls are won!
- 6 See thousands dying at your side,
Your brethren, kindred, friends of home.
See millions perishing afar,
Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!
- 7 Toil on, toil on: rebuke, exhort,
Be wise the souls of men to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Intreat, compel them to come in.
- 8 Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
For labour rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

Iloratus Bonar, D.D., 1843.



See Hymn 3.

767 Luke x. 2. "The harvest truly is great."

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 HOW vast the field of souls,
Of souls that cannot die!
Where earth expands or ocean rolls,
That field invites our eye.
- 2 The harvest of that field
How ready for our hand!
But they who well the sickle wield
Are still a little band.
- 3 Then let us earnest be
In faith for souls to care:
The Master of the field is He,
Who bids us join in prayer.
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, forth send,
More labourers to provide:
Throughout the field be Thou their Friend,
Their Keeper and their Guide.
- 5 Then, when their toils are past,
And all Thy garner stored,
Be Thou the First, and Thou the Last,
Unceasingly adored!

William Henry Havergal, 1858.

768 Rev. xxii. 17. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

Tune 157. RATISBON. Or 158. SINOR.
77, 77, 77.

- 1 YE who hear the blessed call
Of the Spirit and the Bride:
Hear the Master's word to all,
Your commission and your guide—

"And let him that heareth say,
Come," to all yet far away.

- 2 "Come!" alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Friend above,
Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love.
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.
- 3 "Come!" to those who do not care
For the Saviour's precious death,
Having not a thought to spare
For the gracious words He saith.
Ere the shadows gather deep,
Rouse them from their fatal sleep.
- 4 "Come!" to those who, while they hear,
Linger, hardly knowing why;
Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by.
Call them *now*; oh! do not wait,
Lest to-morrow be too late.
- 5 Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
Speak for Him who speaks to you!
Wherefore should you hesitate?
This is no great thing to do.
Jesus only bids you say,
"Come!" and will you not obey?
- 6 Lord! to Thy command we bow,
Touch our lips with altar fire;
Let Thy Spirit kindle now
Faith, and zeal, and strong desire;
So that henceforth we may be
Fellow workers, Lord, with Thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1869.

(4.) SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

769 John xxi. 15. "Feed My lambs."

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 O LORD, with thankful hearts we meet
Once more before Thy mercy-seat,
To offer Thee our humble prayer
For all the children of our care.
- 2 'Tis Thine, O Lord, alone to bless
Our feeble efforts with success;

And while we teach, oh grant that we
May every one be taught of Thee.

- 3 Oft as we speak of Jesu's love,
Send down Thy blessing from above;
That all who thus Thy day employ,
And sow in tears, may reap in joy!

Sunday School Hymn Book, 1840.



770 2 Tim. ii. 25. "In meekness in-structing."

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of wisdom from above,
Dispenser of the Father's love,
True Witness of adopting grace,
Great Sanctifier of our race;
- 2 Oh, give us knowledge, give us zeal,
Teach us to think, and make us feel;
Hallow our spirit, conduct, tongue,
And bless, oh, bless us to the young.
- 3 May we be gentle, patient, kind,
Possessors of the Saviour's mind;
In purpose firm, and motive pure,
Fitted to labour and endure.
- 4 Accept our praise, our prayer inspire;
Baptize us now with sacred fire;
And may our lives reflect the same,
And prove from whence the ardour came!
Sunday School Hymns, 1857.

771 1 Cor. xv. 58. "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Tune 190. CASSEL. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 "ALL the night and nothing taken" —
How shall we let down the net?
All our steadfast hopes are shaken,
Every scheme with failure met:
Though we speak the message clear,
Yet the sinner will not hear.
- 2 "All the night and nothing taken" —
And the hours be speeding by;
Is the chosen flock forsaken?
Is no Master standing nigh?
Nought is found among the band
But faint heart and weary hand.
- 3 Still, though night may pass in sorrow,
And no guiding star appear,
Sounds the promise for the morrow
From the Master standing near:
"Ye shall find:" then hopeful yet
At His word we loose the net!
Dean Alford, D.D., 1867.

(5.) DISTRICT VISITORS.

772 Ps. c. 2. "Serve the Lord with gladness."

Tune 166. ZOAN II. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 86. D.

- 1 'TIS sweet to work for Jesus;
In this life's little day,
To spread around "The joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may;
To tell His lovingkindness,
His promises so true;
To urge the young That they may come,
And trust this Saviour too.
- 2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, An offering thus
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render
For grace so rich and free;

Yet, Lord, we mourn, That we have borne
So little fruit to Thee.

- 3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus:
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still To do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, We may indeed
Well follow such a call.
- 4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, Safe sheltered there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know;
Redeemed from sin, We live for Him
To whom our all we owe.



See Hymn 202. Also 473.

- 5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh! weary not of this,
But onward press With cheerfulness,
Though rough the pathway is.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand At God's right hand,
To serve before the throne!
Elizabeth Lydia Starling, 1862.

773 Rom. xiv. 7. "*None of us liveth to himself.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone:
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
- 2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet,
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

- 3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand,
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where*;
Until Thy blessed Face I see
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.
See Hymn 689.

THEME V.—The Two Sacraments.

(1.) BAPTISM.

774 Mark x. 16. "*He took them up in His arms.*"

Tune 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. Or 63. KENT.
C.M.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of His grace!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

775 Rom. vi. 3. "*Baptized into Jesus Christ.*"

Tune 227. ANGELS' SONG. Or 229. MAON.
S.S., S.S., S.S.

- 1 LORD! may the inward grace abound
Through Thine appointed outward
sign;
A milder seal than Abraham found
Of covenant blessings more Divine:
Which opens glory to our view
Beyond the brightest hopes he knew!



2 Type of the Spirit's living flow,
In faith we pour the hallowed stream;
We sign the cross upon the brow,
The solemn pledge of truth to Him,
Who shed for us His precious blood
To seal the covenant of God.

3 Baptized into the Trinity,
Adopted children of Thy grace,
Oh, help us, Lord, to live to Thee
A humble, pure, and faithful race!
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heavenly life our end!

Edward Osler, 1836.

776 Mark x. 13. "They brought young children to Him."

Tune 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now present to Thee;
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,
And Thy salvation see.

2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

3 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And may they to the end endure
In every righteous way.

4 Before them let their parents live
In godly faith and fear;
Then first to heaven their souls receive,
Next bring their children there!

Marianne Nunn, 1830.

777 Matt. xxviii. 19. "Baptizing.... in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Tune 151. SHENIR II. Or 149. VIENNA.
77, 77.

1 HEAVENLY Father! may Thy love
Beam upon us from above!

Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

2 Son of God, be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal him to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be!

Benjamin Guest, 1843.

778 2 Tim. ii. 4. "Chosen....to be a soldier."

Tune 44. TALLIS. C.M.

1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

5 Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown!

Dean Alford, D.D., 1832.

251 "NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT." (67, 67, 6666.)



See Hymn 606.

(2.) THE LORD'S SUPPER.

779 Luke xiv. 17. "*Come, for all things are now ready.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. Or 28. GETHSEMANE. L.M.

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes!
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

780 Luke xxii. 19. "*This do in remembrance of Me.*"

Tune 61. KENT. Or 65. FRENCH. C.M.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In deep humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me?
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

James Montgomery, 1825.

781 Cant. ii. 3. "*I sat down under His shadow with great delight.*"

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76.

1 SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.



782 Cant. ii. 3. "*His fruit was sweet to my taste.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

- 1 SWEET feast of love Divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.
- 3 The blood that flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see;
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.
- 4 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?
- 5 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare?
Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

5 On earth His dying love shall be
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy;
And, when in heaven our Lord we see,
His praise shall all our powers employ!
Thomas Kelly, 1809. (a.)

784 Col. i. 20. "*Peace through the blood of His cross.*"

Tune 203. SALZBURG. Or 296. GOTHÄ.
87, 87. D.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding.
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know!
J. Allen, 1757; W. Shirley, 1774.

785 Ps. xxiii. 5. "*Thou preparest a table before me.*"

Tune 184. SOREK. Or 183. FRANKFORT.
87, 87.

783 Cant. ii. 4. "*He brought me to the banqueting house.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 OURS is a rich and royal feast,
Provided by the King of heaven:
How privileged are they, and blest,
To whom the bread of life is given!
- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death:
His blood we drink, His flesh we eat;
And feed on Him by living faith.
- 3 We worship Him who bore the cross;
We glory in His death alone:
The world itself appears but loss
To those to whom His name is known.
- 4 The blood He sheds supplies a stream
That washes all our guilt away;
How precious, then, the Lord should seem,
Whose death we celebrate to-day!

252 "EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

(87, 87, 6666, 7.)



See Hymn 623.

- 3 Oh! how sweet, how comfortable,
In the wilderness to see
Rich provisions, and a table
Spread for sinners, spread for me.
- 4 Here Thy bounty still partaking,
Consecrated bread and wine,
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine.
- 5 In His bruised body broken,
In the shedding of His blood,
See, my soul, a gracious token,
Sure and full for every good.
- 6 Cleansed, and washed, and freely pardoned,
By His matchless love and power;
Hear Him say (no longer hardened),
"Go in peace, and sin no more!"

John Bickersteth, 1819.

786 Ezek. xxxiv. 14. "I will feed them."

Tune 166. HAVERGAL. Part I. 777.

- 1 JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal!
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love Divine!
- 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide!
- 6 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!
- 7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land!

Robert Hall Baynes, 1863.

787 John vi. 51. "The bread that I will give is My flesh."

Tune 112. BASHAN. 66, 66.

- 1 I HUNGER and I thirst:
Jesus! my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the Rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread!
My lifelong wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine!
Let me Thy sweetness prove,
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of man!
- 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

John S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1861.

788 1 Cor. xi. 26. "Till He come."

Tune 158. SIBOR. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 TILL He come! Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overest?
Hush! be every murmur dumb,—
It is only "Till He come."
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."



4 See, the feast of love is spread :
 Drink the wine and break the bread ;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board ;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till He come."

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1869.

789 John vi. 51. "*I am the living Bread.*"

Tune 231. CAPERNAUM. 98, 98.

1 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead ;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

Bishop Heber, 1827.

790 Cant. i. 12. "*The King sitteth at His table.*"

Tune 203. SALZBURG. Or 183. FRANKFORT.
 87, 87. D.

1 **W**HILE in sweet communion feeding
 On this earthly bread and wine,
 Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
 On the cross, to make us Thine !
 Now our eyes for ever closing
 To this fleeting world below,
 On Thy gentle breast reposing,
 Teach us, Lord, Thy grace to know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
 With the still small voice of love,
 Whispering words of peace to cheer us,
 Every doubt and fear remove :
 Bring before us all the story
 Of Thy life and death of woe,
 And with hopes of endless glory
 Wean our hearts from all below !

Sir E. Denny, 1848.

See Hymns 21, 168, 603.

COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

791 Isa. xli. 10. "*Fear thou not, for I am with thee.*"

Tune 54. EVAN I. Or 63. FRENCH. C.M.

1 **O**H, fear not, though before thee lies
 A dark and narrow way,
 For at thy side thy Saviour walks,
 Thy Comforter and Stay.

2 Hold fast His hand, and lean in faith
 Upon that mighty arm ;
 His love and power will guide thy steps,
 And shelter thee from harm.

3 Thou Son of God, eternal Lord,
 Who wearest human flesh,
 And dost Thy blood and body give
 To cleanse us and refresh :

4 Oh, make our sinful bodies clean
 With this most holy food
 Of Thine own flesh, and wash our souls
 With Thy most precious blood.

5 The Resurrection and the Life
 Be Thou to us, O Lord.
 Fulfil to us the gracious pledge
 Of Thy most holy word.

6 "Who eats My flesh, and drinks My
 Dwells evermore in Me, [blood,
 And shall by Me at the last day
 Upraised in glory be."

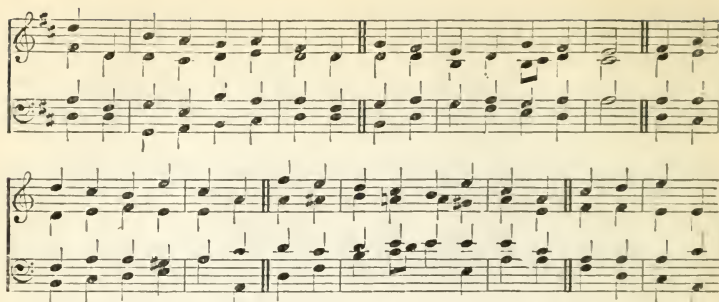
7 Therefore we fear not, though we tread
 A dark and narrow way ;
 For Thou art walking at our side,
 Our Comforter and Stay.

8 We clasp Thy hand, and lean in faith
 On Thy most mighty arm ;
 Thy love and power support our steps,
 And shelter us from harm.

9 Oh, lead us through the gate of death
 Forth to that blessed place,
 Where we may evermore behold
 The brightness of Thy face ;

10 And praise the Father and the Son,
 By whom we ever live,
 And praise to God the Holy Ghost
 Through endless ages give !

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.



See Hymn 600. Also 44, 89, 1025, 1090.

THEME VI.—The Lord's Day.

(1.) OPENING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

792 Num. x. 2. "*Trumpets of silver
...for the calling of the assem-
bly.*"

Tune 312. ZION. Or 223. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 **T**he day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.
- 2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to Thy sanctuary come,
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home.
Of Thee, our King, Oh, may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb!
- 3 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know Thee here shall see Thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

793 Ps. lxxxiv. 10. "*A day in Thy
courts.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1703.

794 Rev. i. 10. "*I was in the Spirit
on the Lord's day.*"

Tune 40. GLOUCESTER. Or 38. EDEN. C.M.

- 1 **B**LEST day of God, most calm, most
bright,
The first and best of days:
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight
A day of mirth and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise:
This made thee heavenly and Divine
Beyond the common days.
- 3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they that do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This holy day doth saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall!

John Mason, 1683.

795 Ps. cxviii. 24. "*We will rejoice
and be glad in it.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 76. D.

- 1 **O** DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;



On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand !
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love !
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls.
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One !

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

796 Isa. lviii. 13. "*Call the sabbath a delight.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

1 DEAR is to me the sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the pastor's voice ;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And these have bid that heart rejoice.

2 And dear to me the wingèd hour
Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of Thy word.

3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blessed abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oh ! when the world, with iron hand,
Would bind me in its six days' chain,
Thus burst, O Lord ! the strong man's band,
And let my spirit loose again !

John William Cunningham, 1822.

797 Ps. cxviii. 24. "*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"

Tune 35. IONA. Or Hymn Chant II.
EPHESUS. C.M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround Thy throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son :
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

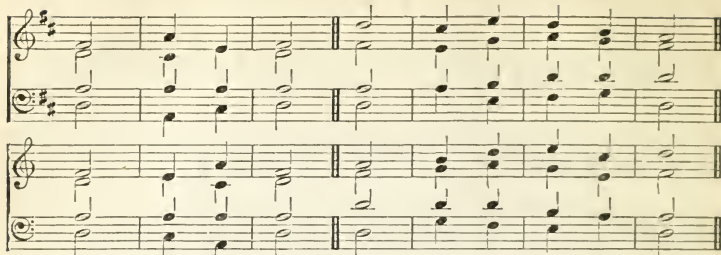
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise !

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719

HYMN CHANTS.

I WORCESTER CHANT. (RECTE ET RETRO.)



See Hymn 667. Also 66, 99.

798 Mal. iv. 2. "*Unto you that fear
My name shall the Sun of
Righteousness arise.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on me now to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.
- 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
- 3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal.
- 4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace;
In spotless robes Thy priests be clad;
There show the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.
- 5 Shine on those unseen things, displayed
To faith's far penetrating eye;
And let their splendour cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.
- 6 Shine in the hearts of those most dear,
Disperse each cloud 'twixt them and
Thee; [clear;
Their glorious heavenward prospects
"Light in Thy light," oh, let them see!
- 7 Shine on those friends for whom we
mourn,
Who know not yet Thy healing ray:
Quicken their souls, and bid them turn
To Thee, "the Life, the Truth, the Way."
- 8 Shine on those friends no country owns,
On Judah, once Thy dwelling place;
"Thy servants think upon her stones,"
And long to see her day of grace.
- 9 Shine on the missionary's home,
Give him his heart's desire to see;
Collect Thy scattered ones who roam;
One fold, one Shepherd, let there be!
- 10 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 11 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no
night! *Charlotte Elliott, 1839.*

(2.) OPENING OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

799 Ps. cxxxii. 14. "*Here will I dwell.*"
Tune 84. AMANA, Or 79. AVEN. S.M.

- 1 COME to Thy temple, Lord,
Thy waiting church to bless:
Let here Thy glory be adored,
Give here Thy word success.
- 2 Our inmost hearts refine,
And for Thyself prepare:
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts Divine,
And reign triumphant there.

3 Thy servants, Lord, we are,
Baptized into Thy name:
All hurtful things put from us far,
All works of sin and shame.

4 Come to Thy temple, Lord,
Thine own assembly bless:
That all may offer with accord
Offerings of righteousness!

Dean Alford, D.D., 1844.



See Hymn 797.

800 1 Kings viii. 29. "*That Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place!

John Newton, 1779.

801 Matt. xviii. 20. "*Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear,
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make the sinner's heart Thine own!

William Cowper, 1779.

802 Luke i. 78. "*The Dayspring from on high.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

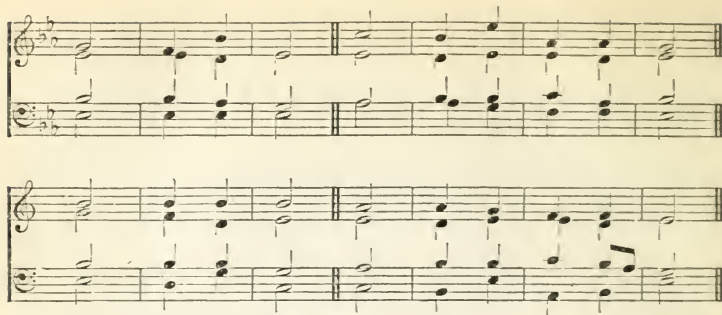
1 NO dawn of holy light,
No day of sacred rest,
E'er breaks upon the heathen's sight,
To soothe his troubled breast.

2 But lo! with healing ray,
The Dayspring meets our eye;
And Christians on their Master's day
Rejoice to feel Him nigh.

3 To Him let praise be given,
The noblest, sweetest, best;
For He has brought us light from heaven,
And hope of endless rest.

4 Lord, let Thy saving light,
Thy day of glorious rest,
Soon chase from earth the toilsome night,
And soothe each wearied breast!

William Henry Havergal, 1825.



See Hymn 578. Also 279, 553, 787, 880.

803 Luke vi. 5. "Lord also of the Sabbath."

Tune 182. STUTTGARD. Or 180. SIRION.
87, 87.

- 1 HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to Thee;
Son of Man, Thy church rejoices
In her weekly jubilee.
- 2 Hallelujah! praise ascending
Calls on prayer to wing her way:
Lord, before Thy gospel bending
Let the heathen hail Thy day.
- 3 Let the nations sad and weary,
Idol-bound and sin-opprest,
Soon rejoice in drawing near Thee,
On Thy day of hallowed rest!
- 4 Hallelujah! mercy beaming
Lights the path that leads to God;
Herald lips, divinely teeming,
Publish blessings bought with blood.
- 5 Hallelujah! Saviour, hear us;
Downward send Thy quickening Dove;
May His silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love!
William Henry Havergal, 1828.

804 Ps. lxxxiv. 4. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house."

Tune 114. Ps. 148th, O. V. 6666, 4444.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To Thine abode Our hearts aspire,
With warm desire To see our God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still: Thrice happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, When God, our King,
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1710.

805 Ps. lxiii. 2. "To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary."

Tune 195. MEDIA. Or 193. IDUMEA.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling:
Speak and let Thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy Word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor wearied be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore:
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore!
Thomas Kelly, 1815.

806 Heb. x. 19. "Boldness to enter into the holiest."

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 76. D.

- 1 THE holiest we enter
In perfect peace with God:
Our thoughts are made to centre
In Jesus and His blood;
And while we mourn our dulness,
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in His fulness,
Which meets our every need.



See Hymn 90. Also 635.

2 Much incense is ascending
Before our Father's throne,
His gracious ear is bending
To hear our feeblest groan;
To all our prayers and praises
Christ adds His sweet perfume;
And love the altar raises
These odours to consume.

3 O God, we come with singing,
Because our great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
And ne'er forgets the least:
For us He wears the mitre,
Where holiness shines bright;
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unclouded light!

Mary Bowly, 1847.

807 Isa. li. 9. "*Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.*"

Tune 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

1 **N**OW gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the week we now begin
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

John Newton, 1779.

808 Nehem. ix. 5. "*Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.*"

Tune 80. NARENZA. S.M.

1 **S**TAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our mind inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore!

James Montgomery, 1825.

(3.) BEFORE THE SERMON.

809 1 Cor. iii. 7. "*God that giveth the increase.*"

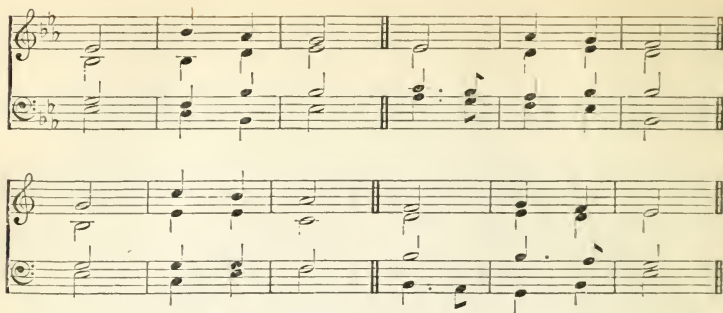
Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

1 **C**OME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:

From the gospel,
Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh may all enjoy the blessing
Which Thy holy word can give:
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To Thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1784.



See Hymn 573. Also 540, 597, 673, 697, 822, 823, 908, 962.

810 1 Cor. iii. 11. "Other foundation can no man lay."

Tune 191. ZAAANAIM. Or 192. HAVILAH.
87, 87, 47.

1 CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner Stone!
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one;
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God, the One in Three, adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants,
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain;
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run!

*Ninth Century;
John M. Neale, D.D. (tr.), 1851.*

811 Isa. xi. 2. "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him."

Tune 211. JORDAN. 886. D.

1 SPIRIT Jehovah! glorious Lord!
Vouchsafe Thy presence with Thy word,

To all Thy church around:
Lord! give to each of Thine now here
The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
To know the joyful sound.

2 O Spirit! on Christ's garden blow,
And cause the spices all to flow,
As grace for grace each suits:
For then will our Belovèd come
Into this garden of His own,
And eat His pleasant fruits.

3 'Tis Thine, O Lord, in blessing thus,
To take of Christ's and show to us,
Of Him, and His, impart:
And Thine no less the same to prove,
And shed abroad the Father's love,
In each renewed heart.

4 Almighty Lord! let all around
In sweet communion now abound.
With God, and God's dear Son:
If Thou wilt open to our view
The love of each, and draw us too,
Then will our hearts be won.

5 Then will loud praises through our host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By every tongue be given:
And each will say in godly fear,
"This is God's house, the Lord is here:
And this the gate of heaven!"

Robert Hawker, D.D., 1827.

812 Jer. i. 9. "The Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth."

Tune 161. SEIR. 77, 77. D.

1 SOURCE of light and power Divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine:
Lord, behold Thy servant stands;
Lo! to Thee we lift our hands:
Satisfy our soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire:
Source of light and power Divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine.



* The last line thus for Hymn 579.

See Hymn 518. Also 35, 175, 378, 545, 552, 558, 579, 641, 705, 749, 781.

- 2 Breathe Thy Spirit! so shall fall
 Unction sweet upon us all;
 Till, by odours scattered round,
 Christ Himself be traced and found:
 Then shall every raptured heart,
 Rich in peace and joy, depart:
 Source of light and power Divine,
 Deign upon Thy truth to shine!

Walter Shirley, 1774.

813 Hos. xiv. 5. "*I will be as the dew.*"
 Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87. D.

- 1 **A**S the dew from heaven distilling
 Gently on the grass descends,
 Richly unto all fulfilling
 What Thy providence intends:
 So may truth, Divine and gracious,
 To our waiting spirits prove;
 Bless and make it efficacious
 In the children of Thy love.

- 2 Lord, behold this congregation,
 All Thy promises fulfil;
 From Thy holy habitation
 Let the dew of life distil:
 Let our cry come up before Thee,
 Sweetest influence shed around;
 So Thy people shall adore Thee,
 And confess the joyful sound.

*Thomas Kelly, 1804;
 and John Bulmer, 1835.*

(4.) CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

815 Acts xx. 32. "*I commend you to
 God, and to the word of His grace.*"

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 **C**HRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
 Let us each with grateful heart
 Once more to the Father raise
 Our united hymns of praise.

- 2 Here perhaps we meet no more;
 But we seek a brighter shore,
 Where, above all sin and pain,
 Brethren, we shall meet again.

814 Matt. xiii. 3. "*Behold, a sower
 went forth to sow.*"

Tune 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of earth, prepare the plough,
 Break up your fallow ground;
 The sower is gone forth to sow,
 And scatter blessings round.

- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil
 Shoots forth a hasty blade;
 But ill repays the sower's toil,
 Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

- 3 The thorny ground is sure to baulk
 All hopes of harvest there:
 We find a tall and sickly stalk,
 But not the fruitful ear.

- 4 The beaten path and highway side
 Receive the trust in vain;
 The watchful birds the spoil divide,
 And pick up all the grain.

- 5 But where the Lord of grace and power
 Has blessed the happy field,
 How plenteous is the golden store
 The deep-wrought furrows yield!

- 6 Father of mercies! we have need
 Of Thy preparing grace:
 Let the same Hand that gives the seed
 Provide a fruitful place!

William Cowper, 1775.

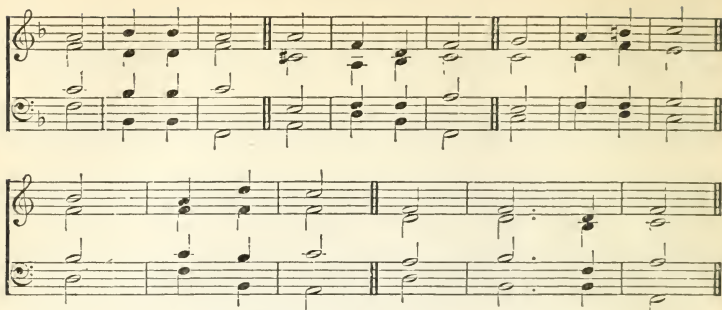
- 3 To the Triune God of heaven
 Love and praise be ever given,
 Here, and by His hosts above,
 Endless praise, adoring love!

Henry Kirke White, 1806. (a.)

816 Ps. iii. 8. "*Thy blessing is upon
 Thy people.*"

Tune 180. SIBION. 87, 87, 77, 87.

- 1 **O**F Thy love some gracious token
 Grant us, Lord, before we go;
 Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
 Life and peace on all bestow;



See Hymn 765. Also 33, 246, 477, 716, 735.

When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain :
Oh, direct us,
And protect us,
Till the heavenly shore we gain !

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

817 1 Sam. i. 17. "Go in peace : and the
God of Israel grant thee thy
petition."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. Or 305. DISMISSAL.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh, refresh us !
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found !

- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day !

Walter Shirley, 1774.

818 2 Cor. xiii. 14. "The grace of the
Lord Jesus Christ."

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87. D.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above :
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord :
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford !

John Newton, 1770.

(5.) THE CLOSE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

819 Ps. lxxv. 8. "Thou makest.....the
evening to rejoice."

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee ;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive,
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest that knows no end !
B. W. Noel's Selection, 1832.

820 Ps. xxii. 27. "All the kindreds
of the nations shall worship
before Thee."

Tune 15. TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed ;
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.
- 2 But Thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth that worshipped Thee.



See Hymn 659. Also 141, 365, 649, 692, 894, 897.

3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

4 Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

5 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, when evening stretched her shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.

6 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord,—
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

James Montgomery, 1853.

821 Cant. iv. 16. "*Blow upon My
garden, that the spices thereof
may flow out.*"

Tune 20. DALMATIA. Or 11. GILBOA.
L.M.

1 **NOW** let our heavenly plants and flowers
Diffuse a fragrance more Divine;
Refreshed by the sweet Sabbath showers,
With richer beauty they should shine.

2 We have been wafted for a while
Far, far away from this low scene;
Been cheered by our Redeemer's smile,
Been suffered on His breast to lean.

3 What has He taught us? what should be
The fruit of intercourse so blest?
Oh, should not all around us see
His image on our souls imprint?

4 Within this ivory palace fair
We entered, a much favoured train;
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, filled the air,
Our garments should the scent retain.

5 And we should pass along the earth,
Like birds that live upon the wing;
Rise to the country of our birth,
And on our way its anthems sing!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

822 Luke xxiv. 29. "*Abide with us,
for it is toward evening.*"

Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA. 888, 6.

1 **THE** Sabbath day has reached its close!
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows,
Smile on my evening hour!

2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast,
Weary I come to Thee for rest,
Smile on my evening hour!

3 If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at my Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat,
Smile on my evening hour!

4 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain?
Smile on my evening hour.

5 Oh! ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh.
Smile on my evening hour!

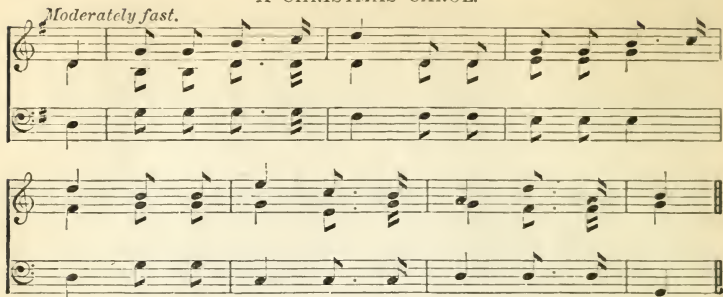
6 My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow.
Smile on my evening hour!

7 And oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

I. THE BETHLEHEM SHEPHERD-BOY'S TALE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



See Hymn 943.

(6.) DEPRIVED OF PUBLIC WORSHIP FOR A SEASON.

823 Luke xxiv. 15. "*Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them.*"

Tune 220. JEZREEL. Or Hymn Chant V.
THYATIRA. 88, 84.

- 1 **I** WANT a Sabbath talk with Thee;
I ask Thee for one little word;
Alone, alone! draw near to me,
Dear risen Lord!
- 2 Oh, join Thyself to me, and deign
To commune as in days foregone;
As once Thou talkedst with the twain,
So with the one.
- 3 Their Sabbath journey, e'en like mine,
Without a present Lord, was sad;
Like them, I want the voice Divine,
To make me glad.
- 4 Draw near; and make my heart to burn,
And open Thon the living word,
And talk of sweet things that concern
Thyself, my Lord.
- 5 Unfold the wonders of Thy grace;
Make hidden meanings clear and plain;
And through each glowing Scripture trace
Love's golden chain.
- 6 Mine eyes are holden! draw Thou near;
And break the bread, and pour the wine;
The strength, the sweetness, and the cheer,
All, all are Thine!

Jane Crewdson, 1860.

824 Ps. lxxxiv. 4. "*Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.*"

Tune 159. KADESH. 77, 77. D.

- 1 **P**LEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love:

Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe,
Oh! my spirit longs and fains
For the fellowship of saints;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In their heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to Thine ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe:
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they see Thy face at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thon art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

(7.) RESTORED TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

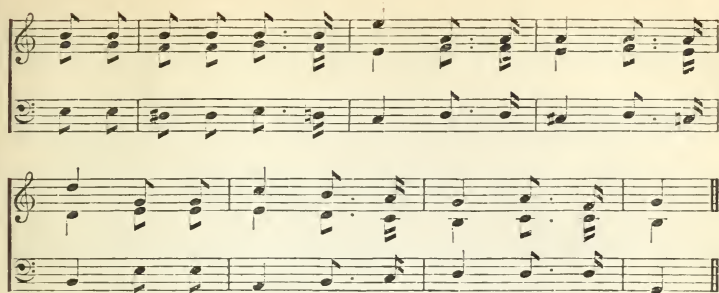
825 Ps. cxvi. 14. "*I will pay my vows unto the Lord.*"

Tune 45. YORK. Or 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life which Thon hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee!

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.



THEME VII.—Special Services.

(1.) FOUNDATION, DEDICATION, OR CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

826 2 Chron vi. 18. "*But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth!*"

Tune 1. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

- 1 **THIS** stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, oh, forgive!
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 5 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery, 1822.

828 2 Chron. v. 13. "*The singers were as one.....to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord.*"

Tune 173. ZARED II. 85, 85, 843.

- 1 **ANGEL** voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
We would join with them to bless Thee,
And confess Thee, Lord of might!

827 Eph. ii. 20 "*Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone.*"

Tune 119. MORIAH. 6666, 88.

- 1 **CHRIST** is our Corner Stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love Our hopes we place
Of present grace And joys above.
- 2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim In joyful song
Both loud and long That glorious Name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower On all who pray
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day When all the blest
To endless rest Are called away!

*Latin Hymn, circa 8th Century;
J. Chandler (tr.), 1837.*

(2.) CHOIR MEETINGS.

- 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea! we can.
- 3 Lord, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure Didst design.

II. THE WORCESTERSHIRE CHRISTMAS CAROL.



How grand and how bright, That



won - der - ful night, When an - gels to Beth - le - hem came!
See Hymn 944.

They

- 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices,
In our choicest Melody.

- 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven Render Thee!
Francis Pott, 1861. (a.)

(3.) PRAYER MEETINGS.

829 Isa. xlv. 19. "I said not,
Seek ye Me in vain."

Tune 151. SHENIR II. 77, 77.

- 1 LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In Thy own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee!
William Hammond, 1745. (a.)

830 Matt. xviii. 20. "Where two or
three are gathered together in
My name, there am I in the
midst."

Tune 149. VIENNA. Or 151. SHENIR II.
77, 77.

- 1 JESUS, we Thy promise claim,
We are gathered in Thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear;
Manifest Thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.

- 3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light!
Charles Wesley, 1740.

831 Acts vi. 4. "We will give our-
selves continually to prayer."
Tune 185. GODESBERG. 87, 87.

- 1 LET us pray! the Lord is willing,
Ever waiting, prayer to hear;
Ready, His kind words fulfilling,
Loving hearts to help and cheer.
- 2 Let us pray! our God with blessing
Satisfies the praying soul!
Bends to hear the heart's confessing,
Moulding it to His control.
- 3 Let us pray! though foes surrounding
Vex and trouble, and dismay;
Precious grace, through Christ abounding,
Still shall cheer us on our way.
- 4 Let us pray! our life is praying;
Prayer with time alone may cease;
Then in heaven, God's will obeying,
Life is praise and perfect peace!
Henry Bateman, 1862.

832 Ps. cxxxiii. 3. "The Lord com-
manded the blessing."

Tune 4. WALDECK. L.M.

- 1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be!
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, "Follow Me."



3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confessed;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blessed.

5 With Thee, and these, for ever bound,
May all, who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne sur-
round,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light!
James Montgomery, 1816.

833 Heb. x. 22. "Let us draw near."
Tune 177. LEBANON. 86, 86, 88.

1 LORD, when before Thy throne we meet
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessing pour;
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for Thee.

2 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise,
As fragrant incense, to the skies!
T. G. Nicholas, 1838.

834 Exod. xxv. 22. "I will commune
with thee from above the mercy-
seat."

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads!
A place, than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around our common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. [greet,

6 Oh! let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1832. (a.)

835 Ps. civ. 34. "My meditation of
Him shall be sweet."
Tune 151. SHENIR II. Or 147. PATMOS.
77, 77.

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme:
When they join to sing of Him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
When He saw the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts He strove;
Turned our feet from ways of shame,
Made us trust in Jesu's name.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour is the theme,
Where they see, and sing of Him!

George Burder, 1784. (a.)

III. THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF CHRISTMAS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Joyously and briskly.



See Hymn 945.

836 Acts i. 14. "All continued with one accord in prayer."

Tune 157. RATISBON. Or 153. SIHOR.
77, 77, 77.

- 1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—

Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations from above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Meet for endless glory be!

Ingram Cobbin, 1828.

(4.) TIMES OF REFRESHING.

837 Ezek. xxxiv. 26. "There shall be showers of blessing."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. Or 193. IDUMEA.
87, 87, 87.

- 1 "SHOWERS of blessing!" gracious
promise,
From the God who rules on high:
From the everlasting Father,
He who will not, cannot lie.
Showers of blessing
He has promised from the sky.
- 2 "Showers of blessing!" joyful showers,
Making every heart rejoice:
Come, ye saints, and plead the promise,
Raise in loud the suppliant voice;
Showers of blessing,
Oh! let nothing less suffice!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

- 2 Blessed earnest Thou hast given;
But in these we would not rest,
Blessings still with Thee are hidden:
Pour them forth, and make us blest.

- 3 Prayer ascendeth to Thee ever,
Answer, Father! answer prayer;
Bless, oh, bless each weak endeavour,
Blood-bought pardon to declare!

- 4 Wake Thy slumbering children, wake them.
Bid them to Thy harvest go;
Blessings, O our Father, make them:
Round their steps let blessings flow.

- 5 Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for jubilee;
To Thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto Thee.

- 6 Let no hamlet be forgotten,
Let Thy showers on all descend;
That in one loud blessed anthem
Myriads may in triumph blend!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

838 Ezek. xxxiv. 26. "I will cause the shower to come down in his season."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. Or 182. STUTTGARD.
87, 87.

- 1 FATHER, for Thy promised blessing
Still we plead before Thy throne;
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from Thee alone.

839 Gen. xxvii. 38. "Bless me, even me also, O my Father."

Tune 187. PERSIS. 87, 87, 3.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.



2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favour;
 When Thou comest, call for me,
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh, forgive and rescue me,
 Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of God, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing;
 Satan's slave Thy child shall be;
 All my heart to Thee is springing;
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,
 Even me,

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

840 Hab. iii. 2. "O Lord, revive Thy work."

Tune 80. NARENZA. S.M.

1 **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Disturb this sleep of death;
 Quicken the smouldering embers now
 By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Create soul-thirst for Thee;
 And hungering for the bread of life,
 O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious name;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 And give refreshing showers;
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

841 Ps. lxxxv. 6. "Wilt Thou not revive us again?"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

1 **O**H for that flame of living fire
 Which shone so bright in saints of old!
 Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
 Calm in distress, in danger bold!

2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
 In Abraham's breast, and sealed him
 Thine?
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
 And glow with energy Divine?

3 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
 As when Elijah felt its power?
 When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
 Or Job endured the trying hour!

4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
 Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;
 Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
 And teach us how to love Thee more!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

See Hymns 867-869.

MUSICAL APPENDIX.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Musical Appendix contains—

(1.) Tunes composed, by request of the Editor of *Songs of Grace and Glory*, for certain hymns requiring special tunes.

(2.) Tunes, old or recent, most of which are contained in the majority of our leading collections, and have obtained a general footing in the Church.

(5.) MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

842 Luke ii. 51. "*His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.*"

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 JESUS, Thou wast once a child,
Meek, obedient, pure, and mild;
Such may our dear children be!
Teach them, Lord, to follow Thee.
- 2 Thou didst grow in grace and truth
Up from infancy to youth;
May we, Lord, our children see
Striving thus to copy Thee.
- 3 Subject to Thy parents' word,
When their least command was heard,
May we, Lord, our children see
Thus obedient unto Thee!
- 4 At Thy heavenly Father's voice,
Thou in duty didst rejoice;
Changed by grace, O Lord, would we
See our children follow Thee!

James Gabb, 1864. (a.)

843 Mark x. 13. "*They brought young children to Him.*"

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children Thou hast given;
Let them all Thy blessings share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven!
- 2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to Thee;
Let them learn to lisp Thy praise
In their earliest infancy.
- 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;
While on Thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

THEME VIII.—National Occasions.

(1.) NATIONAL HYMNS.

844 Prov. viii. 15. "*By Me kings reign.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELUS. L.M.

- 1 O KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head;
And, looking from Thy throne in heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Her, for Thy sake, may we obey;
Uphold her right, and love her sway;
Remembering, all the powers that be
Are ministers ordained by Thee.
- 3 By her this favoured nation bless;
To her wise counsels give success;
In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen;
Confirm her strength; oh, save our Queen!

4 And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Give her a nobler crown on high,
A crown of immortality.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819. (a.)

845 1 Sam. x. 24. "*God save the king.*"

Tune 271. NATIONAL ANTHEM. 664, 666 4.

- 1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

The older ones have been harmonized as nearly as possible in accordance with the principles of *Old Church Psalmody*.

(3.) A few tunes inseparably wedded to hymns much used in Missions and Evangelistic services. As these are *not* intended for ordinary church use, no attempt has been made to alter their popular form and slighter harmonizations.

(4.) A few additional tunes for *Songs of Grace and Glory for the Young*, chiefly for new hymns in the enlarged edition.

The Editor of *Songs of Grace and Glory* gratefully acknowledges the kind permission of composers and owners for the use of copyright tunes, as specified in the Index.

"Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with singing."

2 O Lord our God, arise;
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

Circa 1606.

846 Eph. v. 25. "*Christ also loved the Church.*"

Tune 248. HOBAN. 11 11, 11 11.

1 THE Church of our fathers! so dear to
our souls;
Ay, dear as the life-blood within us that
rolls!

We'll rally around her, by dangers unawed:
The Church of our fathers! the Church of
our God!

2 Built on the apostles and prophets alone,
On Jesus, the Saviour and Chief Corner
Stone:

The winds may arise, and her prospects
deform;
She fears not the tempest, she dreads not
the storm.

3 Her Cranmers, her Riddleys, for truth nobly
stood;
Her rights and her charters they signed
with their blood;

Asserted her freedom, and sent forth abroad
The light and the truth of the pure word
of God.

4 The people may rage, and the Papists
assail;
No weapon against her shall ever prevail.
The Church of our fathers for ages hath
stood, [blood,

Cemented and sealed by our ancestors'

5 From the Church of our fathers we'll never
depart;
She's entwined round each fibre, each nerve
of our heart:
The Church of our fathers! our glory and
crown,
We will, unimpaired, to our children hand
down!

Felicia D. Hemans, 1834.

847 Ps. lxxix. 9. "*Help us, O God of
our salvation, for the glory of
Thy name.*"

Tune 247. CANDIA. 11 11 11, 5.

1 LORD of our life, and God of our salva-
tion,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy church's suppli-
cation,

Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the angry billows
curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are un-
furling;

Lord, while their darts envenomed they
are hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour
faileth,

Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin
assaileth,

Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell
prevaileth;

Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward
driven,

Grant them Thy truth, that they may be
forgiven,

Grant peace on earth, and, after we have
striven,

Peace in Thy heaven!

Eighth Century (tr. 1856).

Tell it out a - mong the hea - then that the Lord is King!

Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

See Hymn 165.

848 Ps. lxxxv. 9. "That glory may dwell in our land."

Tune 35. IONA. C.M.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.
 - 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou, our glory, stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround this favoured land.
 - 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
 - 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
 - 5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
 - 6 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear!
- Isaac Watts, D.D., 1719.

849 Deut. xi. 12. "A land which the Lord thy God careth for."

Tune 39. NOTTINGHAM. Or 52. ST. ANN. C.M.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.
 - 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too—how should we love
Another land so well!
 - 3 Oh guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
 - 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
 - 5 Lord of the nations! thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thon her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!
- John Reynell Wreford, D.D., 1840.
See Hymn 863.

(2.) HARVEST.

850 Lev. xxiii. 39. "When ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord."

Tune 160. HESHON. or 159. KADESH. 77, 77. D.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:

God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing!

Tell it out! out! Tell it out! bid them shout and sing!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! FINE.

Tell it out! Tell . . . it out! [over]

- 3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!
Dean Alford, D.D., 1844; revised 1864.
See Hymn 646.

851 Isa. ix. 3. "The joy in harvest."
Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65.
D. and Chorus.

- 1 **E**ARTH below is teeming, Heaven is
bright above;
Every brow is beaming In the light of love;
Every eye rejoices, Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices Gladden nights
and days:
O Almighty Giver, bountiful and free!
As the joy in harvest, joy we before
Thee.
- 2 Every youth and maiden On the harvest
plain,
Round the waggons laden With their
golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus On the evening
air,
Unto Him who o'er us Bends with
constant care:
O Almighty Giver, &c.
- 3 For the sun and showers, For the rain and
dew,
For the happy hours Spring and summer
knew.

For the golden autumn And its precious
stores,
For the love that brought them Teeming
to our doors:
O Almighty Giver, &c.

- 4 Earth's broad harvest whitens In a brighter
Sun
Than the orb that lightens All we tread
upon:
Send out labourers, Father! Where fields
ripening wave;
And the nations gather, Gather in and save.
O Almighty Giver, bountiful and free!
Then as joy in harvest, we shall joy in
Thee!

J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1863.

852 Ps. lxxv. 13. "The valleys are
covered over with corn; they
shout for joy, they also sing."

Tune 107. MOSCOW. 664, 666 4.

- 1 **T**HE God of harvest praise:
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless His holy name
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely: but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth!
- 3 The God of harvest praise:
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1838.

Tell it out with a - do - ra - tion that He shall in - crease;

Tell it out! with a - do - ra - tion that He shall in - crease;

Tell it out! . . . that He shall in - crease;

That the might - y King of Glo - ry is the King of Peace;

853 Ps. lxxv. 11. "*Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.*"

Tune 139. LUBECK. Or 138. ABILENE. 77, 77.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
- 3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain.
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores:
- 5 These, great God, to Thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1773.

854 Matt. iii. 12. "*He will gather His wheat into the garner.*"

Tune 125. GOSHEN. 76, 76.

- 1 OUR faithful God hath sent us
A fruitful harvest tide;
He summer boons hath lent us,
And winter wants supplied.
- 2 The fields, at His ordaining,
Stand thick with golden sheaves;
And man, full oft complaining,
New bounty now receives.
- 3 Though Mercy largely giveth,
Is Justice pacified?
We live through Him who liveth,
The "Corn of Wheat" that died,
- 4 Then full be our thanksgiving,
And clear each note of joy;
While faith and holy living
Our earnest thoughts employ.

- 5 And at the last great reaping,
When Christ His sheaves will own,
May we, no longer weeping,
Be garnered near His throne.

- 6 Praise we the Godhead-Union,
The Eternal Three in One;
With Them may our communion
For ever be begun!

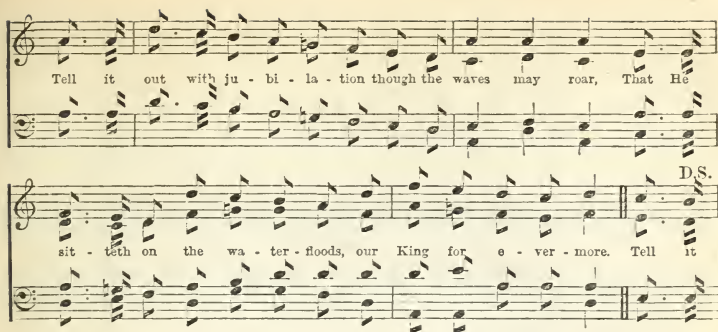
William Henry Havergal, 1863.

855 Ps. cxlv. 16. "*Thou openest Thine hand.*"

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise!
The God of our salvation
Is love in all His ways!
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Each creature of His hand;
He succours him that needeth,
And gladdens all the land.
- 2 Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple,
In symphony sublime;
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Re-echo the glad voice!
- 3 Oh! praise the Hand that giveth
And giveth evermore,
To every soul that liveth,
Abundance flowing o'er!
For every soul He filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The mction of His love.
- 4 To God the loving Father,
Who biddeth us rejoice,
Let all within His temple
Lift high their thankful voice:
To Jesus, our Redeemer,
On His bright throne in heaven,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
All praise and might be given!

Martin F. Tupper, 1846.



856 Hab. iii. 17, 18. "Although the fields shall yield no meat, yet I will rejoice in the Lord."

[To be used when there is deficiency in the crops.]

Tune 153. SIOHOB. 77, 77, 77.

1 **WHAT** our Father does is well;
Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well;
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies.
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Caanan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity!

Benj. Schmolke, 1704; Rev. Sir H. W. Baker (tr.), 1861.

(3.) WAR AND PEACE.

857 Isa. ii. 4. "He shall rebuke many people."

Tune 200. TEKOA. 87, 87, 87.

1 **ART** Thou, Lord, rebuking nations?
Hast Thou bared Thy glittering
sword?

War, commotions, tribulations,
Are they marching at Thy word?
Shield us, Saviour, With Thy favour,
When Thy vials are outpoured!

2 If Thy judgments now are waking,
Let not Thy compassion sleep:
But, while earthly powers are shaking,
Firm and free Thy kingdom keep,
Jesu, hear us, Be Thou near us,
When the storm shall round us sweep!

3 Courage, saints, your fears assuaging,
Chant a bold and blissful strain!
Holy seers, of peace presaging,
Bid us hail Messiah's reign.
Strife, sedition, Superstition,
Then no votaries shall gain.

4 Warrior hosts, no longer mustering,
Cease the gleaming lance to wield;
Now they watch the fruitage clustering;
Now they crop the sunny field.

Thus shall sadness Change to glad-
ness,

When Messiah is revealed.

5 Prince of Peace, let every nation
Soon Thy Spirit's empire own;
Bow the world in supplication:
Bring the heathen to Thy throne!
Earth possessing Boundless blessing
Then shall honour Thee alone!

William Henry Havergal, 1831.

858 Ps. cxlvii. 14. "He maketh peace."

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

1 **GIVE** peace in these our days, O Lord!
Times of great peril are at hand;
Thine enemies, with one accord,
Christ's name blaspheme in every land.



See Hymn 428. Also 101.

- 2 Give us that peace that we do lack
Through unbelief and evil life;
Thy word to give Thou dost not slack,
Which we unkindly use for strife.
- 3 Give peace, O Lord! Thy Spirit send;
With grief, and with repentance true,
Pierce Thou our hearts, our lives amend,
And by true faith in Christ renew.
- 4 Give peace, and grant that fear and
dread— [grace—
Through Thy sweet mercy, Lord, and
May fly, and truth lift up her head,
And dwell and shine in every place!
Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalms, 1562.

859 Ps. xlv. 9. "*He maketh wars to cease.*"

Tune 42. KEDAR. Or 40. GLOUCESTER. C.M.

- 1 **H**ELP us, O Lord! with grateful minds
To bow before Thy throne,

(4.) NATIONAL FAST AND HUMILIATION.

860 Neh. ix. 33. "*Thou hast done right, but we have done wickedly.*"

Tune 73. ST. MARY. C.M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty God, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend,
'Tis on Thy pardoning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dire judgments from Thy heavy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By Thy subduing grace;
So shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And we shall see Thy face.
- 4 If famine, plague, or foes invade,
We shall not sink or fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid
When God, our God, is near!

Anne Steele, 1760. (a.)

And, with united thanks to Thee,
Thy tender mercies own.

- 2 May we, from feared destruction saved,
Our Ebenezer raise;
And with our hearts, and lives, and
tongues,
Proclaim Thy wondrous praise.
- 3 Oh, haste the glowing time, foretold
In Thine unerring word;
When, from the greatest to the least,
All men shall serve the Lord.
- 4 No more let nations, learning war,
In hostile rage appear,
But into ploughshares beat the sword,
To pruning-hooks the spear.
- 5 From Satan's long usurped domain,
A sinful world release;
Then with each other all shall dwell
In universal peace!

See Hymn 49. Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

861 Dan. ix. 19. "*O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive.*"

Tune 206. AUGSBURG. S7, S7. D.
Or 186. BREMEN. S7, S7.

- 1 **D**READ Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil Thy holy place!

C. F., 1804.



862 Joel i. 14. "Sanctify ye a fast,
call a solemn assembly."

Tune 72. DUNDEE. C.M.

- 1 THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep;
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.
- 2 But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known,
That penitence is there.

See Hymn 552.

- 3 Oh, let us then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.
- 5 Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear,
To bless this fasting day!

John Chandler (tr.), 1837.

(5.) NATIONAL THANKSGIVING AND REJOICING.

863 Ps. lxvii. 5. "Let the people praise
Thee, O God."

Tune 181. CULBACH. 87, 87.

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode:
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.
- 2 Now with joy we come before Thee;
Countless have Thy mercies been;
See Hymns 844—849.

- Lord of life, and strength, and glory,
Guard Thy Church, and guide our Queen.
- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Strength of this most favoured nation,
May those mercies ever last:
- 4 May our sons appear before Thee,
In Thy Church Thy praise be seen;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people—bless our Queen.

John Cross, 1812. (a.)

(6.) PRAYER FOR THOSE AT SEA.

864 Ps. cvii. 24. "These see the works
of the Lord, and His wonders
in the deep."

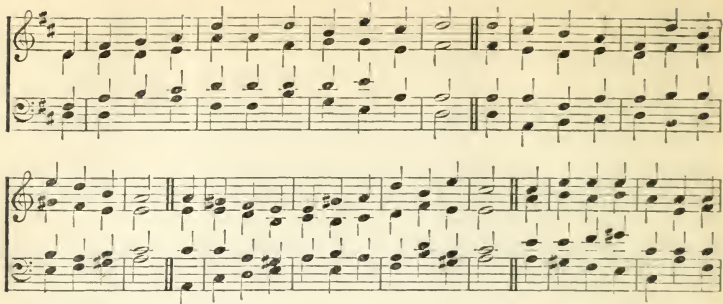
Tune 226. MAMRE. Or 229. MAON. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!

William Whiting, 1860. (a.)



See Hymn 525.

THEME IX.—Missions.

I.—At Home.

(1.) SCHOOLS.

865 Luke ii. 51. "*He was subject unto them.*"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. 87, 87, 77.

1 **BLESSED** Jesus, Lord and Brother!

Once Thou wast a lowly child,
Subject to Thy Virgin-mother,
"Holy, harmless, undefiled;"
Wisdom, favour, grace, and truth,
Graced, like morning stars, Thy youth.

2 **Great Redeemer, Mediator!**

Now Thou art enthroned in light;
But Thou wearest still our nature.
And all heaven admires the sight.
Lord, to tender years impart
Mercy's boon, the tender heart.

3 **Jesu, by Thy childhood's favour,**

By Thy manhood's agony,
Fill us with Thy Spirit's savour,
Train us for eternity;
With the glittering hosts above,
May we sing Thy boundless love!

William Henry Haerger, 1833.

866 Isa. liv. 13. "*All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.*"

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87, D.

1 **HEAVENLY** Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;

May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

2 **Holy Saviour, who in meekness**
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weak-
ness;

Bless, and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms, and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 **Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them.**
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
Guide them, lead them, go before them.
Give them peace, and joy, and love.
Temples of the Holy Spirit,

May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

See Hymns 923—948.

(2.) MISSION SERVICES.

867 Luke xiv. 13. "*Call the poor.*"
Tune 202. ESDRAELON.

Or 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87, D.

1 **"CALL** them in!"—the poor, the
wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;

Peace and pardon freely offer,—
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting;—"call them in!"



That Thine, Thine, Thine is the Power, the Power, the Power!

2 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones;—"call them in!"

3 "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender,—
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming;—"call them in!"

868 Isa. xxvii. 12. "Ye shall be gathered one by one."

Tune 75. OLD 81ST. Or 77. EVAN II. C.M.D.

1 **A**NOTHER called, another brought, dear
Master, to Thy feet!
Oh, where are words to tell the joy so
wonderful and sweet?
Oh, where are words to give Thee thanks
that Thou indeed hast heard—
That Thou hast proved and sealed anew
Thy faithful promise-word?

2 Yes, conquering Thy Word goes forth on
all-triumphant way!
"Ye shall be gathered one by one,"—'tis
true afresh to-day!
And so we hush the yearning cry, "How
long, O Lord, how long?"
A sweet new token Thou hast given to
change it into song.

3 So once again we bless Thee with Thy holy
ones above,
Because another heart has seen Thy great
and mighty love;
Another heart will own Thee Lord, and
worship Thee as King,
And grateful love, and glowing praise, and
willing service bring.

4 Another voice to "tell it out," what great
things Thou hast done;
Another life to live for Thee, another wit-
ness won;
Another faithful soldier on our Master's
side enrolled;
Another heart to read aright Thy heart of
love untold!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

869 Cant. i. 4. "The King hath brought me into His chambers."

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. Or 82. SWABIA. S.M.

1 **A**ND may I really tread
The palace of my King,
Gaze on the glory of His face,
And of His beauty sing?

2 I am not worthy, Lord!
Not worthy to draw near;
My feet are dusty with the way,
I hesitate—I fear!

3 "But wherefore tremble thus?
I washed thee clean and white;
I decked thee with salvation's robe,
Fairer than morning light!"

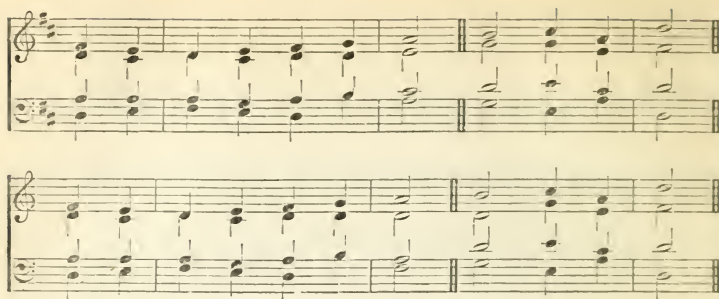
4 "I hold thy hand in Mine,
And as I walk beside,
The pearly gates lift up their heads,
And for us open wide.

5 "They opened long ago,
Opened to let Me in,
When I, returning from the fight,
Had conquered death and sin.

6 "And they stand open still,
Open, My child, for thee!
Then enter in with joyfulness,
And use thy liberty."

7 Jesus! I will draw nigh,
And in the "secret place"
Behold the beauty of my Lord,
And banquet on His grace.

William Pennenfather, 1871.



See Hymn 695.

(3.) HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

870 Matt. xiv. 35. "*They brought unto Him all that were diseased.*"Tune 190. CASSEL. Or 180. SUCCOTH.
87, 87, 77.

1 THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the weary cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall;
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants round Thy mercy-seat.

See Hymns 597, 598.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share:
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
Every law of love fulfilling,
Every comfort to impart:
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield:
Till the sick and sad in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
Shall the saints together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat!

Godfrey Thring, 1863.

II.—Missions Abroad.

(1.) JEWS.

871 Isa. lii. 8. "*The Lord shall bring again Zion.*"

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87, 87, 47.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;

Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here thy boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

872 Ps. lxxvii. 2. "*That Thy way may be known upon earth.*"

Tune 85. ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

1 TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine;

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.



3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

4 Oh let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth!
Tate and Brady, 1696.

873 Isa. lx. 15. "*I will make thee an eternal excellency.*"

Tune 45. YORK. Or 39. NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

- 1 O ZION, when thy Saviour came
In grace and love to thee,
No beauty in thy royal Lord
Thy faithless eye could see.
- 2 Yet, onward in His path of grace,
The holy Sufferer went,
To feel, at last, that love on thee
Had all in vain been spent.
- 3 Yet not in vain: o'er Israel's land
The glory yet will shine;
And He, thy once rejected King,
Messiah, shall be thine.
- 4 Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign
Of Jesus and His bride,
Shalt sound His grace and glory forth
To all the earth beside.
- 5 The nations to thy glorious light,
O Zion! yet shall throng;
And all the listening islands wait
To catch the joyful song.

6 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
Through earth and heaven above,
And all His ransomed people know
The sabbath of His love.
Sir Edward Denny, 1838.

874 Ps. lxxiv. 2. "*Remember... Thine inheritance which Thou hast redeemed.*"

Tune 27. HERMON. L.M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abraham! hear our prayer;
Let Abraham's seed Thy mercy share:
Oh, may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn!
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold;
Remember too Thy promised word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Though outcasts still, estranged from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree;
Why should they longer such remain?
For Thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek, a glorious throng,
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore!

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.
See Hymns 302, 322, 325, 328, 329, 334, 335, 483.

(2.) GENTILES.

875 Joel ii. 28. "*I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELICUS. L.M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.



See Hymn 1023. Also 152, 412.

- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord!
- James Montgomery, 1825.*

876 Acts xvi. 9. "Come over....and help us."

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh! salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story!
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!
- Bishop Heber, 1819.*

877 Gen. i. 3. "God said, Let there be light."

Tune 107. MOSCOW. 664, 6664.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the only blind:
Oh! now to all mankind
"Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."
- 4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"
- John Marriott, 1813.*

878 Ps. lxxii. 19. "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory."

Tune 191. ZAAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!



See Hymn 178.

- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the saving light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May Thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase,
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams, 1772.

879 Ps. xlv. 3. "*Gird Thy sword upon
Thy thigh, O Most Mighty.*"
Tune 11. GILBOA. L.M.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Thine enlisted host,
Display Thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 Bid, bid Thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of Thy reign;
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.
- 3 Fight for Thyself, O Jesus, fight,
The travail of Thy soul regain;
Before the blind make darkness light,
The crooked paths do Thou make plain:
Christopher Batty, 1867. (a.)

880 Mark xvi. 15. "*Preach the gospel
to every creature.*"
Tune 107. Moscow. 664, 6664.

- 1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:

Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

- 2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh

- 3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep
Stayed on His word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

- 4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine!
Thomas Kelly, 1820.

881 Ps. xvi. 10. "*Say among the
heathen that the Lord reigneth.*"
Tune 293. ALL SAINTS. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 HERALDS of the Lord of glory!
Lift your voices, lift them high:
Tell the gospel's wondrous story,
Tell it fully, faithfully;
Tell the heathen 'midst their woe
Jesus reigns, above, below.
- 2 Haste the day, the bright, the glorious!
When the sad and sin-bound slave
High shall laud, in pealing chorus,
Him who reigns, and reigns to save.
Tempter, tremble! Idols, fall!
Jesus reigns, the Lord of all!



See Hymn 901.

3 Christians! send to joyless regions
Heralds of the gladdening word;
Let them, voiced like trumpet legions,
Preach the kingdom of the Lord:
Tell the heathen, Jesus died!
Reigns He now, though crucified.

4 Saviour, let Thy quickening Spirit
Touch each herald lip with fire:
Nations then shall own Thy merit,
Hearts shall glow with Thy desire
Earth in jubilee shall sing,
Jesus reigns, the eternal King!

William Henry Havergal, 1827.

882 Jer. li. 27. "Blow the trumpet among the nations."

Tune 178. *SIRAH.* 87, 87.

1 **SOON** the trumpet of salvation
Loudly, sweetly shall be blown;
And each kindred, tongue, and nation
Shall the thrilling mandate own.

2 Myriads, verging on perdition,
Raised by its persuasive sound,
Shall with ardour and contrition
Come from earth's remotest bound.

3 All shall haste and come believing
To the refuge of the cross;
And the Saviour's grace receiving,
Joyous count all else but loss.

4 Great Immanuel! send Thy Spirit!
Let Thy gospel trumpet sound;
May the heathen know Thy merit,
Make Thy glorious grace abound!

William Henry Havergal, 1826.

883 Ps. xlv. 4. "In Thy majesty ride prosperously."

Tune 127. *ZOAN.* 1. 76, 76. D.

1 **WITH** hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King:

Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

2 In majesty transcendent,
Gird on Thy conquering sword;
In righteousness resplendent,
Ride on, Incarnate Word!
Ride on, O King Messiah,
To glory and renown;
Pierced by Thy darts of fire,
Be every foe o'erthrown.

3 So reign, O God, in heaven
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To Thy eternal name!
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought of gold.

4 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation.
And join her grateful strain:
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransomed world shall sing!

Harriet Auber, 1829.

884 Acts xiv. 26. "Recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled."

Tune 193. *IDUMEA.* 87, 87, 47.

1 **SPEED** Thy servants, Saviour, speed
them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them:
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.



See Hymn 324.

- 2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking
While they traverse sea and land:
Oh, be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.
- 4 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more.
- 5 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain;
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.
- 6 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see:
- 7 There to reap in joy, for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone!
- S. e Hymns 165, 209—211, 323, 330, 332, 333, 338, 342, 414, 461, 767. Thomas Kelly, 1826.*

THEME X.—Times and Seasons.

I.—Seasons of the Day.

(1.) MORNING.

885 Lam. iii. 23. "*They are new every morning.*"

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

- 1 **N**EW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

- 4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray!

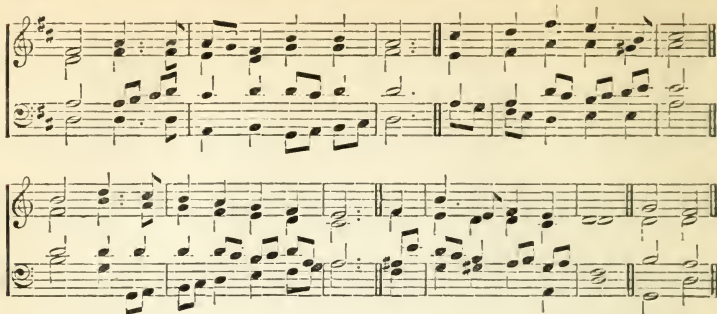
John Keble, 1827.

886 Ps. lvii. 8. "*Awake up, my glory.*"

Tune 3. CRASSELIVS.

Or 13. TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.



See Hymn 730.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend!

Part ii.

6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

9 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Bishop Ken, 1697; revised 1709.

2 When Thou madest heaven and earth,
Angels shouted at their birth;
Morning stars in chorus sang
When the world from darkness sprang.

3 When in sin and death we lay,
Thou didst wake us into day;
Thou, in human nature born,
Wert to us a glorious morn.

4 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quickened by Thy breath;
We arose with Thee our Head,
First-begotten from the dead.

5 Look on all with pitying eye
Who in heathen darkness lie;
Scatter, Lord, their shades of night,
Dawn upon them with Thy light.

Part ii.

6 Send to us the Holy Ghost,
Give the light of Pentecost;
That we may for ever bless
Thee, the Sun of Righteousness.

7 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us, and within;
May we see Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye.

8 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity.

9 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Light of Light, to Thee;
With the Father and the Son,
Praise the Spirit, Three in One!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1867.

887 John i. 4. "*The Life was the Light of men.*"

Tune 139. LUBECK. Or 145. CHIOS. 77. 77.

1 SON of God, Eternal Word,
Glorious Dayspring, Christ the Lord!
Shine upon us with Thy rays,
While we celebrate Thy praise.

888 Ps. xvi. 8. "*I have set the Lord always before me.*"

Tune 3. CRASELIUS. L.M.

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.



See Hymn 162.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ [given:
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven!
Charles Wesley, 1749. (a.)
See Hymns 105, 206.

SATURDAY MORNING.

889 Prov. xvi. 1. "*The preparations
of the heart...from the Lord.*"
Tune 52. ST. ANN. Or Hymn Chant III.
SMYRNA. C.M.

- 1 **THIS** is the day to tune with care
Each unseen chord within:
Would we for Sabbaths well prepare,
To-day we should begin.

- 2 Before the majesty of Heaven
To-morrow we appear;
No honour half so great is given,
Throughout man's sojourn here.
- 3 Yet if his heart be not prepared,
His soul not meetly dressed,
In vain that honour will be shared,
No smile will greet the guest.
- 4 We must beforehand lay aside
Our own polluted dress,
And wear the robe of Jesu's bride,
His spotless righteousness.
- 5 We must forsake this world below,
Forget all earthly things;
Strive with a seraph's love to glow,
And soar on angel wings.
- 6 The altar must be cleansed to-day,
Meet for the offered Lamb:
The wood in order we must lay,
And wait to-morrow's flame.
- 7 Lord of the sacrifice we bring,
To Thee our hopes aspire:
Our Prophet, our High Priest, and King,
Send down the sacred fire!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

(2.) EVENING.

890 Ps. cxxxix. 3. "*Thou compassed
...my lying down.*"

Tune 169. TIBERIAS. 84, 84, 8884.

- 1 **G**OD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us.

Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping:
And when we die
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Ep. Heber, 1827: v. 2, Archbp. Whately.



See Hymn 145.

891 Luke xxiv. 29. "Abide with us."

Tune 311. Hymn Chant. 10 10, 10 10.

- 1 **A** BIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away !
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings :
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
with me.
- 5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and print me to
the skies : [shadows flee ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !
Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

892 Ps. xxx. 5. "But joy cometh in the morning."

Tune 223. PHILEMON. 87, 87.

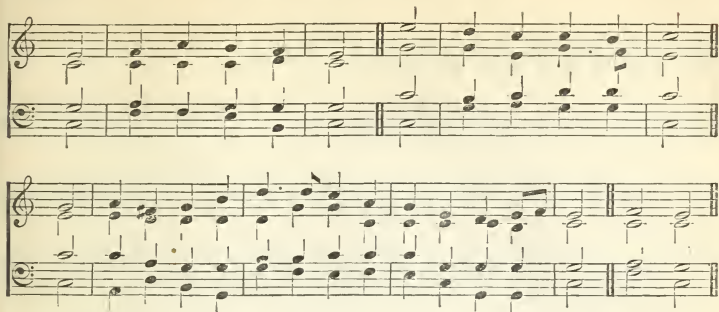
- 1 **L**ORD ! in love and mercy save us,
For our trust is all in Thee :
In that cleansing fountain lave us,
Which alone can make us free !

- 2 Weary, life's rough billows breasting,
Through the long lone d'sual night,
Grant that calmly, on Thee resting,
We may wait for morning light :
- 3 When the Sun shall shine forth, bringing
Peace with healing on His wings ;
And, all sadness changed to singing,
Thirst be slaked in living springs.
- 4 Lord ! we pray, and know Thou hearest,
For Thy promises are true :
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest ;
He who knows can also do !
- 5 What though night-black storms of sorrow,
Chafing, blind our eyes with tears ?
Joy, we know, comes with the morrow,
For our Heavenly Father hears ;
- 6 Hears, and shall not, more or longer,
Try us, than our strength can bear—
Lift the cross, or make us stronger :—
Trust all to His loving care !
- 7 Change, O Lord !—we pray in meekness—
Israel's wail to Miriam's song :
Feeling our own utter weakness,
Let us in Thy strength be strong !
Andrew J. Symington, 1869.

893 Ps. xxxix. 7. "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Saviour, thus before Thee
With our varied want and care ;
For a blessing we implore Thee,
Listen to our evening prayer !
- 2 By Thy favour safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving ;
Listen to our evening praise.
- 3 Through the day, Lord, Thou hast given
Strength sufficient for our need ;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.



See Hymn 456.

4 Lord, we thank Thee, and adore Thee,
For the solace of Thy love;
And rejoicing thus before Thee,
Wait Thy blessing from above!
Henry Bateman, 1862.

894 Zech. xiv. 7. "*At evening time it shall be light.*"

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA.
10 10, 10 10, 10 10.

1 **THE** day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
grows;

O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot
be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our
Guide,

Be Thou our Light in death's dark even-
tide;

Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou who in darkness walking didst ap-
pear

Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours
fail,

When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall
fall,

May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

895 Ps. cxxvii. 2. "*So He giveth His beloved sleep.*"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. Or 190. CASSEL.
87, 87, 77.

1 **THROUGH** the day Thy love has spared
us,

Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose!
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

896 Matt. xiv. 23. "*He went up into a mountain apart to pray.*"

Tune 155. SHENIR II. 77, 77.

1 **SOFTLY** now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee!

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye!
Bishop George W. Doane, D.D., 1826.



See Hymn 89.

897 Deut. xxxi. 6. "*He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*"

Hymn Chant VIII. LAODICEA. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 **A**S every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend:
Teach me Thy precepts, all Divine,
And be Thy great example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Still lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed:
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise!
William Shrubsole, jun., 1813.

898 Ps. xli. 2. "*The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.*"

Tune 103. AMPLIAS. 64, 66.

- 1 **T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned.—
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine!

*Latin Hymn, Eighteenth Century,
(tr.), 1858.*

899 Ps. xci. 4. "*Under His wings shalt thou trust.*"

Tune 13. TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

- 1 **A**LL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
&c.

Bishop Ken, 1697; revised 1709.



See Hymn 1115. Also 1120.

900 Ps. lxxv. 8. "*Thou makest the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice.*"

Tune 136. SHENIR I. 777, 5.

- 1 **THREE** in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light Divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One, and One in Three;
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm!

Gilbert Rorison, LL.D., 1850. (a.)

901 Ps. iv. 8. "*I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.*"

Tune 23. PENIEL. Or 260. HURSLEY. L.M.

- 1 **SUN** of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above!

John Keble, 1827.

902 Ps. lxxiv. 16. "*The night also is Thine.*"

Tune 185. GODESBERG. 87, 87.

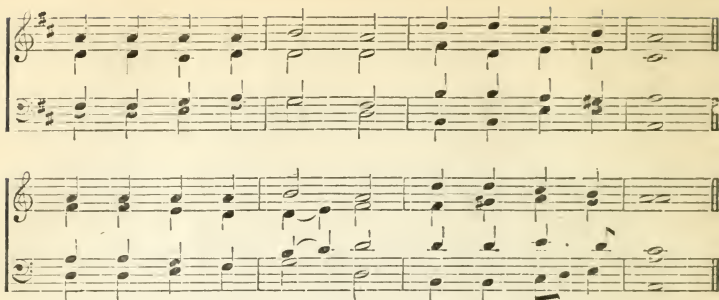
- 1 **SAVIOUR**, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

James Edmeston, 1820.

903 2 Cor. iv. 18. "*The things which are not seen are eternal.*"

Tune 76. BETHAVEN. C.M.D.

- 1 **THE** roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away.
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!



See Hymn 964. Also 569.

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint,
Oh for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher!
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire:
Oh by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
Oh by Thy life laid down;
Oh that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

See Hymns 525, 566.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 904** Exod. xix. 10, 11. "Sanctify them
to-day and to-morrow. . . and
be ready."

Tune 158. SHIOR. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week, our praise demand:
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy house appear;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above!

John Newton, 1774.

- 905** Ps. iv. 4. "Commune with your
own heart."

Tune 213. KEDRON. 886. D.

- 1 ANOTHER portion of the span,
Assigned to transitory man,
Has now for ever flown;
And ere I taste the sweet repose
My heavenly Guardian's care bestow
I kneel before His throne.
- 2 God of my life! to Thee I pray;
The passing pilgrim of a day,
Soon, soon to sleep in death—
Let me not spend unthinkingly
These moments that so quickly fly,
Shortened by every breath.
- 3 Ere yet that hallowed morn appear,
Given to recruit the soul and cheer,
Pour down Thy light Divine;
That while my progress I retrace,
Since last I hailed the day of grace,
Its beams within may shine.
- 4 Oh, has that rapid ceaseless tide,
Of which the waves so noiseless glide,
Borne me towards heaven, my home;
As surely as each day, each hour,
Has borne me with resistless power,
On to the silent tomb?
- 5 Have my affections soared above?
And has my Saviour's wondrous love
Constrained me, day by day,
For Him to act, to think, to speak,
His glory as my end to seek,
His Spirit to obey?
- 6 Have I His constant influence felt?
And has His holy word so "dwelt
Richly" my heart within,
That outward faults have been subdued,
And inward hidden thoughts renewed,
Cleansed from the taint of sin?
- 7 Lord! if my only answer now
Must be these silent tears that flow,
For days not given to Thee;
Still let a holier life begin,
A life not thus defaced by sin,
If I to-morrow see.



8 Then let Thy word its power exert,
To quicken, cleanse, transform my heart,
Within Thy house of prayer;
Or, if that boon be still denied,
With me in solitude abide,
And make my wants Thy care.

9 Now let me peacefully lie down, [own,
Cleansed, pardoned, numbered with Thine
While strengthening sleep is given;
Then let the auspicious Sabbath bring
Peace, gladness, healing on its wing,
And rest, like that of heaven!
Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

(3.) MIDNIGHT.

906 Ps. cxxi. 3. "*He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*"

Tune 224. ARISTARCHUS. 88, 88.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine;
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 Thy minstering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

5 I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine!
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

907 Ps. cxix. 151. "*Thou are near, O Lord.*"

Tune 223. PHILEMON. 88, 88.

1 LORD! of life the Guard and Giver,
Bless'd be Thy name for ever!
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Safe are those Thou kindly keepest.

2 Through night's curtains, round us closing,
Seen of Thee is our reposing;
Let Thine angels, without number,
Watch around our beds of slumber.

3 Grant to those, in pain that languish,
Sleep to lull the sense of anguish;
Give to those, in sorrow waking,
Sleep to soothe the heart's sore aching.

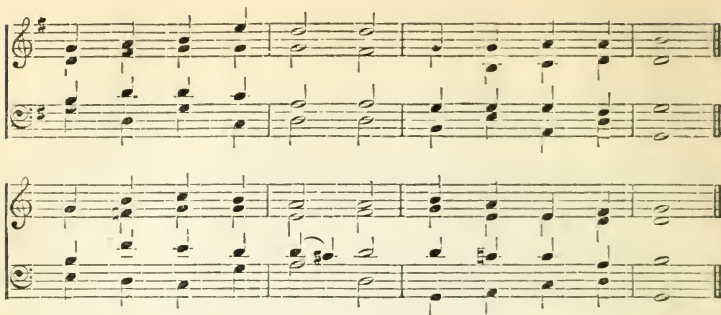
4 Thou that, ever wakeful, livest,
Sleep to Thy lov'd guest,
Night by night, oh send, to ease us,
Sleep—until we sleep in Jesus!

James Hogg, 1807. (a.)

908 Job xxxv. 10. "*Who giveth songs in the night.*"

Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA.
11 10, 11 10, 10 10, 10 12.

1 MY God, my God, I know that Thou
dost hear me,
Though midnight darkness be around
me spread;
I know Thy presence is for ever near me,
Around my dwelling, and about my bed;
My rock, my shield, the tower of my de-
fence;
The songs of angels echo round Thy
throne,
And yet Thou lov'st the trembling con-
fidence
Of the poor sinful heart that trusts in
Thee alone.



See Hymn 934.

- 2 Creator : Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !
 My soul would praise Thee in the silent
 night,
 I dwell beneath Thy love, Thy power, Thy
 merit,
 Thou my salvation, my eternal light :
 And when my feet shall tread the dreary
 vale
 Of death's dark shadow ; in that dread-
 ful hour,
 When all is dark, and flesh and blood must
 fail,
 Oh ! then, my God, as now, uphold me
 with Thy power.
- 3 Be with me then, now make my heart an
 altar
 Fragrant with incense of perpetual
 praise :
 Let not my weak soul shrink, nor spirit
 falter, [some ways :
 Nor my frail heart mistrust those dark-
 But Thou, O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bright as a morning from a gloomy
 night ; [skies
 Till my rapt soul spring upward to the
 And know and own Thee there, her
 strength, her joy, her light !
From Rev. E. Garbett, circa 1860.

II.—The Year.

(1.) OPENING OF THE YEAR.

909 1 Cor. ix. 24. "*So run, that ye
 may obtain.*"

Tune 15. OLD TEN COMMANDMENTS. L.M.

- 1 ANOTHER year has now begun
 With silent pace its course to run ;
 Our hearts and voices let us raise
 To God in prayer and songs of praise.
- 2 Father, Thy bounteous love we bless,
 For gifts and mercies numberless ;
 For life and health, for grace and peace,
 For hope of joys that never cease.
- 3 O Son of God, in faith and fear
 Teach us to walk as strangers here,
 With hearts in heaven, that we may come
 To where Thou art, our Father's home.
- 4 Grant us, O Comforter, Thy grace,
 And speed us on our earthly race,
 In body, spirit, and in soul,
 Right onward to the heavenly goal.
- 5 Thou, Lord, who makest all things new,
 Oh, give us hearts both pure and true
 That we, as jewels, ever Thine,
 In New Jerusalem may shine.

- 6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we pray,
 Defend and guide us on our way ;
 That we at last with joy may see
 The new year of eternity !
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

910 Ps. xxxi. 3. "*For Thy name's
 sake, lead me and guide me.*"

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
 To each soul assembled here ;
 Clothe Thy word with power Divine,
 Make us willing to be Thine.
- 2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep
 Teach the stony heart to weep ;
 Let the blind have eyes to see,
 See themselves, and look to Thee.
- 3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run ;
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young ;
 Call forth praise from every tongue ;
 Let this whole assembly prove
 All Thy power and all Thy love !
John Newton, 1779.



911 Isa. xli. 10. "*Fear thou not, for I am with thee.*"

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D. and Chorus.

- 1 **S**TANDING at the portal Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us, Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful, Making us rejoice.

Chorus.—Onward then, and fear not, Children of the Day!

For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

- 2 "I the Lord am with thee, Be thou not afraid!

I will help and strengthen, Be thou not dismayed!

Yea, I will uphold thee With My own right hand!

Thou art called and chosen In My sight to stand."

Chorus.—Onward then, &c.

- 3 For the year before us, Oh, what rich supplies!

For the poor and needy Living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful Shall His grace abound;

For the faint and feeble Perfect strength be found!

Chorus.—Onward then, &c.

- 4 He will never fail us, He will not forsake,
His eternal covenant He will never break,
Resting on His promise, What have we to fear?

God is All-Sufficient For the coming year!

Chorus.—Onward then, &c.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

912 Ps. xxxi. 15. "*My times are in Thy hand.*"

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

- 1 **M**Y times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

- 3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
The Hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

- 5 My times are in Thy hand;
I'll always trust in Thee;
And after death at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be!

William Freeman Lloyd, 1835.

913 Ps. xxxiii. 6. "*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.*"

Tune 127. ZOAN I. Or 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O gracious Father,
My New Year's hymn I raise;
A song of exultation,
A psalm of soul-felt praise!
For Thou hast been my Keeper,
My every want supplied;
The Lord Jehovah-Jireh,
He ever doth provide.

- 2 To Thee, O blessed Saviour,
Who died that I might live,
A heart's best adoration
Of gratitude I give:
In Thy sweet grace confiding,
I rest this bright new year;
Beneath Thy wings abiding,
Oh, what have I to fear?



See Hymn 955.

3 To Thee, O Holy Spirit,
O gentle heavenly Dove,
I raise my Ebenezer,
And sing of all Thy love:
Thy strength in perfect weakness,
Thy strivings with my soul;
Till, in my Lord's completeness,
Thy help hath made me whole.

See Hymns 726, 920, 921.

4 I bring my countless treasures,
Thy new year's gifts to me;
To hide in Thy pavilion,
O Triune Deity!
And o'er Thy feet, dear Master,
While tears of gladness fall,
I break my alabaster,
For Thou hast purchased all.

L. H. R., 1866.

(2.) CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

914 Ps. xliii. 3. "O send out Thy
light and Thy truth."

Tune 237. OLD 124TH. 10 10 10, 10 10.

1 OUR year of grace is wearing to its
close,
Its autumn storms are lowering from the
sky;
Shine on us with Thy light, O God Most
High:

Abide with us where'er our pathway goes,
Our Guide in toil, our Guardian in repose.

2 All through the months hath beamed Thy
cheering light,
From Bethlehem's day-star waxing ever
on:

Through every cloud Thy blessed Sun
hath shone.

Earth may be dark to them that walk by
sight,

But for Thy church the day is always
bright.

3 Light us in life, that we may see Thy will,
The track Thine hand hath ordered for
our way;

Light us, when shadows gather o'er our
day:

Shine on us in that passage lone and chill,
And then our darkness with Thy glory
fill.

4 Praise be to God from earth's remotest
coast,
From lands and seas, and each created
race:

Praise from the worlds His hand hath
launched in space:
Praise from the church, and from the
heavenly host:

Praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Gh s .

Dean Alford, D.D., 1867.

915 2 Cor. i. 10. "Who delivered us,
....and doth deliver; in whom we
trust that He will yet deliver."

Tune 149. VIENNA. 77, 77.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay:
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread;
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou His dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh, help us to endure:
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton, 1851.



916 Ps. xc. 9. "*We spend our years
as a tale that is told.*"

Tune 153. SILOAM. Or 152. LUXEMBURG.
77, 77.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the passing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
- 2 Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 3 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 4 Bless Thy word to young and old :
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above !

John Newton, 1779.

917 Ps. xc. 12. "*So teach us to number
our days.*"

Tune 152. LUXEMBURG. Or 149. VIENNA.
77, 77.

- 1 **T**IME by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day ;
Thus another year is flown,
Now it is no more our own.
- 2 But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt :
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have the Spirit grieved.
- 3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay :
Take, oh, take our guilt away :
Self condemned, on Thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
- 4 If we see another year,
May we spend it in Thy fear ;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.

John Newton, 1779. (σ)

See Hymns 104, 456, 571, 573, 578, 1020, 1021.

(3.) YEAR OF JUBILEE.

918 Lev. xxv. 9. "*Cause the trumpet
of the Jubilee to sound.*"

Tune 115. GOSPAL. 6666, 88.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;

The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.



See Hymn 845.

919

Ps. lxxii. 17. "And men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed."

Tune 191. ZAAAIM. 87, 87, 77.

1 SHOUT, O earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
Shout! as when from chaos breaking
Sweetly flowed thy natal song:
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

2 Downward from His star-paved dwelling
Comes the incarnate Son of God;
Countless voices, thrilling, swelling,
Tell the triumphs of His blood:
Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless
With His spotless righteousness.

3 See His glowing hand uplifted!

Clustering bounties drop around,
Rebels e'en are richly gifted,
Pardon, peace, and joy abound!
Shout, O earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heavens along.

4 Call Him blessed! on thy mountains,
In thy wild and citied plains,
Call Him blessed! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

5 Blessed Lord, and Lord of blessing!
Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad;
Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blessèd, Blessèd, Blessèd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word.

William Henry Havergal, 1841.

III.—Seasons of Life.

(1.) BIRTHDAYS.

920

Rom. xiii. 12. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Tune 76. BETHAVEN. C.M.D.

1 REJOICE, my fellow-pilgrim! for another stage is o'er
Of the weary homeward journey, to be travelled through no more;
No more these clouds and shadow-veils shall darken all our sky:
No more these snares and stumbling-blocks across our path shall lie.

2 Rejoice, my fellow-soldier! for another long campaign
Is ended, and its dangers have not all been met in vain;
Some enemies are driven back, some ramparts overthrown;

Some earnest given that victory at length shall be our own!

3 Rejoice, my fellow-servant! for another year is past;
The heat and burden of the day will not for ever last;
And yet the work is pleasant now, and sweet the Master's smile;
And well may we be diligent through all our "little while."

4 Rejoice, my Christian brother! for the race is nearer run,
And home is drawing nearer still with each revolving sun;
And if some ties are breaking here, of earthly hope and love,
More sweet the fair attractions of the better land above.



5 The light that shone through all the past
will still our steps attend,
The Guide who led us hitherto will lead
us to the end;
The distant view is brightening fast, with
fewer clouds between.
The golden streets are gleaming now, the
pearly gates are seen.

6 Oh for the joyous greetings *there*, to meet
and part no more!
For ever with the Lord, and all His loved
ones gone before!
New mercies from our Father's hand with
each new year may come;
But that will be the best of all, a blissful
welcome home.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

921 Exod. iii. 12. "*Certainly I will
be with thee.*"

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 15 15, 15 15.

1 "CERTAINLY I will be with thee!"
Father, I have found it true:
To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would
set my seal anew.
All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou
my help indeed hast been,
Marvellous the loving-kindness every day
and hour hath seen.

2 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Let me
feel it, Saviour dear,
Let me know that Thou art with me, very
precious, very near.
On this day of solemn pausing, with Thy-
self all longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy
peace my spirit fill.

3 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Blessed
Spirit, come to me,
Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my
heart Thy temple be;
Through the trackless year before me,
Holy One, with me abide!
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be
my ever-present Guide.

4 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Starry
promise in the night!
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away
before its light.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" He hath
spoken: I have heard!
True of old, and true this moment, I will
trust Jehovah's word.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

922 Num. xxviii. 11. "*In the begin-
nings of your months ye shall
offer a burnt-offering.*"

Tune 211. JORDAN. 8 8 6. D.

1 AS the new moons of old were given
A sacred offering to Heaven,
Enjoined by laws Divine,
So, Lord, as each new month is lent,
Its primal day would I present,
Time's first-fruits, at Thy shrine.

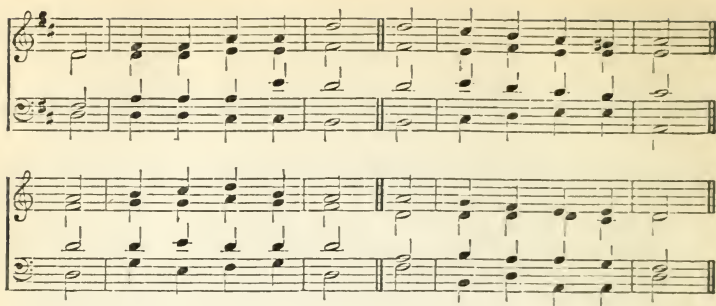
2 And chiefly, while I dwell on earth,
Should this, the month which gave me
birth,
Be given to Thee, my God;
Oh deign to bless each hour's employ,
And fill with peace, and hope, and joy,
This heart, Thy mean abode.

3 Let me pursue my heavenly way
With growing strength, from day to day,
Advancing more and more;
And on the day my life commenced
May showers of blessings be dispensed,
Where drops were given before!

4 Let me be Thine, and Thine alone;
Make every faculty Thine own,
My Saviour and my King!
Each bounteous gift by Thee bestowed,
Laid on Thine altar, O my God,
To Thee shall glory bring.

Charlotte Elliott, 1863.

See Hymns 104, 105, 571, 585, 726.



See Hymn 276.

(2.) CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

923 Matt. xviii. 2. "Jesus called a little child unto Him."

Tune 213. KEDRON. 886. D.

- 1 **AND** is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?
- 2 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none:
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His little one.
- 3 And He can do all this for me,
Because, in sorrow, on the tree,
He once for sinners hung;
And, having washed their sin away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.
- 4 Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then, if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him, and say,
Lord, keep Thy little one.
- 5 Thus, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His,
Who loves the little one.

Amelia Matilda Hull, 1860.

924 Ps. li. 7. "Whiter than snow."

Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.

With refrain from 138. ABILENE.

- 1 **AROUND** the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand:
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory,

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious, purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb:
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 6 And is that fountain flowing yet?
Blest Saviour, lead us there:
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

Anne Houlditch, 1847.

925 Rev. xxi. 18. "The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77. Repeat first note.

- 1 **BEAUTIFUL** Zion, built above!
Beautiful city that I love!
Beautiful gates of pearly white!
Beautiful temple, God its light!
- 2 Beautiful trees, for ever there!
Beautiful fruits they always bear!
Beautiful rivers gliding by!
Beautiful fountains, never dry!
- 3 Beautiful light, without the sun:
Beautiful day revolving on!
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold!
Beautiful streets of shining gold!



- 4 Beautiful heaven where all is light!
Beautiful angels clothed in white!
Beautiful songs that never tire!
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
- 5 Beautiful crowns on every brow!
Beautiful palms the conquerors show!
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear!
Beautiful all who enter there!

George Gill, 1859.

926 Ps. xciv. 9. "*He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?*"

Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 **G**OD is in heaven. Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, that He can; I need not fear;
He'll listen unto mine.
- God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though I said it very low
He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.
- 5 God is in heaven. May I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet; but love Him here below,
And He will see it there.
- 6 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

Ann Taylor, 1827. (a.)

927 Matt. vi. 10. "*Thy kingdom come.*"

Tune 182. STUTTGARD. 87, 87.

- 1 **G**OD of heaven, hear our singing!
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

- 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed!

- 3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

- 4 Father, send the glorious hour;
Every heart be Thine alone;
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory are Thine own.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1869.

928 Rev. vii. 17. "*God shall wipe away all tears.*"

OLD TUNE. 776.

- 1 **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful
When we meet to part no more!
- 2 All who love the Lord below
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh! that, etc.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.
Oh! that, etc.
- 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love;
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh! that, etc.
- 5 Oh, how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
Oh! that, etc.
- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh! that, etc.

Thomas Bilby, 1832.



See Hymn 275. Also 692.

929 Matt. xxi. 15. "The children crying... Hosanna."

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **H**OSANNA! loud hosanna!
The little children sang:
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang:
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.
- 2 From Olivet they followed,
'Mid that exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And shouting clear and loud:
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky—
"Hosanna in the highest:
Glory to God on high!"
- 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound:
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.
- 4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh! may we ever praise Him,
With heart, and life, and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

Jennette Threlfall, 1868.

930 John xiii. 15. "I have given you an example."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. Or 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **I** LOVE to hear the story,
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

- 3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise:
For He has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

E. H. Miller.

931 Ps. lxxxiv. 11. "The Lord will give grace and glory."

Tune 166. ZOAN II., adapted. S7, 87. D.

- 1 **I'**M glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory,
And praise my Saviour and my King,
Like those who dwell in glory.
- 2 I hope to praise Him when I die,
In glory, glory, glory,
And shout salvation as I fly
To glory, glory, glory.
I'll sing while mounting through the air
To glory, glory, glory,
Then meet my Father's children there
In glory, glory, glory.



3 A few more rising suns at most,
(Sing glory, glory, glory.)
And we shall join the ransomed host
In glory, glory, glory.
Upon Mount Zion we shall meet
In glory, glory, glory;
Then cast our crowns beneath His feet
In glory, glory, glory.

4 Come, sinners, come, and seek the grace
That leads to glory, glory,
There's room enough in that blest place
Where Jesus dwells in glory.
Believe, repent, seek holiness,
And glory, glory, glory,
For God doth freely give His grace,
And glory, glory, glory.

Anon., 1821.

NEW YEAR'S, OR BIRTHDAY, HYMN.

932 Heb. xii. 2. "*Looking unto Jesus.*"

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D. and Chorus.

1 JESUS, blessed Saviour, Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving, songs of holy praise.

Oh, how kind and gracious Thou hast
always been! [seen!]

Oh, how many blessings Every day has

Chorus.—Jesus, blessed Saviour, Now
our praises hear,

For Thy grace and favour,
Crowning all the year.

2 Jesus, holy Saviour, Only Thou canst tell,
How we often stumbled, How we often
fell!

All our sins (so many!) Saviour, Thou
dost know; [as snow.]

In Thy blood most precious, Wash us white

Chorus.—Jesus, blessed Saviour, Keep
us in Thy fear,

Let Thy grace and favour,
Pardon all the year.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, Only Thou dost
know

All that may befall us, As we onward go.
So we humbly pray Thee, Take us by the
hand,

Lead us ever upward To the Better Land.

Chorus.—Jesus, blessed Saviour, Keep
us ever near,

Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

4 Jesus, precious Saviour, Make us all Thine

own,
Make us Thine for ever, Make us Thine
alone.

Let each day, each moment, Of this glad
New-Year,

Be for Jesus only, Jesus, Saviour dear.

Chorus.—Then, O blessed Saviour, Never
need we fear,

For Thy grace and favour,
Crown our bright New-Year!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

933 1 Pet. ii. 21. "*Leaving us an example.*"

Tune 132. KIRIATHAIM. Or 130. GOLD-
BACH I. 76, 86. D.

1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,—
She hath done what she could.



See Hymn 275. Also 692.

929 Matt. xxi. 15. "*The children crying... Hosanna.*"

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **H**OSANNA! loud hosanna!
The little children sang:
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang:
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.
- 2 From Olivet they followed,
'Mid that exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And shouting clear and loud:
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky—
"Hosanna in the highest:
Glory to God on high!"
- 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound:
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.
- 4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh! may we ever praise Him,
With heart, and life, and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

Jennette Threlfall, 1868.

930 John xiii. 15. "*I have given you an example.*"

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. Or 127. ZOAN I.
76, 76. D.

- 1 **I** LOVE to hear the story,
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

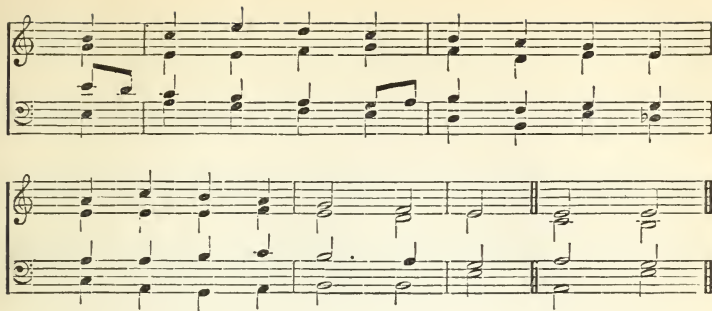
- 3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise:
For He has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

E. H. Miller.

931 Ps. lxxxiv. 11. "*The Lord will give grace and glory.*"

Tune 166. ZOAN II., adapted. 87, 87. D.

- 1 **I**'M glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory,
And praise my Saviour and my King,
Like those who dwell in glory.
- 2 I hope to praise Him when I die,
In glory, glory, glory,
And shout salvation as I fly
To glory, glory, glory.
I'll sing while mounting through the air
To glory, glory, glory,
Then meet my Father's children there
In glory, glory, glory.



3 A few more rising suns at most,
 (Sing glory, glory, glory.)
 And we shall join the ransomed host
 In glory, glory, glory.
 Upon Mount Zion we shall meet
 In glory, glory, glory;
 Then cast our crowns beneath His feet
 In glory, glory, glory.

4 Come, sinners, come, and seek the grace
 That leads to glory, glory,
 There's room enough in that blest place
 Where Jesus dwells in glory.
 Believe, repent, seek holiness,
 And glory, glory, glory,
 For God doth freely give His grace,
 And glory, glory, glory.

Anon., 1821.

NEW YEAR'S, OR BIRTHDAY, HYMN.

932 Heb. xii. 2. "*Looking unto Jesus.*"

Tune 105. HERMAS. 63, 65. D. and Chorus.

1 JESUS, blessed Saviour, Help us now to
 raise
 Songs of glad thanksgiving, songs of holy
 praise.
 Oh, how kind and gracious Thou hast
 always been! [seen!
 Oh, how many blessings Every day has
 Chorus.—Jesus, blessed Saviour, Now
 our praises hear,
 For Thy grace and favour,
 Crowning all the year.

2 Jesus, holy Saviour, Only Thou canst tell,
 How we often stumbled, How we often
 fell!
 All our sins (so many!) Saviour, Thou
 dost know; [as snow.
 In Thy blood most precious, Wash us white
 Chorus.—Jesus, blessed Saviour, Keep
 us in Thy fear,
 Let Thy grace and favour,
 Pardon all the year.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, Only Thou dost
 know
 All that may befall us, As we onward go.
 So we humbly pray Thee, Take us by the
 hand,
 Lead us ever upward To the Better Land.

Chorus.—Jesus, blessed Saviour, Keep
 us ever near,
 Let Thy grace and favour
 Shield us all the year.

4 Jesus, precious Saviour, Make us all Thine
 own,
 Make us Thine for ever, Make us Thine
 alone.
 Let each day, each moment, Of this glad
 New-Year,
 Be for Jesus only, Jesus, Saviour dear.

Chorus.—Then, O blessed Saviour, Never
 need we fear,
 For Thy grace and favour,
 Crown our bright New-Year!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

933 1 Pet. ii. 21. "*Leaving us an example.*"

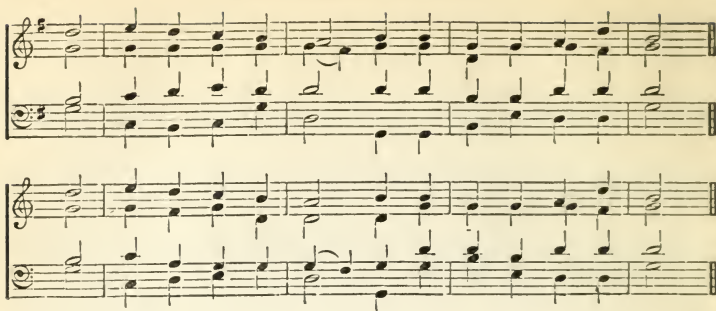
Tune 132. KIRIATHAIM. Or 130. GOLD-
 BACH I. 76, 86. D.

1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
 So lowly and so meek,
 For no one marked an angry word
 That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer;
 Alone upon the mountain top,
 He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus:
 I never, never find
 That He, though persecuted, was
 To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
 Engaged in doing good,
 So that of me it may be said,—
 She hath done what she could.



See Hymn 330.

- 4 Sweet Hallelujahs! the great congregation
Round the white throne shall re-echo
the word,
Pass with their palms through the gates
of salvation,
With sweet Hallelujahs in praise to the
Lord.

Paxton Hood, 1862.

940 Ps. v. 3. "In the morning will I
direct my prayer unto Thee."

Tune 59. ARRAN. C.M.

- 1 THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
- 2 All through the day I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.
- 3 Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy face.

Thomas O. Summers, 1851.

941 1 Cor. ii. 10. "The things which
God hath prepared for them
that love Him."

Tune 127. ZOAN I. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 76. D. Repeat first note.

- 1 THERE'S A Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky:
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba Father cry.

A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky.
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky.
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved Him here below.

- 5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

- 6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane, 1861.

942 Matt. xxi. 9. "Blessed is He that
cometh in the name of the Lord."

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.
With Hosanna from 2. EUPHRATES.

- 1 WHEN His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
"Hosanna" to His name.



Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! Amen.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! Amen.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! Amen.

Joshua King, 1830.

See *Hymns* 95, 129, 153, 179, 226, 286, 386, 390,
397, 456, 547, 631, 664, 666, 865, 866.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR CHILDREN.

943 Luke ii. 18. "*Those things which were told them by the shepherds.*"

[For Music, see end of "Havergal's Psalmody."]

1 SO happy all the day
Had I been without play;
And such good thoughts had come o'er my
mind:
That I wondered what it meant,
Or for why it was sent;
As I ne'er had felt aught of the kind.
2 And the birds, all day long,
Had kept trilling their song;
And the sun had gone down, oh, so red!
We had folded the sheep,
And were talking of sleep,
But, somehow, we cared not for bed.

3 The stars were all drest
In their brightest and best;
And the moon showed a streak of her gold:
'Twas a glorious night;
And we thought of the sight
Of which David our father has told.

4 A sound struck our ear,
Sweet, joyous, and clear,
It seemed like a musical breeze:
But, ere we could gaze,
We were all in a blaze,
And found ourselves down on our knees.

5 A bright one then said,
('Twas like life from the dead,)
" Good tidings, good tidings, I bring!
Messiah's come down;
In your own little town
You will find Him a Babe and a King!"

6 And then the whole choir,
Rising higher and higher,
Sang of "glory, sweet peace and good-will,"
The sheep seemed to dance,
And the mountains to prance,
And the stars could no longer stand still.

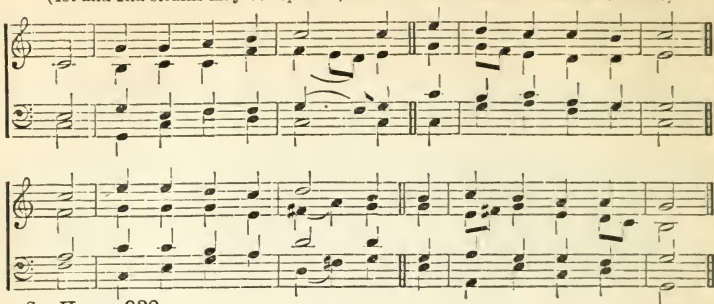
7 Then onward we sped,
To find out the bed,
Where the Saviour in lowliness lay:
Near Bethlehem's inn,
(Oh shame on their sin!)
We found Him 'midst cattle and hay.

8 But we saw the blest sight;
'Twas our Judah's delight;
And Mary and Joseph were there:
And soon we made known
To all in the town
What we heard the good angel declare.

9 And now, every day,
I sing and I pray
To the Babe who is Saviour and all:
May His wonderful birth
Be known through the earth,
And cheer both the great and the small!

William Henry Havergal, circa 1834.

(1st and 2nd strains may be repeated, and last two omitted or used as Chorus.)



See Hymn 929.

944 Luke ii. 9. "The glory of the Lord shone round about them."

[For Music, see end of "Havergal's Psalmody."]

- 1 HOW grand and how bright
That wonderful night,
When angels to Bethlehem came!
They burst forth like fires,
They struck their gold lyres,
And mingled their sound with the flame.
- 2 The shepherds were 'mazed,
The pretty lambs gazed
At darkness thus turned into light:
No voice was there heard
From man, beast, or bird,
So sudden and solemn the sight.
- 3 And then, when the sound
Re-echoed around,
The hills and the dales all awoke:
The moon and the stars
Stopped their fiery cars,
And listened while Gabriel spoke:
- 4 "I bring you," said he,
"From the glorious Three,
Good tidings to gladden mankind;
The Saviour is born,
But He lies all forlorn
In a manger, as soon you will find."
- 5 At mention of this,
(The source of all bliss,)
The angels sang loudly and long;
They soared to the sky,
Beyond mortal eye,
But left us the words of their song:
- 6 "All Glory to God,"
Who laid by His rod,
To smile on the world through His Son;
"And peace be on earth,"
For this wonderful birth
Most wonderful conquests has won:
- 7 "And good-will to man,"
Though his life's but a span,
And his thoughts all evil and wrong:
Then pray, Christians, pray;
But let Christmas-Day
Have your sweetest and holiest song.
William Henry Havergal, circa 1827.

945 Ps. cv. 2. "Talk ye of all His wondrous works."

[For Music, see end of "Havergal's Psalmody."]

- 1 COME, shepherds, come, 'tis just a year
Since sweetest music woke our ear,
And angels blessed our sight.
Come, lift your heart and tune your voice,
And bid the hills and vales rejoice,
As on that glorious night.
 - 2 'Tis just a year ago, we say,
When night shone out as clear as day,
And heaven came down to earth.
How did we fear, how did we gaze,
Surrounded by the sudden blaze,
And thrilled with sounds of mirth!
 - 3 Ah! see you not that angel choir?
And hear you not that mighty lyre
Which hushed our bleating sheep
And, oh, that voice of sweetest awe,
Which told us all we after saw!
Who now would silence keep?
 - 4 Come, shepherds, come, with prayer and
song,
This night to be remembered long,
Rejoice to celebrate.
With reedy pipe, chant forth who can
To God all glory, love to man,
And peace in every gate!
 - 5 'Tis just a year ago to-night,
From heaven came down the Prince of
Light.
Our guilty world to bless;
Let Gentiles now with Israel sing
Our Saviour, Brother, Friend, and King,
Our promised Righteousness!
William Henry Havergal, 1860.
- 946 Ps. xx. 5. "We will rejoice in Thy salvation."
- Tune 159. KADESH. 77, 77. D.
- 1 WELCOME Christmas! welcome here!
Happiest season of the year!
Fires are blazing, thee to greet,
Families together meet,



Brothers, sisters circle round,
Loud the joyous, happy sound;
For old England loves to see
All her children welcome thee.

- 2 Welcome Christmas! for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice;
Not with foolish, idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth.
Far be such ungrateful thought,
Ours are blessings dearly bought;
Dearly bought, but freely given,
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

- 3 Fix we then on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh:
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord.
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near!
May His love the season cheer,
And each gladdened heart and tongue
Join the angels' Christmas song.

Mary Ann Stodart, 1840.

947 Ps. cxlviii. 12, 13. "Children,....
praise the name of the Lord."

Tune 105. HERMAS. 6 5, 6 5. D. and Chorus.

- 1 **WAKEN**, Christian children!
Up! and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.
Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day. Waken, etc.

- 2 Up! nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be!
Once He said of children,
"Let them come to Me."
Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or perfume,
Fitting for a King. Waken, etc.

- 3 Gifts He asketh richer.
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.
Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.

Waken, etc.

Samuel Collingwood Hamerton, 1860.

948 John xiv. 3. "I will come again."
Tune 193. IDUMEA.
Or 191. ZAANAIM. 15, 15, 15.

- 1 **JESUS** came (the heavens adoring), came
with peace from realms on high:
Jesus came for man's redemption, lowly
came on earth to die.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Came in deep
humility.

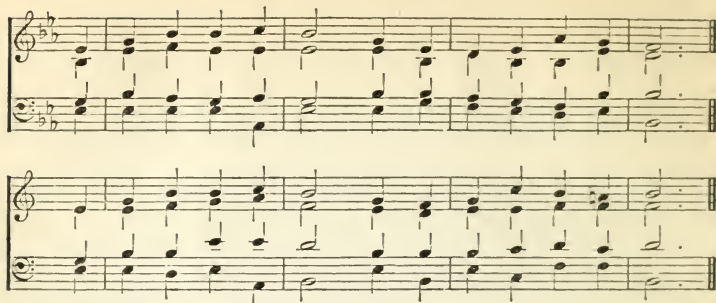
- 2 Jesus comes again in mercy, when our
hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer to an earnest
heartfelt prayer,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Comes to save
us from despair.

- 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing, bringing
news of sin forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness, leading
souls redeemed to heaven.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Now the gate of
death is riven.

- 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow, shares alike
our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us, glads our
hearts, and dries our tears,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Cheering e'en
our failing years.

- 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant, when
the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,—let us then
our homage pay;
Hallelujah! ever singing, till the dawning
of the day.

Godfrey Thring, 1866.



See Hymn 1138.

(3.) CONFIRMATION.

949 Mark i. 17. "*Jesus said unto them, Come ye after Me.*"

Tune 185. GODESBERG. 8 7, 8 7.

- 1 JESUS calls us—o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us;
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 3 In our joys, and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."
- 4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

950 Jer. l. 5. "*Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.*"

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. Or 66. BEDFORD. C.M.

- 1 COME, let us seek the grace of God,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Come, let us join ourselves to Him
Who died our souls to save,
Who died that sinners, such as we,
Eternal life might have.
- 3 And may we ever, through His grace,
This covenant bear in mind;
No more forsake the Lord our God,
Nor cast His word behind.
- 4 Oh! let the days already past
Suffice to have spent in vain;
Let Satan's power no more prevail,
Nor in our members reign.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
May we by faith receive;
And henceforth die to all below,
And to Thee only live.

C. Wesley, 1762; E. Bickersteth, 1833.

951 Ps. x. 17. "*Thou wilt prepare their heart.*"

Tune 11. GILBOA. Or 26. CYPRUS. L.M.

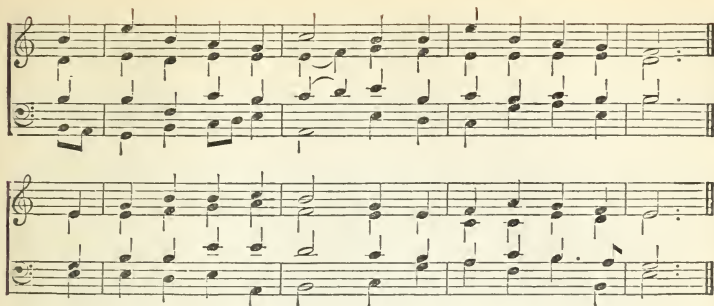
- 1 LOOK down, O Lord! and on our youth
Bestow Thy gifts of heavenly grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each mind a fruitful place.
- 2 Soon to appear before Thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite,
Bid each his heart and life review.
- 3 The cross that marked their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of Thy love.
- 4 Now in the strength of power Divine,
Oh! may they all, with glad accord,
In holy covenant combine,
And join themselves to Christ the Lord.
- 5 Thy sons and daughters may they be
Confirmed and strengthened by Thy
grace;
And, safe through life preserved by Thee,
In heaven behold Thee face to face.

Thomas Cotterill, 1821.

952 Lev. xxiii. 17. "*The firstfruits unto the Lord.*"

Tune 83. MORAVIA. Or 79. AVEN. S.M.

- 1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.
- 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.



3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee.
And pray that long as we shall live
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

John Hampden Gurney, 1851.

953 Ps. cxix. 94. "I am Thine."
Tune 147. PATMOS. Or 149. VIENNA.
77, 77.

1 **THINE** for ever:—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—**h**ow blessed
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary Fawler Maude, 1848.

954 Ps. cviii. 1. "O God, my heart is
fixed, I will sing and give
praise."

Tune 24. MELCOMBE. L.M.

1 **OH** happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

4 Our God, who heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1775.

955 Phil. iii. 14. "I press toward the
mark."

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D.

1 **ONWARD**, holy champion! Run the
Christian race; [set thy face;
Leave the world behind thee, heavenward
Fresh from cleansing water, bright with
oil Divine, [bread and wine.

2 **Onward**, holy champion! Throw all weight
aside, [pride;
All distracting pleasure, all encumbering
Shun the subtle pitfalls laid by Satan's
spite; [affright.
Let not smiles betray thee, let not frowns

3 **Onward**, holy champion! Angels, bending
down, [future crown;
Watch thy brave endeavour, guard thy
Christ, thy gracious Saviour, cheers thy
striving soul, [goal.
And thy prize awaits thee at the heavenly

Benjamin H. Kennedy, D.D., 1867.



See Hymn 5. Also 8.

956 2 Tim. iv. 8. "*Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.*"

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D. and Chorus.

1 "ONWARD, upward, homeward!"
hastily I flee,
From this world of sorrow, with my Lord
to be;

Onward to the glory, upward to the prize,
Homeward to the mansions far above the
skies.

Onward to the glory, etc.

2 "Onward, upward, homeward!" Here I
find no rest;

Treading o'er the desert which my Saviour
pressed;

"Onward, upward, homeward!" I shall
soon be there,
Soon its joys and pleasures, I, through
grace, shall share.

Onward to the glory, etc.

3 "Onward, upward, homeward!" Come
along with me;

Ye who love the Saviour, bear me com-
pany;

"Onward, upward, homeward!" press
with vigour on,

Yet a little moment, and the race is won!
Onward to the glory, etc.

Albert Madlane, 1864.

957 Luke ix. 57. "*I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.*"

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. Or 130. GOLDBACH.
76, 76. D.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thon for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thon art by my side,
Nor wonder from the pathway
If Thon wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self will.
Oh speak! to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh speak! to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

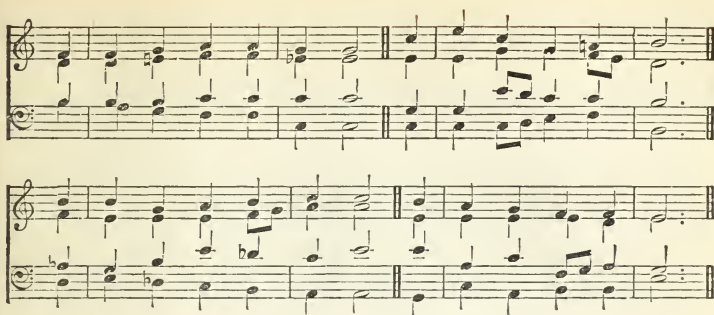
4 Oh! let me see Thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake.
The look that beamed on Peter,
When He Thy name denied;
The look that draws Thy lovers
Close to Thy pierced side.

5 O Jesus! Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thon art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

6 Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

John Ernest Bode, 1860.

See Hymns 32—40, 633—641, 695, 698.



(4.) HOLY MATRIMONY.

958 Gen. i. 28. "And God blessed them."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH I. 76, 76.

- 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high, mysterious union
Which naught on earth may break.
- 4 Be present, heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam,
Out of His own pierced side.
- 5 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.
- 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel;
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 7 Oh spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thy presence
The hallowed path they trace,
- 8 To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.

John Keble, 1856.

959 Eph. v. 32, "This is a great mystery."

Tune 210. MAGDALENE COLLEGE. Or 213.
KEDRON. 8 8 6. D.

- 1 HOW blest are hearts which Christ the
Lord
Couples, as with a silver cord,
In nuptial unity:
That animated are with love
And aspirations from above,
O Holy Ghost, by Thee!
- 2 Anthems angelical were heard,
When Christ, the everlasting Word,
To wed His bride did come,
And take that consecrated bride,
Cleansed by the life-blood from His side,
Unto her heavenly home.
- 3 Mirrored in nuptial purity,
The marriage of the church we see
And Christ the Bridegroom's love.
Angels look down, and anthems sing,
The holy Dove, with golden wing,
Sheds blessings from above.
- 4 Bless these Thy servants, gracious Lord,
Whom Thou dost join in sweet accord,
The bridegroom and the bride;
In sorrow, sickness, and in health,
In tribulation and in wealth,
Be Thou their Help and Guide.
- 5 Be with them, Lord, as day by day
They with one heart together pray,
Thy word together read;
Together at Thy table kneel,
And with Thy blood their union seal,
On Thee together feed.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.



See Hymn 1001. Part i.

960 1 Pet. iii. 7. "Heirs together of the grace of life."

Tune 226. MAMRE. 98, 98, 88.

- 1 RAISE high the note of exultation
To God's bright throne with voices
The mighty Lord of all creation [clear;
Lends to our songs a Father's ear.
Eternal Lord of heaven above, [love.
Look down and bless their plighted
- 2 O'er each event of life presiding,
May God rich gifts on both bestow; [ing,
With heavenly light your footsteps guide—
As through the world's dark wild ye go.
Eternal Lord of heaven above, etc.
- 3 By God's own word each action measure,
Let Christ your great Exemplar be;
Still fix your hearts on heavenly treasure,
We hasten towards eternity.
Eternal Lord of heaven above, etc.

4 With cheerful faith in God confide ye,
The pilgrim's staff with courage take;
And, till the silent grave divide ye,
God and each other ne'er forsake.
Eternal Lord of heaven above, etc.

5 May peace and love, your lives adorning,
Attend you all your course along;
Your Christian walk, each night and
morning,
Oh strengthen still with prayer and
song.
Eternal Lord of heaven above, etc.

6 Together now your voices raising,
Vow truth to God, hand joined in hand:
Till, on His glories ever gazing,
Ye meet in heaven's own happy land.
Eternal Lord of heaven above, etc.

From the German; F. E. Cox (tr.), 1864.

(5.) THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

961 Ps. cxvi. 1. "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice."

Tune 64. DIMON. Or 63. KENT. C.M.

- 1 ON every new-born babe of earth
A heavenly light is shed,
Incarnate Saviour, by Thy Birth,
And from Thy lowly bed.
- 2 And in Thy Resurrection's morn
Another birth we have;
Since Thon our nature, Lord, hast borne
In triumph through the grave.
- 3 And Thon hast made us heirs of heaven,
And sons of God to be;
And glorious life to us is given
Regenerate in Thee.
- 4 Bright angels of the King of kings
His countenance behold,

And sheltering with their silver wings
Christ's little ones enfold.

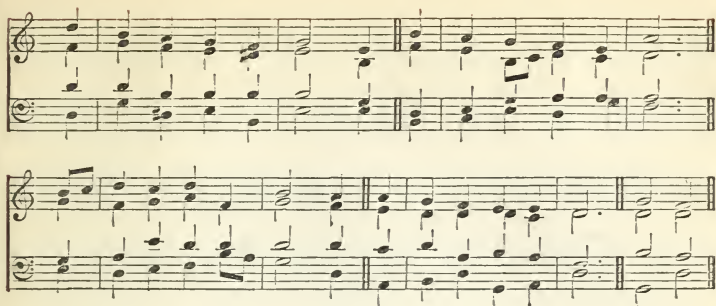
5 Therefore in childbirth throes, which Eve
In sorrow bore and pain,
Are gleams to all who Thee receive,
Of joy and endless gain.

6 Then praise the Giver of our breath,
Who helps us in distress,
And guides us through the pangs of death
To life and joyfulness.

7 Oh praise be to the loving Lord,
Who heard His handmaid's prayer,
And has her to His house restored,
To bless His goodness there.

8 Preserve her, Lord, and with her bring
Us to Thy courts above,
That we together there may sing
Praise to Thy boundless love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.



(6.) SICKNESS.

962 Luke x. v. "Say, Peace be to this house."

Tune 220. JEZREEL. 888, 4. Or Hymn Chant V. THYATIRA.

1 PEACE to this house ! O Thou whose way
Was on the waves, whose voice did stay
The wild wind's rage, Come, Lord, and say,
Peace to this house !

2 Thou who in pity for the weak
Didst leave Thy heavenly throne to seek
And save the lost, Come, Lord, and speak
Peace to this house !

3 Thou, who dost all our sorrows know,
And when our tears of anguish flow,
Dost feel compassion, Come, bestow
Peace on this house :

4 Thou, who in agony didst pray
"Take, Father, take this cup away,"
And then wast strengthened, Come and say,
Peace to this house.

5 Thou, by whose precious death we live,
From which we all our hope derive,
Thou Lord and Saviour ! Come and give
Peace to this house !

6 Thou who didst hang upon the tree,
Uniting God and man in Thee,
And wert our peace, Come, Lord, and be
Peace to this house !

7 O Conqueror by suffering !
O mighty Victor, glorious King !
From out of pain and sorrow bring
Peace to this house !

8 Thou who triumphant from the dead
Thine hands didst o'er the apostles spread,
And say, "Peace to you," Come, and shed
Peace on this house.

Part ii.

9 Thou who didst on the clouds ascend,
And then the Holy Spirit send,
Send Him to comfort and defend
All in this house.

10 Save, save us sinking in the deep,
Give ease from pain, and quiet sleep,
And under Thy wing's shelter keep
All in this house.

11 Oh, make our doubts and terrors cease,
And from the bands of sin release,
In soul and body give us peace,
Peace to this house !

12 "Peace to this house," come, Lord, and say ;
Come to us, Lord, and with us stay ;
Oh give, and never take away
Peace from this house.

13 And when at last our fainting breath
On trembling lips scarce quivereth,
Oh, bring us through the gate of Death,
Lord, to Thine house ;

14 To Thine own house in paradise,
To Thine own house above the skies,
To live the life that never dies,
Lord, in Thine house.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

963 Ps. civ. 34. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH I. 76, 76.

1 I THINK of Thee, O Saviour !
And count affliction gain,
If aught of suffering aid me
To realise Thy pain.

2 I think of Thee, O Saviour !
And bless the chastening rod,
Conforming to Thine image,
Thou chastened Son of God.

3 My sufferings no atonement
For sin could make to God :
Alone, of all the people,
Thou hast the winepress trod.



See Hymn 635.

- 4 So there is naught of anger
In this, my Father's stroke;
He is but gently teaching
My neck to bear Thy yoke.
- 5 Oh! 'tis well-nigh presumption,
In sufferings light as mine,
To speak, my stricken Saviour,
Of fellowship with Thine!
- 6 I would press closer to Thee,
A heavier cross would bear,
So I might better know Thee
And more Thy Spirit share.
- 7 It was Thy cloud which led me
All through the joyous day;
But now the fiery pillar
Is shining on my way.
- 8 And I shall better praise Thee,
Seeing Thee thus by night,
Than if the desert pathway
Had all been tracked in light.
- 9 I had been lost for ever,
Hadst Thou not thought on me:
Cold is my heart and selfish,
Yet, Lord, I think of Thee.

Jennette Threlfall, 1855.

964 Luke xxii. 32. "I have prayed for thee."

Tune 106. ST. BARNABAS. 65, 65. D.

- 1 IN the hour of trial, Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial I depart from Thee:
When Thou seest me waver, with a look
recall,
Nor for fear or favour suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures would this
vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures spread to work me
harm?
Bring to my remembrance sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance, cross-crowned
Calvary.

- 3 If with sore affliction Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction on the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter, faith shall
drink the cup.

- 4 When in dust and ashes to the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes o'er the
shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying through that mortal
strife,
Lord, receive me dying to eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1825.

965 1 Pet. ii. 21. "Christ also suffered for us."

Tune 152. LUXEMBURG. 77, 77.

- 1 SEE the destined day arise,
See a willing Sacrifice;
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross.
- 2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?
- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

Bishop Mant (tr.), 1837.

966 John xii. 26. "Let him follow Me."

Tune 171A. URBANE. 85, 83

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"No: till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Findinz, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

*Greek Hymn, Eighth Century;
J. M. Neale, D.D. (tr.), 1862.*

967 1 Cor. iii. 22. "Life or death....
all are yours."

Tune 245. STERNBERG. 11 11, 11 11.

1 ALL things are ours; how abundant the
treasure,
All riches which heaven or earth can
afford!

Oh, may our thanks, like His grace, with-
out measure,
Abound to the glory and praise of our
Lord!

2 All things are ours; be it sickness or
healing,
'Tis ordered alike for our infinite good;
Determined by grace, and for ever re-
vealing

This truth, that we love and are loved
of our God.

3 All things are ours; though the body may
perish,

We faint not to feel it fast wasting away;
The soul its bright visions of glory will
cherish,

4 All things are ours; yea, the present
affliction,
And strengthen in holiness day after day
Though now through the gloom of mor-
tality viewed;

For soon shall we join in the blissful con-
viction,
That thus it was good to be tried and
subdued.

5 All things are ours; through the Saviour's
merit,

The shame of His cross, which must
needs be our own,

Will brighten the glory that circles the
spirit

And sparkles like gems in our heavenly
crown.

James Holme, 1861.

968 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4. "Christ died....
and was buried."

Tune 186. BREMEN. Or 185. GODESBERG.
8 7, 8 7.

1 SHALL I fear, O earth, thy bosom,
Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom
Springs to gladden earth and air?

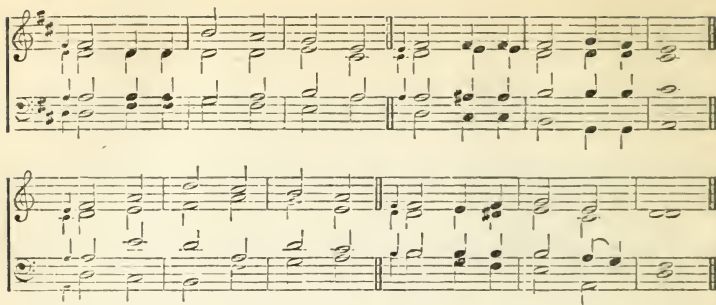
2 Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
Soft clouds floating in the sky,
All fair things, come whispering ever
Of the love Divine on high?

3 Yea, whence One arose victorious
O'er the darkness of the grave:
His strong arm revealing, glorious
In its might Divine to save.

4 No, fair earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through Him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee.

Thomas Davis, 1860.

See Hymns 517, 582, 791.



See Hymn 1068.

(7.) MORE FRUIT.

969

John xv. 8. "*Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.*"

Tune 105. HERMAS. 65, 65. D.

1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,

Listen whilst we sing,

Hearts and voices raising

Praises to our King.

All we have to offer;

All we hope to be,

Body, soul, and spirit,

All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,

Christ, we draw to Thee,

Deep in adoration

Bending low the knee:

Thou for our redemption

Camest on earth to die;

Thou, that we might follow,

Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater

Are Thy mercies here,

True and everlasting

Are the glories there,

Where no pain or sorrow,

Toil or care is known.

Where the angel legions

Circle round Thy throne.

4 Dark and ever darker

Was the wintry past,

Now a ray of gladness

O'er our path is cast;

Every day that passeth,

Every hour that flies,

Tells of love unfeigned,

Love that never dies.

5 Clearer still and clearer

Dawns the light from heaven,

In our sadness bringing

News of sin forgiven;

Life has lost its shadows,

Pure the light within;

Thou hast shed Thy radiance

On a world of sin.

6 Brighter still and brighter

Glow the western sun,

Shedding all its gladness

O'er our work that's done;

Time will soon be over,

Toil and sorrow past;

May we, blessed Saviour,

Find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward,

Journeying o'er the road

Worn by saints before us,

Journeying on to God;

Leaving all behind us,

May we hasten on,

Backward never looking

Till the prize is won.

8 Bliss, all bliss excell'g.

When the ransomed soul

Earthly toils forgetting

Finds its promised goal

Where, in joys unheard of

Saints with angels sing,

Never weary raising

Praises to their King. Amen.

Godfrey Thring, 1863.

970

Heb. xiii. 15. "*The fruit of our lips.*"

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. Or 203. SALZBURG.

15 15, 15 15.

1 HAVE you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim.

He is listening: does He hear you speaking of the things of earth.

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?

He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you.

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold. [Yes manifold?]

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mer-



See Hymn 132. Also 900.

- 2 Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent, ye who know and love His name?
You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee!"
"Cannot!" though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so!
"Cannot!" though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow!
"Cannot!" though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid!
"Cannot!" though He stands beside you, though He says, "Be not afraid!"
- 3 What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it day by day,
Ever as the need ariseth, teach Thy children what to say.
Give us holy love and patience, grant us deep humility,
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee.
Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless: Thou hast called us, we will rise!
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word,
And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always heard.
- 4 Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious "Come to Me!"
Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee! and to prove our love would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed feet to-day.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame,
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear name.
Ours shall be the joy and honour Thy redeemed ones to bring, [Lord and King.
Jewels for the coronation of our coming
- 5 Yes, we have a word for Jesus! We will bravely speak for Thee;
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be;
In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave above,
With Thy crimson name of Mercy, and Thy golden name of Love.
Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the brightening "little while."
Words for Thee in weakness spoken Thou wilt here accept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on Thy throne.
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

(8.) OLD AGE.

971 John xii. 21. "We would see Jesus."

Tune 246. EIRENE. 11 10, 11 10.

- 1 WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus—for life's hand hath rested,

With its dark touch, upon both heart and brow;
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

3 We would see Jesus—the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
[face.
Can thence remove us if we see His



See Hymn 629.

- 4 We would see Jesus—though the spirit 2 A weary path I've travelled, 'mid dar'
lingers ness, storm, and strife,
Round the dear objects it has loved so Bearing many a burden, contending for
long, my life;
And earth from earth can scarce unclose But now the morn is breaking, my toil will
its fingers, soon be o'er,
Our love to Thee makes not this love I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is
less strong. at the door.
- 5 We would see Jesus—this is all we're 3 Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed,
needing, as they stand,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with Sweet singing in the sunshine of the un-
the sight; clouded land.
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, plead- Oh! would that I were with them, amid
ing— the shining throng, [song!
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal Uniting in their worship, rejoicing in their
night. [work too is done!
- Leaflet, Taylor, Edinburgh, 1864.*

972 Isa. xli. 4. "To hoar hairs will I carry you."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 7 6, 7 6. D.

- 1 I'M kneeling at the threshold, aweary, [me in;
faint, and sore; I see them at the portals, prepared to let
I'm waiting for the dawning, for the open- O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure. Thy time and
ing of the door; way are best, [Father, bid me rest!
I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; my
rise and come W. L. Alexander, D.D., 1860.
To the glory of His presence, the gladness See Hymns, 571, 582.
of His home.

(9.) DEATH.

973 1 Thess. iv. 14. "Them which sleep in Jesus."

Tune 26. CYPRUS. Or 27. HERMON. L.M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no foe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!
Margaret Mackay, 1832.



See Hymn 829.

974 Ps. xxxiii. 4. "*Thou art with me.*"
Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

1 **BE** with me in the valley,
When heart and flesh shall fail,
And softly, safely, lead me on
Until within the veil;
Then faith shall turn to gladness,
To find myself with Thee,
And trembling hope shall realise
Her full felicity.

2 Angels shall gather round me,
And joyous greeting give,
A sinner brought from sinful earth,
With them in bliss to live.
But angels shall be silent,
While dearer spirits press,
To mingle with my gushing joy
Their calmer happiness.

3 And gently shall they bear me,
Through that bright company,
Towards the brighter throne of Him
Who died to ransom me;
No further guidance needing,
Together shall we bend,
And bless the grace that loving once
Hath loved me to the end.

4 Be with me in the valley,
When heart and flesh shall fail,
And softly, safely lead me on
Until within the veil.
And, Saviour, deal as gently
With those I leave behind,
Till each shall in our heavenly home
As sweet a welcome find.

Anon., 1861.

975 1 Cor. xv. 57. "*Thanks be to God
which giveth us the victory.*"

Tune 161. SEIR. 77, 77. D.

1 **DEATHLESS** principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus brought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;

Go, His triumphs to adorn,
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His presence fly;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend:
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away,
Singing to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing and fired with love.

Part ii.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

5 See the haven full in view!
Love Divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore.

6 Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1778.



See Hymn 410. Also 1023.

976

1 Thess. iv. 18. "Comfort one another with these words."

Tune 241. PARAN. 10 10, 11 11.

- 1 OH! call it not death—it is life begun,
For the waters are passed, the home
is won;

The ransomed spirit hath reached the
shore

Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no
more.

She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepared by her Saviour's
love;

To depart from a world of sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus—yes, this is life.

- 2 Oh! call it not death—'tis a holy sleep,
And the precious dust the Lord doth keep;
She shall wake again, and how satisfied!
With the likeness of Him for her who died.
As He rose again she shall also rise,
From the quiet bed where now safe she
lies;

Then cheer ye, fond mourners, who sadly
For happy are they who in Jesus sleep.

- 3 Oh! call it not death—'tis a glorious rest.
"Yea, saith the Spirit," for all such are
blest;

"They rest from their labours," their work
The goal is attained, the weary race run,
The battle is fought, the struggle is o'er,
The crown now replaces the cross they
bore,

The pilgrimage path shall no more be
"A rest remains to the people of God."

E. E. H., 1864.

977

Titus ii. 13. "Looking for that blessed hope."

Tune 63. KENT. Or 67. FARRANT. C.M.

- 1 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.

- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep;
And we for them, whilst resting thus,
As hopeless cannot weep.

- 3 The Lord who died in triumph rose
Victorious o'er the tomb;
E'en so we know that, with Him, those
Who sleep in Him will come.

- 4 How bright the resurrection morn
On all the saints will break!
The Lord Himself will then return
His ransomed church to take.

- 5 The raised and living saints will meet,
All grief and care removed;
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved!

- 6 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed;
With Him for ever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head.

Samuel F. Tregelles, LL.D., 1845.

978

2 Cor. v. 10. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."

Tune 32. SAXONY. Or 31. HIDEKEL. L.M.

- 1 OFT as the bell with solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul;
Let each one ask himself,—“Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?”

- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

- 3 Then, leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate
And fix my everlasting state.

- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee;
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.



5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,—
"Perhaps it next may toll for me!"
See Hymns 455—457.

6 My spirit rather would rejoice,
And long, and wish, to hear Thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if Thou art mine.
John Newton, 1774.

(10.) BURIAL.

979 Rev. xiv. 13. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Tune 69. CARMEL. C.M.

1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

980 Ps. cxvi. 15. "*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.*"

Tune 106. ST. BARNABAS. 65, 65. D.

1 **L**AY the precious body
In the quiet grave;
'Tis the Lord hath taken.
'Twas the Lord that gave:
Till the resurrection,
Lay the treasure by;
It will then awaken,
And go up on high!

2 Farewell, blessed body,
Till the morn arise:
Welcome, happy spirit,
Into paradise!
No more work or weeping,
Gone for ever home;
In Christ's holy keeping
Rest until He come.

3 Here the casket lieth
Waiting for repair;
There doth Christ the jewel
In His bosom wear:
Wait a little season,
And in Him shall be
Both again united
Through eternity!
J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1863.

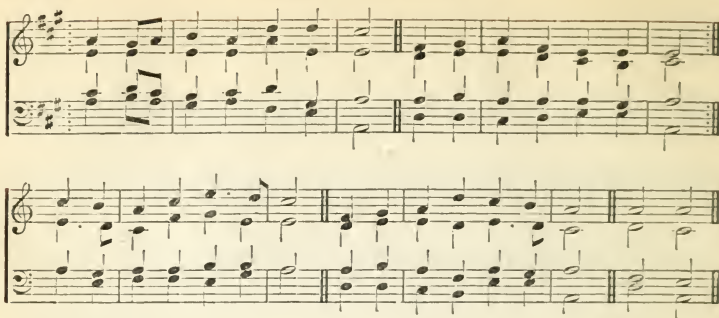
981 1 Cor. xv. 42. "*Sown in corrup-
tion....raised in incorruption.*"
Tune 203. AUGSBURG. Or 205. HAMBURG.
87, 87. D.

1 **S**ONS of God by blest adoption!
View the dead with faithful eyes:
What is sown thus in corruption
Shall in incorruption rise.
What is sown in death's dishonour
Shall revive to glory's light;
What is sown in this weak manner
Shall be raised in matchless might.

2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our brother's dust:
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till our Lord demand thy trust.
Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
Thou, with us, shalt wake from death;
Hold he cannot, though he seize us,
We his power defy by faith.

3 Jesus, Thy rich consolations
To Thy mourning people send;
May we all, with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end;
Keep from courage vain or vaunted;
For our change our hearts prepare;
Give us confidence undaunted,
Cheerful hope and godly fear!

Joseph Hart, 1762.



See Hymn 207.

982 1 Thess. iv. 13. "*Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.*"

Tune 242. PEOR, adapted. 13 11, 12 12.

1 **THOU** art gone to the grave! but we
will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb:
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal
before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide
through the gloom!

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee, [by thy side;
Nor tread the rough paths of the world
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee, [died!
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man-
sion forsaking, [long;
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on
thy waking, [the seraphim's song!
And the sound which thou hearest was

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will
not deplore thee, [dian and Guide;
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guar-
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
restore thee, [has died!
And death has no sting, for the Saviour
Bishop Heber, 1827.

983 John xi. 25. "*Jesus said, I am the Resurrection, and the Life.*"

Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. S.M.

1 **WE** hear the tolling bell.
We see the bier and pall;
Bearers and mourners clothed in black;
The solemn funeral.

2 We see the open grave,
We hear the sobbing moan,
When earth to earth and dust to dust
Falls on the coffin thrown.

3 We hear the holy prayers,
We see the closed ground,
Where naught appears to human eye,
Except a heaving mound.

4 But bearers robed in white
Appear not to our eyes;
The angels, wafting on their wings
The soul to paradise.

5 We do not see the souls
Which there enjoy repose,
And taste such bliss as here on earth
No heart of mortal knows.

6 We see not yet the joys,
Joys that the just await,
When they will stand with bodies raised,
Lord, at Thy palace gate.

7 Lift from our hearts the veil,
And help us by Thy light
To see the world unseen, and walk
By faith, and not by sight.

8 O gracious Lord, to Thee
We praise and glory give!
For Thon didst die and rise again,
That we might ever live.

9 O Death, where is thy sting?
Grave, where thy victory?
Death and the grave are now the path
To life that cannot die.

10 The Way, the Truth, the Life,
O mighty Lord, art Thou,
The Resurrection from the dead,
To Thee shall all things bow.

11 Then wherefore mourn for those
Who fall asleep in Thee?
They have begun to live the life
Of immortality.

12 Then praise we, praise the Lord,
The Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, whose breath is Life,
Eternal Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.
See Hymns 245-247, 250, 259.



See Hymn 462.

IV.—The Life to Come.

(1.) THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

984 1 John iii. 2. "We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Tune 192. HAVILAH. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 'MID the splendours of the glory
Which we hope ere long to share;
Christ our Head, and we His members,
Shall appear, divinely fair.
Oh how glorious!
When we meet Him in the air.
- 2 From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause;
And for all His blood-bought myriads
His is love that knows no pause.
Matchless Lover!
Changeless as the eternal laws.
- 3 Oh what gifts shall yet be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,
When the hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladdened sight,
And our Saviour
Makes us glorious through His might.
- 4 Bright the prospect, soon that greets us,
Of that longed for nuptial day,
When our heavenly Briderroom meets us
On His kingly conquering way;
In the glory,
Bride and Briderroom reign for aye!
William Reid, D.D., 1863.

985 1 Cor. xv. 32. "The trumpet shall sound."

Tune 51. BESOR. Or 35. CHESALON. C.M.

- 1 HARK to the trump! behold it breaks
The sleep of ages now;
And lo! the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.
- 2 Changed in a moment, raised to life,
The quick, the dead arise,

Responsive to the angel's voice,
That calls us to the skies.

- 3 Ascending through the crowded air,
On eagle's wings we soar,
To dwell in the full joy of love,
And sorrow there no more.
- 4 Undazzled by the glorious light
Of that beloved brow,
We see, without a single cloud,
We see the Saviour now.
- 5 O Lord! the bright and blessed hope
That cheered us through the past,
Of full eternal rest in Thee,
Is all fulfilled at last.
- 6 The cry of sorrow here is hushed,
The voice of prayer is o'er;
'Tis needless now; for, Lord, we crave
Thy gracious help no more.
- 7 Praise, endless praise, alone becomes
This bright and blessed place,
Where every eye beholds unveiled
The mysteries of grace.
- 8 Past conflict here, O Lord, 'tis ours,
Through everlasting days,
To sing our song of victory now,
And only live to praise.

Sir Edward Denny, 1846.

986 Rom. viii. 18. "The glory which shall be revealed in us."

Tune 166. ZOAN II. 76, 86. D.

- 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished—all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.



See Hymn 850.

- 2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day! for which creation
And all its tribes were made:
O joy! for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid.
- 3 Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
No longer orphans fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

(Repeat verse 1.)

Dean Alford, D.D., 1867.

987 1 Cor. xv. 54. "Death is swallowed
up in victory."

Tune 226. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,

That all His saints through Him might
have
Eternal conquest o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep.
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall, etc.

- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon shall, etc.

- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more!
Soon shall, etc.

Rowland Hill, 1796.

See Hymns 253, 254, 259.

(2.) THE GENERAL RESURRECTION.

988 Rev. xi. 18. "The time of the dead is
come that they should be judged."

Tune 208. ALTORF. 87, 87, 887.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding,
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing:
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt, 1550;

W. B. Collyer, D.D., 1812.



989 2 Thess. i. 8. "*In flaming fire taking vengeance.*"

Tune 200. TEKOA. 87, 87, 47.

1 DAY of vengeance! loud resounding,
Hark! the thrilling trumpet's swell,
Peal on peal o'er earth rebounding,
Nature's universal knell,
Deeply echoing,
Bursts the bands of death and hell.

2 O'er the ruins of creation
See on high the Crucified,
'Mid the widening devastation,
On the wings of whirlwinds ride.
Man before Him
Bows the spirit of his pride.

3 Lo! the dead in thronging numbers,
Awestruck at His stern command,
Springing from their iron slumbers,
Round the dread tribunal stand,
View with trembling
Judgment in His red right hand.

4 O Immanuel! spirit broken,
At Thy pierced feet I lie:
What my hope? Behold that token!
See that blood-stained cross on high!
Glorious symbol,
Brightly beaming on my eye.

5 By Thy griefs on wild or mountain,
By Thine agonising groan,
By Thy life-spring's purple fountain,
By Thy dark sepulchral stone,
O Immanuel,
Save me, prostrate at Thy throne!

John A. Latrobe, 1825.

990 John v. 28, 29. "*All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth.*"

Tune 107. Moscow. (V. 1, 2, 3, and 7, minor.)
664, 666 4.

1 HARK! 'tis the trump of God
Sounds through the realms abroad,
Time is no more.

Horrors invest the skies;
Graves burst, and myriads rise;
Nature, in agonies,
Yields up her store.

2 Changed in a moment's space,
Lo the affrighted race
Shriek and despair;
Now they attempt to flee,
Curse immortality,
And eye their misery
Dreadfully near.

3 Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rocked by a storm of wrath,
Hurled from her sphere.
Heartrending thunders roll,
Demons tormented howl:
Great God, support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

4 O my Redeemer, come!
And through the fearful gloom
Brighten Thy way;
How would our souls arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,
Join the solemnities
Of this great day!

5 See! see! the incarnate God
Swiftly emits abroad
Glories benign;
Lo! lo! He comes, He's here;
Angels and saints appear,
Fled is my every fear,
Jesus is mine.

6 High on a flaming throne
Rides the eternal Son,
Sovereign august!
Worlds from His presence fly,
Shrink at His majesty:
Stars, dashed along the sky,
Awfully burst.

7 Thousands of thousands wait
Round the judicial seat,
Glorified there;



See Hymn 440.

Prostrate the elders fall,
Winged is my raptured soul,
High to the Judge of all,
Lo! I draw near.

- 8 O my approving God!
Washed in Thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearless we range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an ecstatic song
Through the expanse.

Admiral Kempenfelt, 1777.

991 Dan. xii. 13. "Thou shalt rest, and
stand in thy lot at the end of the
days."

Tune 153. SIMOR. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.
- 2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink;

Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

- 3 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

- 5 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

- 6 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified!
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne, 1837.

See Hymns 301, 314.

(3.) THE GREAT DAY OF JUDGMENT.

992 Luke xxi. 27. "Then shall they
see the Son of man coming in a
cloud with power and great
glory."

Tune 241. PARAN. 1111, 1111.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels
roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
His ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of
cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of God-
head are bowed.

- 2 The glory! the glory! By myriads are
poured [Lord;
The hosts of the angels to wait on their
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs,
are there, [wear.
And all who the palm wreath of victory
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! The dead
have all heard;
Lo! the depths of the stone covered char-
nels are stirred;
From the sea, from the land, from the
south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.



4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested
elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His
word.

5 O Saviour, Redeemer, look down from
above,
O Father! on us, Thy own children, with
love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our purified souls find a mansion in
heaven.

Dean Henry Hart Milman, D.D., 1827.

993 Matt. xxv. 31. "Then shall He
sit upon the throne of His glory."

Tune 241. PARAN. 11 11, 11 11.

1 THE throne of His glory! As snow it is
white,
Upborne in the air by the legions of light;
And startled to life by the trumpet's last
sound,
The hosts of the nations stand waiting
around.

2 The throne of His glory! There lieth un-
sealed
The life roll, the death roll, of names ne'er
revealed,
Now secret no longer; the millions divide,
To the right and the left, on the throne's
either side.

3 The throne of His glory! And glorious
there stand
The elect of His love, and the sheep of His
hand;
While dark on His left, shrunk away from
His face,
The lost ones that sought not the throne
of His grace.

4 The throne of His glory! My poor trem-
bling soul,
Oh what, when arraigned there, thy dread
shall control,
Of that doom of the exiled, "Ye cursed,
depart!"
For ever and ever to toll on the heart.

5 From thy Father an exile? Thy home
never see?
No, child of His mercy, unchanging and
free,
Ere creation began, in the councils of love
He wrote thee an heir of His kingdom
above.

W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., 1839.

994 2 Tim. i. 18. "The Lord grant
unto him that he may find
mercy of the Lord in that day."

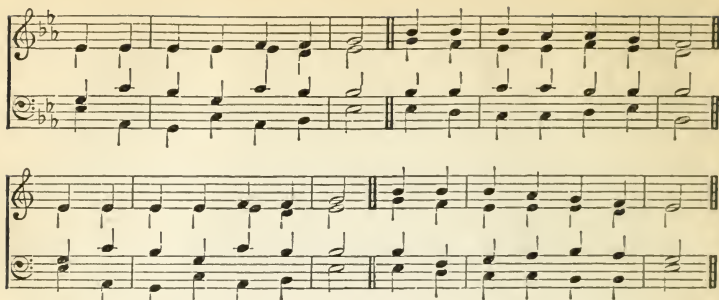
Tune 218. DIES IRE. 888.

1 DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!
See the Crucified returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth!

2 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.
Death is struck, and nature quaking:
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

3 Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

4 What shall I, frail man, be pleading;
Who for me be interceding;
When the just are mercy needing?
King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.



See Hymn 702. Also 577.

Part ii.

- 5 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation:
Leave me not to desolation:
Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 6 Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
- 7 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
- 8 With Thy favoured sheep oh place me;
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
Low I kneel with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition:
Save, oh! save me from perdition.

Part iii.

- 9 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him,
Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

Thomas of Celano, 1230;

William J. Irons, D.D. (tr.), 1848.

995 John xiv. 3. "*I will come again.*"
Tune 207. ZONELETH. 87, 87, 887.

- 1 THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And, at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder.

- 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

- 3 The Lord of love and Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated:
With trumpet sound and angel song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

Bishop Heber, 1827.

996 Jude 6. "*The judgment of the great day.*"

Tune 200. TEKOA. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Loudly than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
Ye who long for His appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know."

John Newton, 1774.



997 Mal. iii. 2. "Who may abide the day of His coming?"

Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.

- 1 **THAT** day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Sir Walter Scott, 1805.

998 Luke xxi. 25. "There shall be signs."

Tune 153. SILOAM. 77,77.

- 1 **I**N the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be:
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep
Tossed with stronger tempests rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt, and restless fear;

(4.) THE STATE OF

THE SECOND DEATH.

1000 Rev. xx. 14. "This is the second death."

Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. S.M.

- 1 **O**H, where shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
See Hymns 1020, 1021.

And amid the thunder cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear.

- 4 But, though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye. His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.
Bishop Heber, 1811.

999 Joel ii. 1. "The day of the Lord cometh."

Tune 95. ST. BRIDE. S.M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day
When heaven and earth before His face
Astonished shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shake
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.
Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1755.

See Hymns 296, 301, 314, 316, 318.

THE LOST—HELL.

- 3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"
- 4 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
- 5 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.
James Montgomery, 1819.



See Hymn 1057.

(5.) THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1001 Rev. xxi. 10. "He showed me
that great city, the holy
Jerusalem."

Part i. (Introductory.)

Tune 130. GOLDBACH I.
Or 280. GOLDSTERN. 76, 76

- 1 THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day.

Part ii.

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

- 4 Brief life is *here* our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

- 5 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
- 6 For He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
With light that hath no evening,
And health that hath no sore,
And life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.
- 7 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
Yes! God our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Part iii.

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 8 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is union to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 9 O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

PART II ; or CHORUS.



See Hymn 1048 for Part ii. only.

- 10 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced :
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.
 The cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise :
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise :
- 11 Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
 True God and man, they sing :
 The never-failing Garden,
 The ever-golden Ring :
 The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
 The Guardian of His court :
 The Day-star of Salvation,
 The Porter and the Port.

Part iv.

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 12 Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed :
 I know not, oh I know not,
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiance of glory,
 What light beyond compare !
- 13 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white !
- 14 Jerusalem the glorious !
 The home of God's elect !
 O dear and futura vision
 That eager hearts expect :
 Even now by faith I see thee :
 Even here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive and pant and yearn.

- 15 Jerusalem exulting
 On that securest shore,—
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore :
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part :
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and Thou art !

*Bernard de Morlais, 1140 ;
 J. M. Neale, D.D. (tr.), 1851.*

1002 Heb. xii. 22. "The heavenly Jerusalem."

Tune 47. NAYLAND.
 Or 53. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me;
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand,
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein
 In glorious majesty ;
 And Him, through every stormy scene,
 I onward press to see.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.
- Francis Baker, 1576 ; D. Dickson, 1660 ;
 W. Burkitt, 1693.*



See Hymn 1041.

(6.) THE NEW HEAVENS AND NEW EARTH.

1003

2 Pet. iii. 13. "*We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth.*"

Tune 159. KADESH. 77, 77. D.

- 1 **T**HEN it burst, the glorious view,
In the Spirit as I lay;
Heavens and earth created new,
For the first were passed away:
Sea was none, with billowy roar
Severing shore from kindred shore:
But, refulgent as a bride
For her husband beautified,
- 2 Forth from heaven and God descending,
Lo! the Holy City came,

Glories past expression blending,
New Jerusalem her name;
Hark! a voice from heaven,—“Our God
Plants with men His blest abode;
They His hallowed people; He,
He their present God shall be.

- 3 “God’s own hand from all their eyes
Wipes for ever every tear:
Death is dead—no more to rise;
Pain and sorrow disappear.”
Hark! He speaks—the First, the Last!
See! the whole creation past!
A new universe begun!
Write the changeless truth—’tis done.
Thomas Grinfield, 1836.

(7.) HEAVEN.

1004

Rev. xii. 11. "*They overcame by the blood of the Lamb.*"

Tune 46. WINCHESTER. Or 51. BESOR. C.M.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

1005

Rev. v. 11. "*I heard the voice of many angels.*"

Tune 223. PHILEMON. 888, 7.

- 1 **A**NGEL voices sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome
ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, ’tis heaven! ’tis heaven at last!
- 2 Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, ’tis heaven at last!
- 3 On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, ’tis heaven at last!
- 4 What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, ’tis heaven at last!
- 5 Softest voices, silver pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;
Ah, ’tis heaven at last!

CHORUS (optional).



6 Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder,
Stayed the tempest, sheathed the
thunder;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

7 Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song for ever calleth;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

8 Christ Himself the living Splendour,
Christ the Sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render,
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

9 Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

10 Broken death's dread bands that bound
us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, Himself hath crowned
us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1861.

1006 John xiv. 1, 2. "*Let not your
heart be troubled . . . in My
Father's house are many
mansions.*"

Tune 3. KENT. C.M.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

1007 Heb. xiii. 14. "*Here have we
no continuing city.*"

Tune 3. CRASELIUS. Or 26. CYPRUS.
L.M.

1 "**W**E'VE no abiding city here," [mind;
This may distress the worldling's
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

4 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

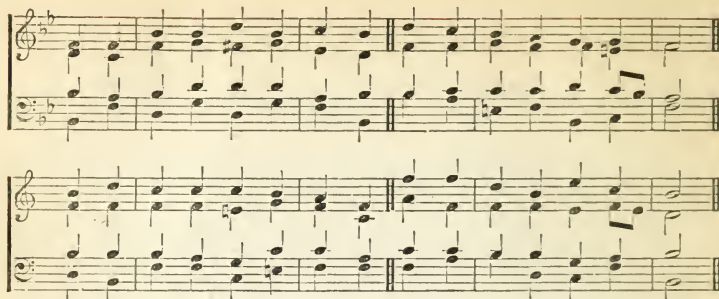
Thomas Kelly, 1804.

1008 1 Thess. iv. 17. "*So shall we
ever be with the Lord.*"

Tune 90. ARMAGEDDON. Or 82. SWABIA.
S.M.

1 "**F**OR ever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality!

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.



See Hymn 1040.

- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !
- 5 " For ever with the Lord !"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7 That resurrection word,
That shout of victory ;
Once more, " For ever with the Lord !"
Amen, so let it be !

James Montgomery, 1835.

1009 Heb. xi. 16. " *They desire a better country.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

With Hallelujah from 139, LUDECK, repeated.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore ;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 But hark ! those distant sounds
That strike our listening ears ;
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our King appears.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There, love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 We soon shall join the throng ;
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah, &c.

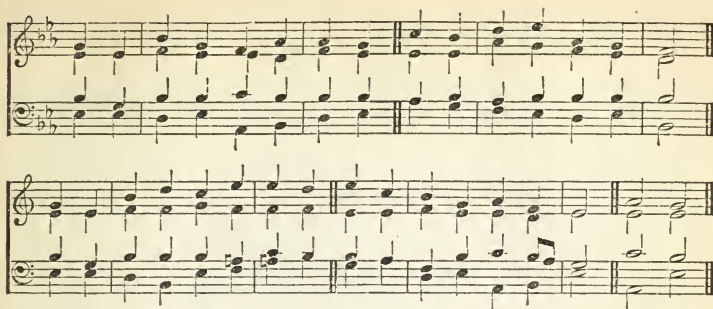
Thomas Kelly, 1812.

1010 Ps. xvi. 11. " *In Thy presence is fulness of joy.*"

Tune 189. SUCCOTH. 87, 87, 77.

- 1 WHAT is life ? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper :
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory ; how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints :
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love ;
Through the heavens His praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share His people's glory ;
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.



See Hymn 721.

1011 Heb. ii. 10. "Bringing many sons unto glory."

Tune 125. GOSHEN. Or 127. ZOAN I.
76, 76. D.

- I GO from grief and sighing, the valley
and the clod, [halls of God;
To join the chosen people, in the palace-
There sounds no cry of battle amid the
shadowing palms, [golden psalms.
But mighty songs of victory and glorious
- 2 The army of the conquerors, a palm in
every hand, [eternal stand:
In robes of state and splendour, in rest
Those marriage robes of glory, the right-
eousness of God, [most precious blood.
He bought them for His people with His
- 3 The Lamb of God has led them from hell's
deep sea of fire, [white attire:
The Lamb of God adorns them in spotless
The Lamb of God presents them as kings
in crowns of light, [Him day and night.
As priests in God's own temple, to serve
- 4 Salvation, strength, and wisdom, to Him
whose works and ways [praise:
Are wonderful and glorious, eternal in His
The Lamb who died and liveth, alive for
evermore, [we adore,
The Saviour who redeemed us, for ever

John Heerman, 1647;
(tr.) Frances Bevan, 1854.

1012 Ps. xvii. 15. "I shall be satisfied."

Tune 97. OLD 25TH. S.M.D.
Or 90. ARMAGEDDON. S.M.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me:
My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned
My dwelling-place with God.

- 2 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure; [flood,
He passed through death's dark raging
To make my rest secure.
The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

- 3 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.

- 4 But more than all, I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold:
That bright, yet tender smile,
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.

- 5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee;
And then, through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

Henry Bennett, 1851.

1013 Isa. xxxiii. 17. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. Or 129. MAHANAIM.
76, 76. D.

(Give two notes to last syllable of 7th line.)

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.



See Hymn 784.

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume,
Oh to behold its blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen :
It were a well-spent journey
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Part ii.

4 Oh! Christ He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

5 Oh! I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine;"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

6 I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.

My kingly King, at His white throne,
My presence doth command,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

7 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Ann Ross Cousins, 1857.

1014 Rev. v. 12. "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*"

Tune 194. TEMAN. S7, S7, 47.

1 SAINTS, exalted high in glory,
Round the throne a sacred throng,
Make redemption's wondrous story
Still the burden of their song:

Ever praising
Him who was for sinners slain.

2 Rebels, now received to favour,
Robed in merit not their own,
There, as priests, present a savour
Of sweet incense at the throne:
Ever praising
Him who was for sinners slain.

3 Kings do service at the altar,
Never ceasing night nor day,
From redemption's wondrous psalter
Choosing their melodious lay:
Ever praising
Him who was for sinners slain.

4 Pilgrims there no longer tarry,
Waiting for the morning light:
They have ceased the cross to carry:
They have ceased to toil and fight:
Ever praising
Him who was for sinners slain.

James Gabb, 1870.



See Hymn 135. Also 612.

1015 Isa. xxxiii. 17. "*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.*"

Tune 125. GOSSEN. 76, 76.

- 1 OH, for the robes of whiteness!
Oh, for the tearless eyes!
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
- 2 Oh, for the no more weeping
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!
- 3 Oh, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!
- 4 Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!
- 5 Jesus! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.
- 6 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1860.

1016 Rev. vii. 9. "*White robes, and palms in their hands.*"

Tune 145. CHIOS. Or 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

- 4 Round the altar priests confess
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

- 6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

James Montgomery, 1829.

1017 Isa. xxxv. 9. "*The redeemed shall walk there.*"

Tune 224. ARISTARCHUS. 88, 88.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there?

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

- 4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?

- 5 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

- 6 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

Elizabeth Mills, 1829.



See Hymn 288. Also 694.

1018 Rev. xxi. 23. "*The Lamb is the light thereof.*"
Tune 117. SHEBA. 66, 66. D.

- 1 **T**HERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

- 3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

See Hymns 437—440.

THEME XI.—Eternity.

(1.) THE MEDIATORIAL KINGDOM DELIVERED UP TO THE FATHER.

1019 Rev. xix. 6. "*Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*"

Tune 137. PISGAH. Or 160. HESBON.
77, 77.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah! Hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,

Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

- 4 See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis
done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
- 6 Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1810. (a.)



(2.) THE SOLEMNITIES OF ETERNITY.

1020 Matt. xxv. 46. "*Everlasting punishment... life eternal.*"

Tune 32. SAXONY. L.M.

- 1 **E**TERNITY! eternity! [sea,
That boundless, soundless, tideless
Of mysteries the mystery;
What is eternity to me?
- 2 Infinite bliss or misery,
Woe past, woe present, woe to be,
Or fulness of felicity;
These are eternity to me.
- 3 Two voices from eternity!
A voice from heaven comes down to me,
A voice from hell breaks dolefully,
"Life, Death, O man! are offered thee."
- 4 The abyss is moved; even Wrath cries
"Flee!"
The height expands, and Love cries "See,
What God hath here prepared for thee:
Choose thou thine own eternity!"

James Montgomery, 1853.

1021 Isa. lvii. 15. "*The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.*"

Tune 208. ALTORF. 88, 88, 888.

- 1 **E**TERNITY, eternity!
How vast, how near eternity!
The haven where the soul hath rest,
In God Himself for ever blest,

Unbroken rest, unfading day;
O wondrous world without decay!
Now ponder well eternity.

- 2 Eternity! eternity!
O drear and dark eternity
To all who God's great mercy scorn!
Ah, better had they ne'er been born,
Who live to spurn the saving Name
By which our great redemption came,
Nor ponder well eternity.

- 3 Eternity, eternity!
O bright, O blest eternity,
Which Jesus has obtained for those
Who seek in Him their sure repose!
A little while they suffer here,
But rest, eternal rest, is near.
Oh, ponder well eternity.

- 4 Eternity, eternity!
Strange glories of eternity!
Lord, let us now the world despise,
And upward raise our thankful eyes
To joy that ever shall abide,
From sin and sorrow purified,
And ponder well eternity.

- 5 Eternity, eternity!
Prepare us for eternity.
Grant us, great Lord, the humble mind,
To all the Father's will resigned:
Give faith and hope to look above,
And fill us with Thy perfect love
In time and through eternity.
Daniel Wülffer, 1660; F. E. Cox (tr.), 1844.

(3.) THE PRAISES OF ETERNITY.

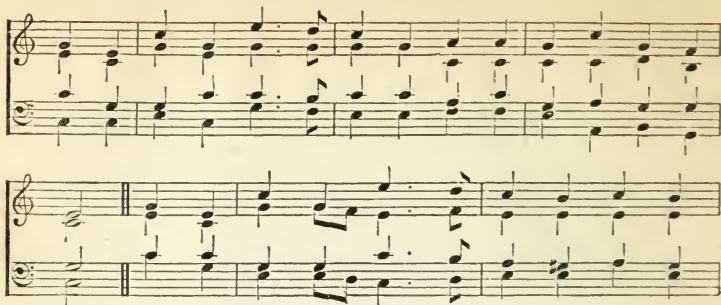
1022 Ps. cxlv. 2. "*I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.*"

Tune 233. GEDOR. 10 10, 7.

- 1 **SING** Alleluia forth in dutious praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia!

- 2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal
Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia!

- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake
again
An endless Alleluia!



See Hymn 827.

- 4 Ye who have gained your palms at length
in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be
this, An endless Alleluia!
- 5 There, in one grand acclain, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your
King, An endless Alleluia!
- 6 This is the rest for weary ones brought
back,
This is the food and drink which none
shall lack, An endless Alleluia!
- 7 While Thee, by whom were all things
made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia!
- 8 To Thee, Almighty Christ, our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia!
John Ellerton, 1867.
- 5 For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were washed so spotless
pure!
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God:
For ever let Thy praise endure!"
- 6 While thus the ransomed myriads shout,
"Amen!" the holy angels cry—
Amen! Amen! resounds throughout
The boundless regions of the sky.
R. Sandeman, 1775.

1023 Rev. v. 13. "Blessing, and
honour, and glory, and
power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the
throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and
ever."

Tune 258. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M.

- 1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm on the ground of sovereign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The new song in that blessed place
Is "Thou art worthy, Thou alone!"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm:
- 4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed;
Thou, Thou art worthy, Thou alone;

1024 1 Tim. i. 17. "Glory for ever
and ever. Amen."

Tune 191. ZAAANIM. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 GLORY be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!
- 3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring—
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!
Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1868.

See Hymn 600.



Conclusion.

GRACE CONSUMMATED IN GLORY.

1025 1 Pet. v. 10, 11. "*The God of all GRACE, who hath called us unto His eternal GLORY by Christ Jesus, . . . to Him be glory.*"

Tune 253. ST. PAUL. 87, 887, 77, 77.

1 SOVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,
Thou didst freely choose Thine own,
Thou hast called with mighty calling,
Thou wilt save, and keep from falling;—
Thine the glory, Thine alone!

Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven
All the grace Thy love hath given;
Just, though undeserved, reward
From our glorious, gracious Lord.

2 From the martyr and apostle

To the sainted baby boy,
Every consecrated chalice
In the King of Glory's palace

Overflows with holy joy.

Sovereign choice of gift and dower

Differing honour, differing power,—

Yet are all alike in this,
Perfect love and perfect bliss.

3 In those heavenly constellations
Lo! what differing glories meet;
Stars of radiance soft and tender,
Stars of full and dazzling splendour,
All in God's own light complete;
Brightest they whose holy feet,
Faithful to His service sweet,
Nearest to their Master trod,
Winning wandering souls to God.

4 Oh the rapture of that vision!
(Every earthly passion o'er,
Our Redeemer's coronation,
And the blissful exaltation
Of the dear ones gone before.
Grace that shone for Christ below,
Changed to glory we shall know;
And before His unveiled face
Sing the glory of His grace.

Frances Ridley Havergal, Oct. 22, 1871.

XII.—Devotives.

I.

Tune 1. OLD 100TH. L.M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

Bishop Ken, 1697.

II.

Tune 44. TALLIS. C.M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

The God whom we adore,

Be glory, as it was, is now,

And shall be evermore. Amen.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

III.

Tune 79. AVEN. S.M.

GIVE to the Father praise,

Give glory to the Son,

And to the Spirit of His grace

Be equal honour done. Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

IV.

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

O FATHER, ever glorious,

O everlasting Son,

O Spirit all victorious,

Thrice holy Three in One:

Great God of our salvation,

Whom earth and heaven adore,

Praise, glory, adoration,

Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1869.



See Hymn 304. Also 1086.

V.

Tune 139. LUBECK. 77, 77.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love :
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
Charles Wesley, 1739.

VI.

Tune 155. NASSAU. 77, 77, 77.

GOD of everlasting love,
One in co-eternal Three,
All the shining hosts above
Give unceasing praise to Thee.
So we worship Thee and cry
Glory be to God most high ! Amen.

VII.

Tune 159. KADESH. 77, 77. D.

HOLY Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might ;
Holy Son, who can'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel ;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love ;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord. Amen.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1869.

N.B.—For 10 lines 7's, begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines.

VIII.

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 87.

NOW to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live :
Be the kingdom and dominion,
And the glory, evermore ! Amen.

Samuel M. Waring, 1827. (a.)

IX.

Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

FATHER, God, we bow before Thee ;
Thee we worship, God the Son ;
God the Spirit, we adore Thee ;
Praise the glorious Three in One.
Hallelujah !
Praise Jehovah, God Triune. Amen.

X.

Tune 201. SHEN. Or 203. SALZBURG.
87, 87. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation !
Praise the Father's boundless love !
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King, enthroned above !
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live !
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give. Amen.
Josiah Conder, 1837.

XI.

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87. D.

FOR Thy free electing favour,
Thee, O Father, we adore ;
Jesus, our redeeming Saviour,
Thee we worship evermore ;
Holy Ghost, from both proceeding,
Let Thy praise the church employ :
Earnest of our future heaven,
Source of holiness and joy. Amen.
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

XII.

Tune 239. HANOVER. 1010, 1111.

BY angels in heaven of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be
addressed
To God in Three Persons, one God ever
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.
Amen.
Tate and Brady, 1696.



See Hymn 405. Also 671.

APPENDIX.

FOR MISSION SERVICES AND OTHER SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

GOSPEL ECHOES.

1026 2 Cor. x. 5. "Casting down imaginations."

Tune 161. SEIR. 77, 77. D.

- 1 CAST thyself on Jesus now,
Self relinquish wholly;
Low before His footstool bow,
Trust in Jesus solely:
Look away from all to Him,
Nothing here can aid thee:
Jesus is the Good Supreme—
Go; He'll not upbraid thee.

- 2 Cast thyself on Jesus now,
Self relinquish wholly;
Peace and joy thou then shalt know,
Saved in Jesus fully:
He is waiting now to bless,
Waiting now to save thee;
To His loving bosom press,
Gladly He'll receive thee.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

None are too bad for Him,
Worthless though you may seem,
He doth the *lost* redeem;
Come, sinners, come.

- 3 Welcome you all shall be,
Come, sinners, come;
Now to the Saviour flee;
Come, sinners, come.
Make Him your happy choice,
List to His gracious voice,
Then shall your hearts rejoice;
Come, sinners, come.

- 4 Glory shall then be yours,
Come, sinners, come;
Peace that for aye endures,
Come, sinners, come.
Jesus will ne'er deceive
Those who in Him believe;
Come, then, and life receive,
Come, sinners, come.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1027 Luke xiv. 17. "Come, for all things are now ready."

Tune 102. BEULAH. 64, 64, 664.

- 1 COME to the royal feast,
Come, sinners, come;
Come, and salvation taste,
Come, sinners, come.
There is a full supply,
Haste, ere in want you die,
Now to the Saviour fly;
Come, sinners, come.

- 2 Jesus will bless you all,
Come, sinners, come;
Heed ye His gracious call,
Come, sinners, come.

1028 Gal. iv. 4. "When the fulness of the time was come."

Tune 158. SIHOR. 77, 77, 77.

- 1 EIGHTEEN hundred years ago,
Jesus died upon the tree,
And a full atonement made,
Sinner, there, for thee and me:
There He died, that He might prove
God the very God of love.

- 2 Eighteen hundred years ago,
All was finished, all was done;
And the Father proved it so,
When He raised up His Son;
When in glory He sat down
High upon His heavenly throne.



See Hymn 605.

3 Eighteen hundred years ago,
Works were proved of no avail;
In salvation's glorious plan
Works of every sort must fail;
And the grace of God so free
All the sinner's hope must be.

4 Sinner, come at once, and prove
Rich the merey God bestows;
Come and taste of Jesus' love,
And the joy that from it flows
Thine shall then a glory be,
Lasting as eternity.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1029 Luke xviii. 13. "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87, D.

1 GOD be gracious to a sinner,
God be merciful to me,
Long a daring, hardened rebel—
Can e'en I forgiven be?
Can my dreadful guilt be pardoned?
Can I yet Thy mercies prove?
Can I view a Father smiling?
Can I taste a Saviour's love?

2 Yes! the voice from heaven declareth,
"Come, ye wretched, needy, vile,
Come and take a free salvation,
Precious fruit of Jesus' toil;"
Mercy calleth not the righteous,
Only sinners mercy need,
They alone can claim the blessing
Of salvation, sweet indeed!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1030 Eph. i. 11. "The counsel of His own will."

Tune 119. MORIAH. Or 272. ST. JOHN.
6666, 88.

1 HE saves because He will:
Man's will was to be lost;
But Jesus interposed,
And paid the fearful cost;

His precious blood He freely gave,
That He the guilty ones might save.

2 He saves because He will:
For this He came to die;
No mortal claimed His aid,
Love brought Him from on high,
Pure, sovereign, unrequested love,
Brought Jesus from the realms above.

3 He saves because He will:
Delighting still to bless,
He loves to clothe the soul
In His own righteousness;
A righteousness which God can own,
Wrought out by His beloved Son.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1031 Rev. i. 5. "Jesus Christ, the faithful Witness."

Tune 46. WINCHESTER. Or 54. EVAN I.
C. M.

1 IF Jesus came to seek and save
The wretched and the lost,
I know He came to rescue me,
By sin and misery tossed.

2 If Jesus died upon the cross,
That sinners might be free,
I am a sinner, and I know
That Jesus died for me.

3 If Jesus bids the weary "Come,
And I will give you rest,"
I, a poor weary one will go,
And in His love be blessed.

4 I know that what He says is true,
He never can deceive;
He says, "Believing, life is thine,"
And I His word believe.

Albert Midlane, 1865.



See Hymn 407.

1032

Heb. xii. 2. "Looking unto Jesus."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

- 1 **JESUS lived**,—He lived for sinners,
Outcast, in the world He made;
Lived, that in His blessed person
God's full grace might be displayed.
- 2 Jesus **died**,—He died for sinners,
On the cross He cried "forgive;"
Died, that lost and ruined rebels
Through His precious blood might live.
- 3 Jesus **rose**,—He rose for sinners,
Proving that the work was done;
Sweet assurance that the Father
Was well pleased with His Son.
- 4 Jesus **lives**,—He lives for sinners,
High upon the Father's throne;
Liveth, evermore to succour
Those who make His love their own.
- 5 Jesus **loves**,—He loveth sinners,
Loveth more than tongue can say;
Prove Him now, accept His mercy,
Turn not from such love away.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

- 3 Love and **help** us, blessed Jesus;
Help us to be wholly Thine,
Every idol and enchantment
For Thy glory to resign;
Love and help us, blessed Jesus,
Help us to be wholly Thine.

- 4 Love and **keep** us, blessed Jesus,
Keep us from denying Thee;
Keep our wayward feet from straying
Into paths of vanity;
Love and keep us, blessed Jesus,
Keep us from denying Thee.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1034

2 Cor. v. 18. "All things are of God."

Tune 55. LONDON NEW. C.M.

- 1 **NOUGHT** but the *voice of God* can speak
Deliverance to the slave;
Nought but His blessed voice can break
The fetters of the grave.
- 2 Nought but the *power of God* can set
The captive sinner free,
And give him to possess the joy
Of perfect liberty.
- 3 Nought but the *love of God* can melt
The hard, hard heart of stone;
The law but hardens, love subdues,
And precious love alone.
- 4 Nought but the *grace of God* can give
A pardon full and free,
And make the rebel sinner meet
His face in peace to see.
- 5 Nought but the *blood of Christ* can cleanse
The sinner from his guilt,
Nought but that precious blood, upon
The cross of Calvary spilt.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1033

Hos. xiv. 4. "I will love them freely."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87, 87, 87.

- 1 **LOVE** us *freely*, blessed Jesus,
For we have not ought to pay;
Saviour Thou, but we poor sinners,
Is alone what we can say;
Love us freely, blessed Jesus,
For we have not ought to pay.
- 2 Love us *ever*, blessed Jesus,
We are changing as the wind;
If Thy love on us depended,
We should ne'er salvation find;
Love us ever, blessed Jesus,
We are changing as the wind.



See Hymn 201

1035 2 Cor. xiii. 5. "Examine yourselves."

Tune 183. FRANKFORT. 87, 87.

1 OH, art thou an heir of glory?
Art thou sheltered by the blood?
Hast thou heavenly bliss before thee?
Hast thou present peace with God?

2 Or does Satan still deceive thee
With his subtleties and lies,
Hoping that he might receive thee
Where the torment never dies?

3 Oh awake! nor longer slumber;
Do not trifle with thy soul;
Its exceeding worth remember—
Worth unknown, unspeakable.

4 Oh, be wise, thou unforgiven,
Flee to Christ, and flee to-day;
Jesus beckons thee to heaven,
Jesus bids thee not delay.

5 Oh receive Him; oh believe Him.
Faith in Him will make thee whole;
Then thou shalt, for ever near Him,
Live where endless pleasures roll.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1036 Luke i. 79. "Guide our feet into the way of peace."

Tune 187. PERSIS. 87, 87, 3.

1 PEACE with God! how great a treasure;
Peace with God! how true a joy;
Peace with God! how high a pleasure;
Peace with God! heaven's full supply.
Peace with God!

2 Peace with God! 'tis sins forgiven;
Peace with God! 'tis guilt removed;
Peace with God! 'tis gleams of heaven;
Peace with God! 'tis mercy proved.
Peace with God!

3 Peace with God! it comes through Jesus,
He for man the boon has won;
Now 'tis God's delight to give us
Peace with Him, through His dear Son.
Peace with God!

4 Sinner, be no longer straying,
Look to Him who bore sin's load:
So, His gracious call obeying,
Thou shalt have sweet peace with God.
Peace with God!

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1037 Rom. v. 20. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Tune 193. IDUMEA. 87, 87, 47.

1 SCRIPTURE says, "Where sin abounded,
There did grace much more abound;"
Thus has Satan been confounded,
And his own discomfit found.
Christ has triumphed!

Spread the glorious news around.
2 Sin is strong; but grace is stronger,
Christ than Satan more supreme;
Yield, oh, yield to sin no longer,
Turn to Jesus, yield to Him;
He has triumphed!

Sinners, henceforth Him esteem.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1038 Lev. xxv. 9. "The trumpet of the jubilee."

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76, D.

1 THE silver trumpet's sounding
The year of jubilee;
And grace is all abounding,
To set the bondmen free.
Return, return, ye captives,
Return unto your home,
The silver trumpet's sounding,
"The jubilee is come."

2 Forsake your wretched service,
Your master's claims are o'er;
Avail yourself of freedom,
Be Satan's slaves no more.
Return, return, &c.

3 A better Master's calling,
In accents true and kind:
He asks a loving service,
And claims a willing mind.
Return, return, &c.



4 He tells you of salvation,
And points to joys above;
And, longing, waits to show you
His purposes of love.

Return, return, &c.

5 In living faith accept Him,
And give up all beside:
While grace is loudly calling,
Look to the Crucified.

Return, return, &c.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

1039 Matt. xx. 30. "They heard that Jesus passed by."

Tune 322. "JESUS OF NAZARETH." 88, 88, 89.

1 **WHAT** means this eager anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by day,
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

2 E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair,
Where Christians daily bow in prayer;
Hosannas mingle with the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

3 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

4 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

5 Again He comes; from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters, condescends to stay!
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

6 Ho, all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home:
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

7 But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"

Miss Campbell, 1869.

1040 Phil. iii. 8. "The excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

Tune 181. CULBACH.

Or 294. CANTERBURY. 77, 77.

1 **WHO** can tell the *worth* of Jesus?
Gold compared with Him is mean;
Rising far beyond, in value,
All that is or e'er has been.

2 Who can tell the *grace* of Jesus?
Grace displayed in matchless ways,
Soaring o'er all opposition,
Grace demanding endless praise.

3 Who can tell the *power* of Jesus?
That by which the worlds were made;
Power which has since then in action
Every moment been displayed.

4 Who can tell the *love* of Jesus?
Perfect, pure, ineffable;
Love which tunes the rapturous anthems
Which eternity shall swell.

5 Ah! the *worth* and *grace* of Jesus,
And His matchless *power* and *love*,
By no saint has e'er been sounded,
Here or in the realms above.

6 Never told, yet ever telling,
Are the attributes Divine
Of the One who, in His mercy,
Says, "Poor sinner, I am thine."

Albert Midlane, 1865.



See Hymn 817.

1041 Matt. xi. 28. "Come unto Me."

Tune 293. LUCIUS. 86, 889.

- 1 WILL ye not come to Him for life?
Why will ye die, oh why?
He gave His life for you, for you!
The gift is free, the word is true!
Will ye not come? oh, why will ye die!
Will ye not come? Will ye not come?
Will ye not come to Him, to Him?
Oh, come, come, come to Him!
Come unto Jesus, come now for life.
- 2 Will ye not come to Him for peace,
Peace through His cross alone?
He shed His precious blood for you;
The gift is free, the word is true!
He is our Peace, oh is He your own?
Will ye not come, &c. . . for peace?
- 3 Will ye not come to Him for rest?
All that are weary, come;
The rest He gives is deep and true,
'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you;
Rest in His love, and rest in His home.
Will ye not come, &c. . . for rest?
- 4 Will ye not come to Him for joy?
Will ye not come for this?
He laid His joys aside for you,
To give you joy, so sweet, so true!
Sorrowing heart, oh drink of the bliss!
Will ye not come, &c. . . for joy?
- 5 Will ye not come to Him for love,
Love that can fill the heart?
Exceeding great, exceeding free!
He loveth you, He loveth me!
Will ye not come? why stand ye apart?
Will ye not come, &c. . . for love?
- 6 Will ye not come to Him for all?
Will ye not "taste and see?"
He waits to give it all to you,
The gifts are free, the words are true!
Jesus hath said it, "Come unto Me."
Will ye not come, &c. . . to Him?
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

1042 Luke xiv. 22. "Yet there is room."

Tune 234. CONWAY. Or 315. DEPTFORD.
1010, 1010.

(Repeat last line of each verse.)

- 1 YET there is room! The Lamb's bright
hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste
to go:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's
guest:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full
for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the
gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come, enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh enter, enter now!
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy
doom;
Then the last, low, long cry;—"No room,
no room!"
No room, no room!—oh, woeful cry, "No
room!"

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1873.

See Hymns 458—485.



FAITH HYMNS.

1043 Acts xxvi. 18. "Sanctified by faith that is in Me."

Tune 202. ESDRAELON. 87, 87, D.

- 1 CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen,
Church of Christ, for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts and praise thy Giver!—
"Ye are washed and sanctified,"
Sanctified by God the Father, and by Jesus
Christ His Son,
And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, Holy,
Three in One.
- 2 By His will He sanctifieth, by the Spirit's
power within;
By the loving hand that chasteneth, fruits
of righteousness to win;
By His truth and by His promise; by the
Word, His gift unpriced;
By His own blood, and by union with the
risen life of Christ.
- 3 Holiness by faith in Jesus, not by effort of
thine own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken by the
power of grace alone,—
God's own holiness within thee, His own
beauty on thy brow,—
This shall be Thy pilgrim brightness, this
thy blessed portion now.
- 4 He will sanctify thee wholly; body, spirit,
soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming in His
glorious majesty!
He hath perfected for ever those whom
He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious, and holy is the Church,
His chosen bride.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

1044 1 Cor. iii. 11. "Other foundation can no man lay."

Tune 226. MAMRE. 88, 88, 88.

- 1 CHRIST is the one Foundation laid,
In the deep counsels of the Lord,
In promises to sinners made,
In the inspired, prophetic word,
In welcome news of peace Divine,
In all His people's hearts and mine!
- 2 Him Prophet, Priest, and King we own,
Essential God and real man;
The Church is built on Christ alone,
Its doctrines, discipline, and plan;
Its duties and its blessings rise
On Him, the Lord of earth and skies.
- 3 Rock of eternity, He stood
Immovable in steadfast grace,
Beneath the utmost wrath of God,
Beneath the sin of Adam's race;
And still my faith's support remains,
And still He all my load sustains.
- 4 Sole Basis of our faith and hope,
We on His life and death rely,
His death from hell shall lift us up,
His life shall bear us to the sky,
Entitled, fitted for the place,
By Jesus' blood and righteousness.

Charles Wesley, 1786.

1045 Ps. li. 7. "Whiter than snow."

Tune 248. HOBAN. 11 11, 11 11.

(Repeat last two strains as Chorus.)

- 1 LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole,
I want Thee for ever to dwell in my soul;



See Hymn 403. Also 406.

Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

Yes, whiter than snow, yes, whiter
than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

- 2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood, and extract every
stain :
To have this blest washing I all things
forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

Yes, whiter than snow, &c.

- 3 Lord Jesus, come down from Thy throne
in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;
I give up myself—and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

Yes, whiter than snow, &c.

- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait ;
Come now, and within me a new heart
create ;
To those who have sought Thee Thou
never saidst no ;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

Yes, whiter than snow, &c.

- 5 The blessing by faith I receive from above,
And praise Him who maketh me perfect
in love ;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment
I know,
The blood is applied, I am whiter than
snow.

Yes, whiter than snow, yes, whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, Thy blood makes me
whiter than snow.

James Nicholson, 1872.

1046 Ps. xxxvii. 4. "Delight thyself in the Lord."

Tune 129. MAHANAIM. 76, 76. D.

- 1 DELIGHT thyself in Jesus,
In whom true pleasures meet,
To all thy heart's desirings
He'll be the answer sweet.
Think what the bridegroom's joy is
Over his precious bride.
Think of His holy anguish
When He was crucified.

- 2 Commit thy way to Jesus,
He knows thy utmost need,
He feels the secret sorrows
Which make thy lone heart bleed.
To smooth thy rugged journey
He will with thee abide ;
Then cast thou all upon Him,
On Him the Crucified !

- 3 Commit thy way to Jesus,
Lean on His loving arm ;
And though the world despise thee,
What is each threat or charm ?
If darkness shroud thy pathway,
Light *must* with Him abide ;
Still trust the One who loves thee,
Jesus, the Crucified !

H. R. King, 1873.

1047 1 Pet. ii. 4. "To whom coming."

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

- 1 I AM coming to the cross ;
I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Holy Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow ;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, &c.



3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, &c.

4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, &c.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul,
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, &c.
William McDonald, 1872.

1048 Isa. xii. 2. "I will trust, and not be afraid."

Tune 292, Part II. URBANE. 85, 83.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free!

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy,
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail:
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus!
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

1049 John vi. 68. "Lord, to whom shall we go?"

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose wondrous love redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!

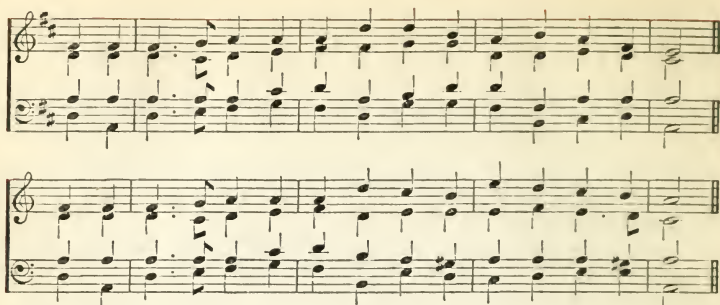
2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all-in-all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee!

3 I could not do without Thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way!
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

Part ii.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.

5 I could not do without Thee!
No other friend could read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine!



See Hymn 264.

6 I could not do without Thee!

For life is fleeting fast,
And then, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And, though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be with me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

1050 Phil. iv. 19. "My God shall supply all your need."

Tune 241. PARAN. 11 12, 11 11.

1 IN some way or other the Lord will provide:

It may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way;
And yet in His own way "the Lord will provide."

Then trust in the Lord—He will surely provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:

It may not be *my* time, It may not be *thy* time;
And yet in His own time "the Lord will provide."

Then trust in the Lord, &c.

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide;

And this be the token, No word He hath spoken

Was ever yet broken; "the Lord will provide."

Then trust in the Lord, &c.

4 March on then right boldly, the sea shall divide;

The pathway made glorions, With shoutings victorious,

We'll join in the chorus, "the Lord will provide."

Then trust in the Lord, &c.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook, 1873.

1051 John vi. 37. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Tune 186. BREMEN. 87, 87.

1 JESUS, Lord, I come before Thee,
With my sin and guilt and care;
Though Thou art enthroned in glory,
Cast not out my feeble prayer!

2 I am vile, but Thou art holy;
Thou art strong, though I am weak;
Trusting in Thy mercy solely,
Let me find the grace I seek!

3 All my promises are broken,
Often have I gone astray,
Words of sin have freely spoken,
Holy thoughts have cast away.

4 Life with its vain fleeting pleasures
I have loved, without a thought
Of the never failing treasures
Which Thy blood for me hath bought.

5 But the long delusion's ended,
From my dreaming I awake,
To behold myself befriended
For Thy tender mercy's sake.

6 In my heart I hear Thee saying,
"Come poor sinner unto Me!
All thy fear and guilt allaying,
Peace and joy I'll give to thee!"

Robert Gardner Smith, 1869.

1052 Matt i. 21. "He shall save His people from their sins."

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.
(For chorus, 1st and 4th strains.)

1 JESUS saves me every day,
Jesus saves me every night;
Jesus saves me all the way,
Through the darkness, through the light.
Jesus saves, oh bliss sublime!
Jesus saves me all the time.



- 2 Jesus saves when I repine,
Jesus saves when I rejoice,
Jesus saves when hopes decline,
Faith can always hear His voice.
Jesus saves, &c.
- 3 Jesus saves when sorrows come;
Jesus saves when death appears;
Jesus saves and leads me home,
Where shall end my doubts and fears.
Jesus saves, &c.
- 4 Jesus saves me, He is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am His;
Jesus saves while I recline
On His precious promises.
Jesus saves, &c.
- 5 Jesus saves, He saves from sin;
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh;
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify.
Jesus saves, &c.

Leaflet, 1873.

1053 Rev. iii. 20. "*I stand at the door, and knock.*"

Tune 321. "KNOCKING." 77, 87, 87.

- 1 KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?
- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking; what still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crown'd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

Mrs. Stowe and G. F. Root, 1870.

1054 Heb. iv. 3. "*We which have believed do enter into rest.*"

Tune 54. EVAN I. C.M.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone;
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.
- 5 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant;
This, only this, be given;
Nothing beside, my God, I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

1055 Cant. ii. 4. "*He brought me to the banquetting house.*"

Tune 77. EVAN II. C.M.D.

- 1 MY heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.
- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.



Sec Hymn 7

3 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,—
The music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

Anna Letitia Waring, 1850.

1056 Rom xv. 13. "Ye may abound
in hope."

Tune 327. "'TIS BETTER FARTHER ON."
97, 87, 87, 87.

- 1 **METHINKS** I hear hope sweetly singing,
Singing in an undertone;
Singing, as though God had taught her,
"It is better farther on."
Night and day she sings this same song,
Sings it when I sit alone,
Sings it till my heart can hear her—
It is better farther on!
It is better farther on, farther on!
Hope is ever sweetly singing,
It is better farther on.
- 2 When first, by faith, I viewed my Saviour,
Light Divine within me shone;
And I knew, from that glad hour,
It is better farther on.
Daily coming to the fountain,
Flowing free for thirsty ones,
I am saved, and hope is singing,
It is better farther on.
- 3 Within my soul hope sings most sweetly,
When I absent friends bemoan,
(Oh, sweet words, they cheer my spirit!)
"It is better farther on."
Sitting on the grave hope sings it,
Sings it when my heart doth groan,
Sings it when the clouds are darkest,
It is better farther on.

4 Farther on! but how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one.
No! not counting, only trusting
It is better farther on.
Hope, my soul, hope on for ever,
All thy doubts and fears be gone!
Jesus will forsake thee never,
It is better farther on.

Faith Hymns, 1874.

1057 1 Pet. i. 19. "The precious blood
of Christ."

Tune 292. URBANE I. or II. 85, 83.
(Chorus optional.)

- 1 **PRECIOUS**, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for thee!
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
Oh believe it, oh receive it,
'Tis for thee!
- 2 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole!
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.
Precious, precious blood of Jesus, &c.
- 3 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood shall wash thee
White as snow.
Precious, precious blood of Jesus, &c.
- 4 Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.
Precious, precious blood of Jesus, &c.
- 5 Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the opened fountain cleanseth
From all sin.
Precious, precious blood of Jesus, &c.



6 Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.
Precious, precious blood of Jesus, &c.

7 Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood! our song of glory,
Praise and laud!
Precious, precious blood of Jesus, &c.
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout
o'er the grave,
And triumph at death in the "Mighty to
save!"
Oh, sing, &c.
Dr. F. Bottome, 1873.

1058

Ps. lix. 16. "I will sing aloud of
Thy mercy."

Tune 248. HOBAN. 11 11, 11 11.

(Repeat last two strains of tune.)

1 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened
for me!

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His
hand. [save.]

Oh, sing of His mighty love, mighty to

2 O bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifeth upon me the smiles of His face.
Oh, sing, &c.

3 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood
cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly
find rest:
No tears, but may dry them on Jesu's own
breast.

Oh, sing, &c.

4 O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my
King;

1059

Cant. i. 3. "Thy name is as
ointment poured forth."

Tune 324. "THE GREAT PHYSICIAN."
8 7, 8 7, 7 7 6.

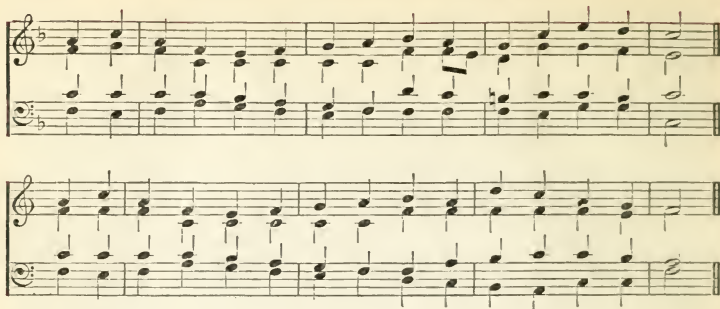
1 THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathising Jesus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus,
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
Sweetest note, &c.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
Sweetest note, &c.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.
Sweetest note, &c.

5 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the glorious call
To work and live for Jesus.
Sweetest note, &c.



See Hymn 438.

- 6 And when to the bright world above
We rise, to see our Jesus,
We'll sing, around the throne of love,
His name—the name of JESUS.
Sweetest note, &c.

Leaflet, 1873.

1060 Prov. xviii. 24. *"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."*

Tune 203. SALZBURG. 87, 87. D.

- 1 **WHAT** a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what endless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care;
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arm He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Faith Hymns, 1874.

1061 Jas. iv. 6. *"He giveth more grace."*

Tune 326. "MORE TO FOLLOW." 76, 76. D.

- 1 **HAVE** you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;

Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
Chorus.—More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow,
Oh, His matchless boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
More and more, &c.

- 3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
More and more, &c.
P. P. Bliss, 1873.

1062 Rev. ii. 25. *"Hold fast till I come."*

Tune 323. "HOLD THE FORT." 85, 85. D.

- 1 **HOL** my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!
Chorus.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."
- 2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone:
"Hold the fort," &c.



3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the trumpet blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

See *Hymns* 494-498.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages;
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort," &c.
P. P. Bliss, 1871.

CONSECRATION HYMNS.

1063 Ps. cxix. 94. "I am Thine, save me."

Hymn Chant V. *THYATIRA*. 6664.

1 I AM Thine own, O Christ,
Henceforth entirely Thine;
And life, from this glad hour,
New life, is mine!

2 No earthly joy shall lure
My quiet soul from Thee;
This deep delight, so pure,
Is heaven to me.

3 My little song of praise
In sweet content I sing;
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! my King!

4 I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.

5 O peace! O holy rest!
O balmy breath of love!
A heart divinest, best,
Thy depth I prove.

6 I ask this gift of Thee—
A life, all lily fair,
And fragrant as the place
Where seraphs are.
Mrs. Helen Bradley, 1873.

His Spirit and blood make my cleansing
complete,
His perfect love casteth out fear,

Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing
so sweet!

Where Jesus will fulness bestow;
Believe, and receive, and confess
Him thy Lord,
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so
sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There's rest for the weary, worn traveller's
feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

Oh, come to the valley, &c.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so
sweet,
Which none but the blood-washed may
feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits
to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

Oh, come to the valley, &c.

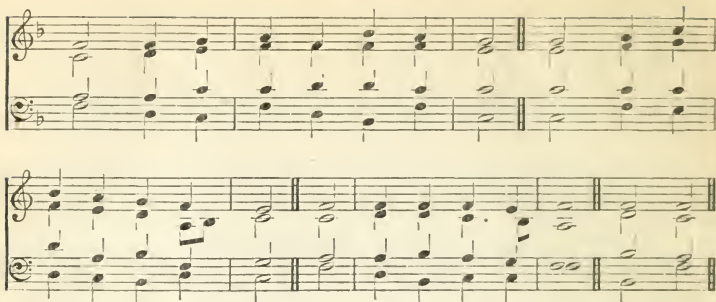
4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so
sweet,
And angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His
feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was
slain."

Oh, come to the valley, &c.
Annie Wittenmeyer, 1872.

1064 Rom. xiv. 17. "Peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Tune 317. *IRISH*. Or 244. *CRESCENS*. 118, 118.

1 I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so
sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;



See Hymn 183.

1065 1 Thess. v. 23. "*The God of peace sanctify you wholly.*"

Tune 130. GOLDBACH. 76, 76. D.

- 1 MY body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee;
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire,
Yes, waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting
for the fire.

- 2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.
My all, &c.

- 3 Oh, let the fire, descending,
My heart set now on flame;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.
My all, &c.

- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious blood;
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.
My all, &c.

Marj D. James, 1873.

1066 2 Cor. vii. 1. "*Perfecting holiness.*"

Tune 241. PARAN. 11, 11, 11, 11.

- 1 MORE holiness give me,
More sweetness within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin,
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care,
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

- 2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord,
More zeal for His glory,
More hope in His word,

More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief,
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

- 3 More victory give me,
More strength to o'ercome,
More freedom from earth stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More useful, I'd be,
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

P. P. Bliss, 1873.

1067 Rev. xxi. 5. "*Behold I make all things new.*"

Tune 248. HOBAN. 11 11, 11 11.

- 1 NEW mercies, new blessings, new light
on thy way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength
for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of
delight;
New praise in the morning, new songs in
the night;

- 2 New wine in thy chalice, new altars to
raise;
New fruit for thy Master, new garments
of praise;
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles
from His face;
New streams from the Fountain of infinite
grace;

- 3 New stars for thy crown, and new tokens
of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee
above;
New light of His countenance, clear and
unpriced!
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874



See Hymn 891.

1068 Matt. xvii. 8. "*Jesus only.*"
Tune 282. PHEBE. 77, 76.

- 1 OH to be nothing,—nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken, emptied vessel,
Thus for His use made meet;
Emptied—that He may fill me,
As to His service I go;
Broken,—so that unhindered
Through me His life may flow.
- 2 Oh to be nothing,—nothing!
Though painful the humbling be,
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
Who are now perhaps praising me.
I would rather be nothing,—nothing,
That to Him be their voices raised,
Who alone is the Fountain of blessing,
Who alone is meet to be praised.
Georgiana M. Taylor, 1869.

1069 John ix. 4. "*I must work the works of Him that sent Me.*"
Tune 325. "ONE MORE DAY'S WORK."
76, 55 6, 46.

- 1 ONE more day's work for Jesus;
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.
Chorus.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.
One more, &c.

- 3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
One more, &c.
- 4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,—
Before His face I fall!
One more, &c.
- 5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.
One more, &c.
Anna Warner, 1869.

1070 Deut. xxxiii. 27. "*Underneath are the everlasting arms.*"
Tune 320. "SAFE IN THE ARMS." 76, 76. D

- 1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms, &c.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms, &c.



See Hymn 429. Also 616, 617, 792.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms, &c.
Fanny Crosby, 1870.

1071 Ps. lv. 17. "*Evening, and morn-
ing, and at noon, will I pray.*"

Tune 20. DALMATIA. Or 24. MELCOMBE.
L.M.D.

1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

May I thy consolation share;
Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

Walford, 1849.

1072 2 Sam. xix. 30. "*Yea, let him
take all.*"

Tune 147. PATMOS. 77, 77.

The two last lines may be sung as Chorus after each
verse to first and fourth strains of PATMOS.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
With the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine!
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee!

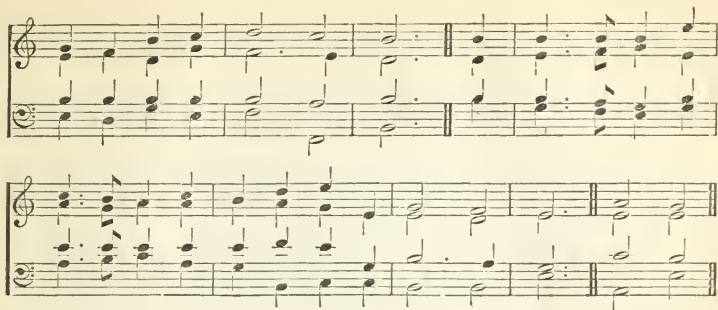
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

1073 Acts xv. 14. "*Take out of them
a people.*"

Tune 23. PENIEL. L.M.

1 TAKE my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

2 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered by Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.



3 O Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

*J. Wesley, from Count Zinzendorf,
1738-1740.*

1074 1 John i. 7. "Walk in the light."

Tune 65. FRENCH. C.M.

1 WALK in the light, and thou shalt know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
The heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

See Hymns 32-40, 530-536, 735-745, 1093.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

Bernard Barton, 1826.

1075 Ps. lvii. 7. "My heart is fixed."
Tune 191. ZAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine.
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.

2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell shall disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is there.
Shout, ye angels,
Shout, O saints, the Lord is here.

William Mason, 1794.

BIRTHDAY, NEW YEAR, AND ANNIVERSARIES.

1076 Luke xxi. 28. "Your redemption draweth nigh."

Tune 87. FRANCONIA. S.M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serenely elime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,

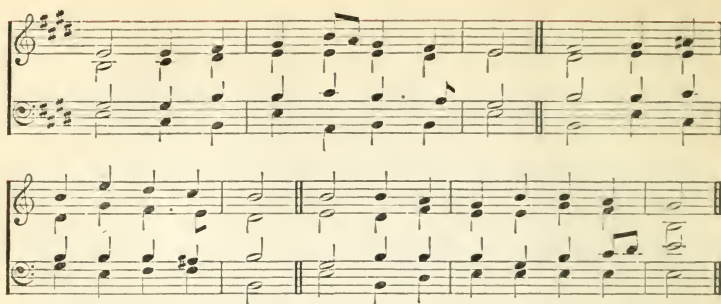
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1844.



See Hymn 181.

1077 Mark vi. 50. "Be of good cheer."

Tune 248. HOBAN. 11 11, 11 11.

1 A HAPPY New Year! Even such may
it be,
Right joyously, surely, and fully for thee!
Then fear not and faint not, but "be of
good cheer!"
And trustfully enter this Happy New
Year!

2 So happy—so happy! Thy Father shall
guide,
Protect thee, preserve thee, and always
provide!
For onward and upward, along "the right
way,"
He lovingly leadeth thee day after day.

3 So happy—so happy! Thy Saviour shall
be
Still present, and ever more precious to
thee!
So happy—so happy! His Spirit thy
Guest,
Illuming with glory the place of His rest.

4 So happy—so happy! Though shadows
around
May gather and darken,—they flee at this
sound—
His loving voice biddeth thee "Be of good
cheer!"
Then joyously enter thy Happy New
Year!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

1078 Ps. lxxv. 11. "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."

Tune 130. GOLDBACH I. 76, 76.

1 A NOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast;
Of ever deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love,
Another year of proving
For holier work above.

6 Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year with Thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

1079 2 Cor. i. 20. "All the promises."

Hymn Chant VII. PHILADELPHIA.

1 GOD'S reiterated "ALL!"
O wondrous word of peace and power!
Touching with its tuneful fall
Each unknown day, each hidden hour,
Of the coming year.

2 Only *all* His word believe!
All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive;
This is thy Father's word and will,
For the coming year.

3 "All I have is thine," saith He!
"All things are yours," He saith again.
All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For the coming year.



4 He shall *all* "your need supply,"
And He will "make *all* grace abound ;"
Always "all sufficiency"
In Him for *all* things shall be found,
Through the coming year.
See Hymns 909-913.

5 *All* "His work He shall fulfil,"
All "the good pleasure of His will,"
Keeping thee in "*all* thy ways,"
And "with thee *always*," *all* the days
Of the coming year.
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

PRESERVED IN CHRIST.

1080 Heb. xiii. 5. "*He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*"

Tune 191. ZAAANAIM. 87, 87, 47.
(Repeat last two strains.)

1 I WILL never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake ;
I will guard, and save, and keep thee,
For My name and mercy's sake.
Fear no evil !
Only all My counsel take ;
For I'll never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake.

2 When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on Me in humble prayer ;
I will fold My arms about thee,
Guard thee with the tenderest care ;
In the trial
I will make thy pathway clear :
For I'll never, &c.

3 When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright,
Pleasure like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight,
I'll be with thee,
I will guide thy steps aright :
For I'll never, &c.

Part ii.

4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,
Through the mist by which 'tis shrouded
I will make a light appear ;
And the banner
Of My love I will uprear :
For I'll never, &c.

5 If thou leave My care and keeping,
Thou may'st wander far from Me ;
Sorrow then, and woe, and weeping,
Mercy must mete out to thee.

To the righteous,
My rich blessings all are free :
For I'll never, &c.

6 When thy feeble flame is dying,
And thy soul about to soar
To that land where pain and sighing
Shall be heard and known no more,
I will teach thee
To rejoice that life is o'er :
For I'll never, &c.

Weaver's Hymn Book, 1869.

1081 Jude 1. "*Preserved in Jesus Christ.*"

Tune 125. GOSHEN. 76, 76.

1 PART sunbeams from their centre,
Part saltness from the sea,
No height, no depth, shall ever
Part My redeemed from Me !

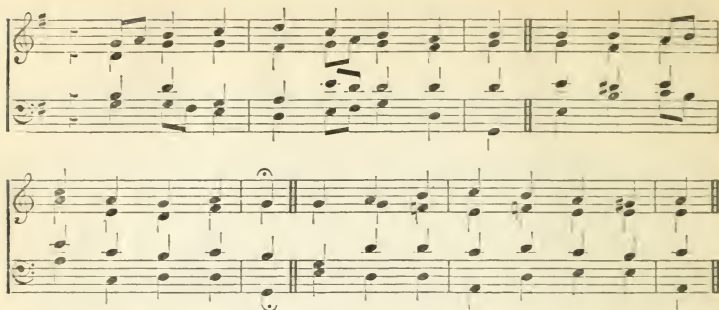
2 I'll shake the earth and heavens,
I'll build this world anew ;
But as My word remaineth,
I still will shelter you.

E. Clay's Collection, 1866.

1082 Matt. xiv. 27. "*Be of good cheer : it is I !*"

Hymn Chant VI. SARDIS.

1 TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still soft accents greet thine ear ?
" 'Tis I, be not afraid ! "



See Hymn 377.

- 2 'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light;
" 'Tis I, be not afraid! "
- 3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on Me;
" 'Tis I, be not afraid! "
- 4 The bitter cup, I drank it first;
For thee it is no draught accurst:
The hand that gives it thee is pierced;
" 'Tis I, be not afraid! "
- 5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed;
" 'Tis I, be not afraid! "
- 6 When, on the other side, thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid! "

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, 1865.

1083 Ps. xxx. 5. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Tune 213. KEDRON. 884. D.

- 1 **W**HAT care the saints of God, if they
Mid pain and wounds are called away
To their reward?
What matters one short day of tears
Which ushers in the countless years
With their dear Lord?

- 2 To all the saints of God saith He,
Take up your cross and follow Me,
I lead Mine own.
I go your mansions to prepare,
And you in bliss shall meet Me there
Before the throne.
- 3 The lot of God's elect below
Was ever thus, and must be so
While earth shall last;
Trials must lie about our feet,
Till in the courts of God we meet,
All troubles past.
- 4 But there the Lord in that bright day
For His own saints shall wipe away
Tears from all eyes;
And no more sorrow shall be there,
No tears, no weeping, no more care,
Beyond the skies.
- 5 'Midst trembling here we joyful find
The path to bliss, nor look behind
In doubt and fear;
While sometimes faint, and sometimes loud,
The murmur of the tempest cloud
Falls on our ear.
- 6 But all the saints of Jesus know
That when the storms of trouble blow,
They see in faith
Their Saviour walking on the wave,
And He is ever strong to save
Their souls from death.
Gerard Moultrie, 1870.

See Hymns 668-734.

TO REFRESH THE MISSIONER.

1084 Luke viii. 39. "Show how great things God hath done unto thee."

Tune 246. EIRENE. 1110, 1110.

- 1 **N**OT now, my child,—a little more rough
tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam,—

- A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!
- 2 Not now—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;



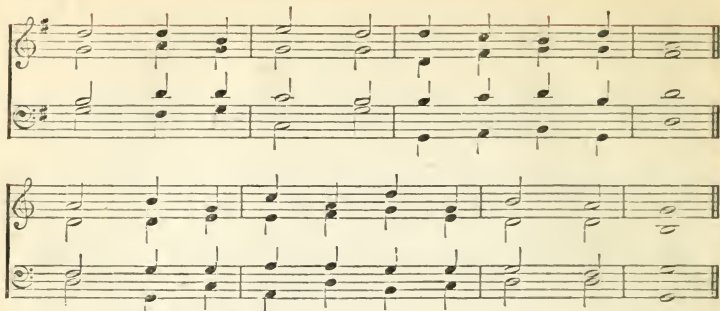
- Not now,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
- 3 Not now,—for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
- 4 Not now,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing.
Not now,—for orphans' tears are thickly falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.
- 5 Not now,—for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.
- 6 Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?
- 7 One little hour!—and then the glorious crowning—
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm,—
One little hour! and then the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!
- See Hymns 565—569, 765—773.*

Mrs. Catherine Pennefather, 1833.

SICKNESS, OR HOSPITAL SUNDAYS.

- 1085 Mark i. 32. "*And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased.*"
- Tune 20. DALMATIA. L.M.
- 1 **A**T even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power:
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.
- See Hymns 570, 962—967.*

Henry Twells, 1836.



See Hymn 673. Also 446.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1086 Mark xiv. 26. "*When they had sung an hymn.*"

Tune 191. ZAAAIM. Or 300. MAGDEBURG.
87. 87, 47.

1 COME, ye saints, and raise an anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him who found a ransom,
Ancient of eternal days:
In your nature,
Born to suffer in your place.

2 Lo, He comes! and on mount Calvary
Pours His blood, resigns His breath,
Finishes the great salvation,
Kills the killing power of Death;
Then arises,
Lives, and reigns for evermore.

3 High on yon celestial mountains
Stands His gem-built throne, all bright
'Midst incessant acclamations,
Bursting from the sons of light:
Zion's praises
Are His chosen dwelling-place.

4 Bring your harps, and bring your odours,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
View His works! behold His wonders,
Let Hosannas crown the day!
He is worthy
Of eternal, boundless praise.

Part ii.

6 Hungry souls, that faint and languish,
By His bounteous hand are fed;
Yes, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the living Bread;
This revives them;
Life, and health, and strength it gives.

6 See His guardian wing extended,
To secure His own from harm;
See the gates of hell confounded
By His high, imperial arm;
Devils tremble
At His word, or at His nod.

7 Trust Him then, ye fearful pilgrims:
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
You shall see the promised land;
He will crown you,
And exalt you to His throne!

8 There amazed to view His glories
Brighter than ten thousand suns;
There to drink the living pleasure,
Which from endless fountains runs,
And with angels
Swell the everlasting song.

Job Hupton, 1805.

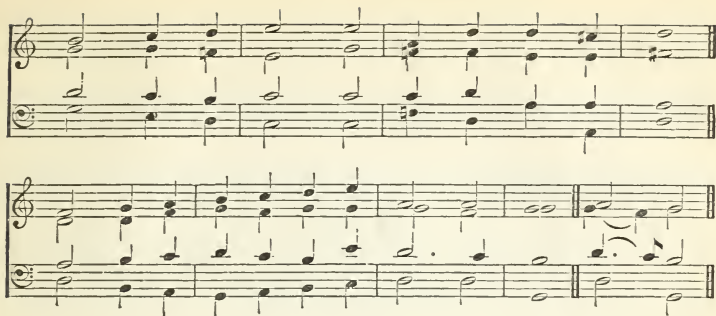
1087 Isa. lxii. 5. "*So shall thy God rejoice over thee.*"

Tune 223. PHILEMON. SSSS, 7777.

1 DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendour
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose boundless grace
Grants thee at His feast a place;
He whom all the heavens obey
Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

2 Hasten, as a bride, to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
Who, with words of life immortal,
Now is knocking at thy portal.
Haste to make for Him a way,
Cast thee at His feet, and say—
"Since, O Lord! Thou com'st to me,
Never will I turn from Thee."

3 Ah, how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Ah, how oft with sighs fast thronging
For this food have I been longing,



How have thirsted in the strife
For this draught, O Prince of Life!
Pined, O Friend of man! to be
Ever one with God through Thee!

Part ii.

- 4 Here I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
On this banquet's mystery,
On the depths we cannot see;
Far beyond all mortal sight
Lie the secrets of Thy might.

- 5 Sun, who all my life dost brighten!
Light, who dost my soul enlighten!
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth!
Fount whence all my being floweth!
Here I fall before Thy feet:
Grant me worthily to eat
Of this blessed heavenly food,
To Thy praise, and to my good!

Catherine Winkworth, 1853.

1088 John iii. 29. "*Rejoiceth greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice.*"

Tune 23. CYPRUS. L.M.

- 1 **H**E cometh as the bridegroom comes,
Unto the feast Himself hath spread,
His flesh and blood the heavenly food
With which true wedding-guests are fed.
- 2 He cometh gently as the dew,
And sweet as drops of honey clear,
And good as God's own manna-shower,
To longing souls that wait Him here.
- 3 He cometh as He came of old,
Suddenly to His Father's shrine,
Into the hearts He died to make
Meet temples for His grace Divine.

- 4 He cometh—praises in the Church,
And hymns of praise in heaven above,
And in our hearts repentant faith,
And love that springs to meet His love.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1859.

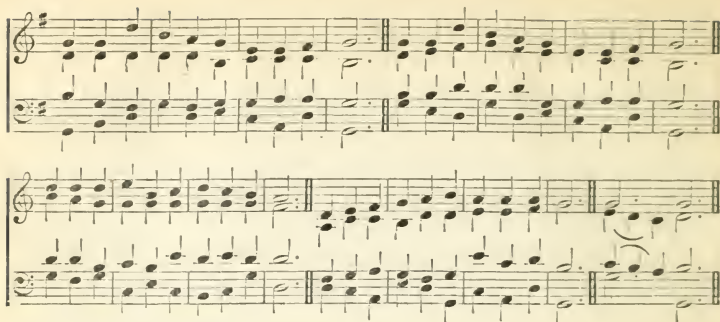
1089 Isa. xlv. 6. "*A feast of fat things.*"

Tune 82. SWABIA. S.M.

- 1 **N**O gospel like this feast,
Spread for Thy Church by Thee,
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.
- 2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won,
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.
- 3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.
- 4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced
To us the bread of life.
- 5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.
- 6 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God.
- 7 Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, 1870.

See Hymns 779—791.



See Hymn 696. Also 666.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

1090 Titus ii. 13. *Looking for that blessed hope."*

Tune 253. ST. PAUL. 87,887,77,77.

- 1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
 Thou art coming, O my King!
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
 In Thy glory all-transcendent;
 Well may we rejoice and sing!
 Coming! In the opening east
 Herald brightness slowly swells;
 Coming! O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?
- 2 Thon art coming, Thon art coming!
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say!
 What an anthem that will be,
 Ringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all-glorious feet!
- 3 Not a cloud and not a shadow,
 Not a mist and not a tear,
 Not a sin and not a sorrow,
 Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
 For that sunrise grand and clear!
 Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
 Nothing else seems worth a thought!
 Oh how marvellous will be
 All the bliss Thy pain hath bought!

Part ii.

- 4 Thon art coming! At Thy table
 We are witnesses for this,
 While remembering hearts Thon meetest,
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss.

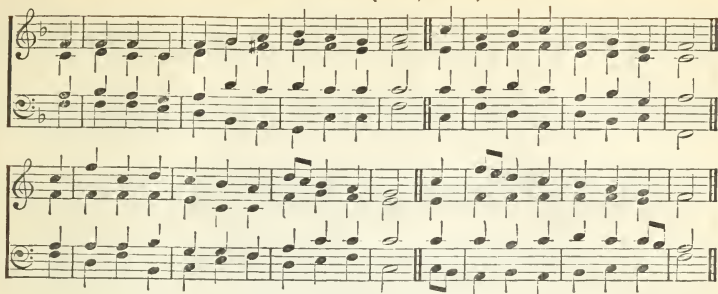
Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

- 5 Thon art coming! We are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail;
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil,
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure:
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience shall endure!
- 6 Oh the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
 Brought to Thee with glad accord!
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned!
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned!
- Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

1091 1 Cor. i. 7. *"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

Tune 245. STERNBERG. 11 10, 11 10.

- 1 WAITING for Jesus, and loving while
 waiting,
 Loving to speak for His honour and
 praise,
 Loving to sit at His feet and adore Him,
 Loving to ponder His words and His
 ways.
- 2 Waiting for Jesus, and praying while
 waiting,
 E'er in communion with Him whom I
 love;
 E'er at the footstool of mercy imploring
 Showers of blessing on all from above.



See Hymn 458.

For Hymn 531 slur 1st and 2nd bars.

- 3 Waiting for Jesus, and *serving* while waiting,
Serving, and oh! what a Master to serve;
Helping, rewarding, and cheering in labour;
Oh that my heart from Him never may swerve!
- 4 Waiting for Jesus, and *praising* while waiting,
Praising in action, in word, and in song.

Oh! it is sweet to be ever rehearsing
Strains which eternity will but prolong.

- 5 Waiting for Jesus, and daily expecting;
Gazing to catch the first beams in the sky;
Oh! what a moment; 'tis quickly approaching,
Moment of triumph, of rapture, and joy.

Albert Midlane, 1874.

See Hymns 291—341

FAREWELL.

1092 John xiv. 3. "*I will come again.*"
Tune 194. TEMAN. Or 305. DISMISSAL.
87, 87, 47.

- 1 **YES**, we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.
- 2 Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind,
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings
By the Lord for us designed.

- 3 Oh what meetings are before us,
Brighter far than tongue can tell,
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him, with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell!

- 4 Thus we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a last, a long farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

Joseph Denham Smith, 1860.

See Hymns 1007—1025.

GLORY: PRESENT.

1093 2 Cor. iii. 18. "*From glory to glory.*"

Tune 127. ZOAN I. 76, 76. D.

- 1 **FROM** glory unto glory! Our faith
hath seen the King!
We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly
we sing;
But He hath more to show us! Oh thought
of untold bliss;
And we press on exultingly in certain hope
of this.

- 2 Our own beloved Master "hath many
things to say;"
Look forward to His teaching, unfolding
day by day;
To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at
His feet,
To glowing revelation, to insight clear and
sweet;
- 3 To marvellous outpourings of His "treasures
new and old,"
To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's
own gold,



See Hymn 982.

To glorious expansion of His mysteries of
grace,
To radiant unveilings of the brightness of
His face.

- 4 And "greater things," far greater, our
longing eyes shall see!
We can but wait and wonder what "greater
things" shall be!
But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we
claim,
While pleading in the power of the All-
Prevailing Name.

- 5 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth
our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every
brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from
above,
While more and more we realise the fulness
of His love.

Part ii.

- 6 "From glory unto glory!" without a shade
of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every
burden bear;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that
He will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His be-
loved side.

- 7 Abiding in His presence, and walking in
the light,
And seeking to "do always what is pleasing
in His sight,"
We look to Him to keep us "all-glorious
within,"
Because "the blood of Jesus Christ is
cleansing from all sin."

- 8 "From glory unto glory!" Our fellow-
travellers still
Are gathering on the journey! the bright
electric thrill

Of quick, instinctive union, more frequent
and more sweet,
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart, in
true and tender beat.

- 9 And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds
shall be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure
sincerity;
And wider yet, and wider, shall the
circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught, of God, that
mighty love to know.

Part iii.

- 10 O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in
faith and love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and
warm above!
No longer tread the valley, but clinging
to His hand,
Ascend the shining summits, and view the
glorious land.

- 11 Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our
trumpet-tones more clear.
Our anthems ring so grandly that all the
world must hear!
Oh, royal be our music, for who hath
cause to sing
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the
children of the King!

- 12 In full and glad surrender we give our-
selves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to
be!
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be
Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall
henceforth be Thine own.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

See Hymns 439-448, 1011-1025, 1043, 1053
1058, 1066.



See Hymn 614.

GLORY: FUTURE.

1094 Rev. iv. 3. "*There was a rainbow round about the throne.*"

Tune 224. ARISTARCHUS. Or 232. AQUILA.
8888. D.

1 **A**ROUND that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all His glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing His praise.
How holy, how happy are they!
No tongue can express their delight:

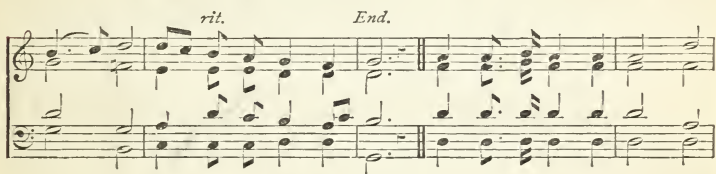
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
2 But why do I wish to be gone?
Do I want from the danger to flee?
And shall I do nothing for One
Who was once such a Sufferer for me?
Ah, Lord, let me think of the day
When Thou wast "rejected of men,"
And put the base wish far away;
And never be fearful again.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

See Hymns 1011—1025.

For Evangelistic Services.

320 "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS." (76, 76, 76, 76.)



See Hymn 1070.

321 "KNOCKING." (77, 87, 87.)



See Hymn 1053.

322 "JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH." (88, 86, 89.)



See Hymn 1039.

323 "HOLD THE FORT." (85, 85, 85, 85.)



CHORUS.



See Hymn 1062.

324 "THE GREAT PHYSICIAN." (87, 87, 77, 76.)

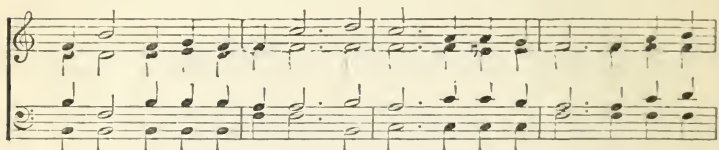
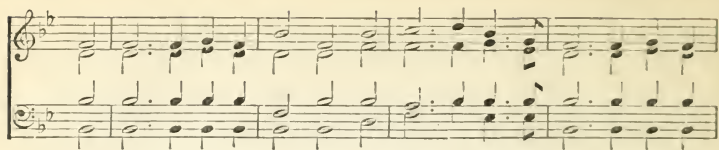


CHORUS.



See Hymn 1059.

325 "ONE MORE DAY'S WORK." (7 6, 5 5, 6 4 6, 7 7, 7 6.)



See Hymn 1069.

326 "MORE TO FOLLOW." (7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 6 6, 7 6.)





See Hymn 1061.

327 "TIS BETTER FARTHER ON." (97, 87, 87, 87, 10 10.)

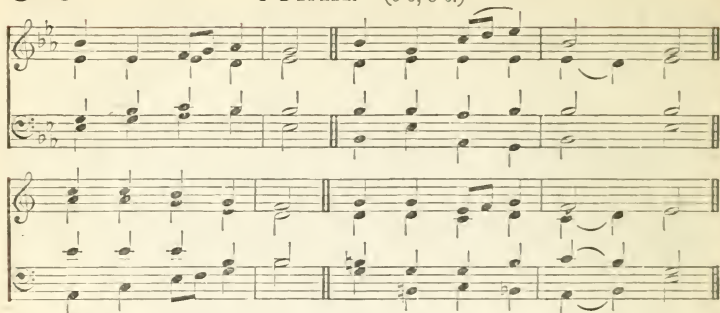


See Hymn 1056.

For Children's Hymns.

328

JUNIA. (5 6, 5 6.)



See Hymn 131 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.

329

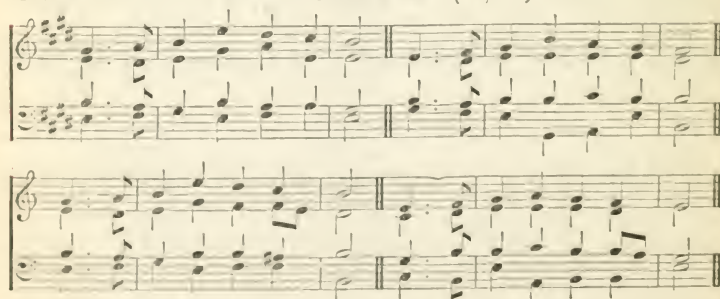
KOCKER. (7 6, 7 6.)



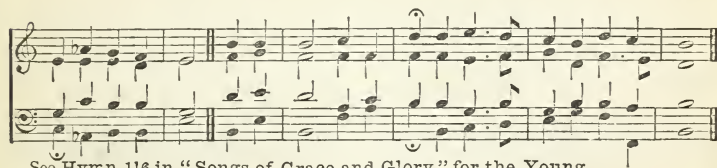
See Hymn 55 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.

330

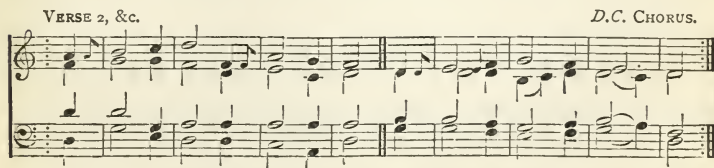
DURHAM. (7 7, 7 7.)



See Hymn 133 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.



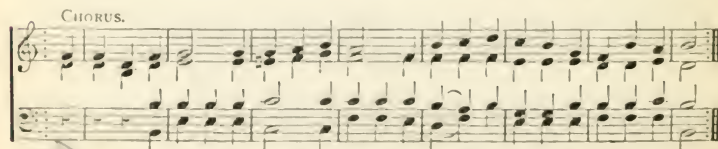
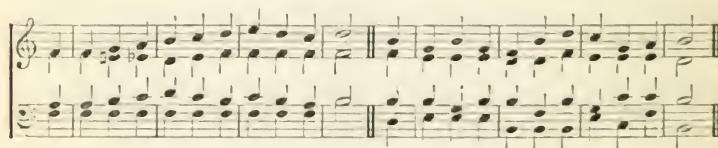
See Hymn 116 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.



See Hymn 87 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.



See Hymn 54 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.



See Hymn 97 in "Songs of Grace and Glory" for the Young.

